Liberty

THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

TWENTY CENTS JUNE 1950

HOW A PENNANT-WINNING BALL TEAM IS MADE— Page 54

• • •

ROBERT P. PATTERSON on What Liberty Means to Me— Page 24

FLAG DAY, JUNE 14, 1950

"But, baby, this is French dressing!"

Sure, it's French dressing, all right. But obviously *not* the brand of French dressing his wife wanted. People have mighty definite brand preferences in French dressing—as they have with a million other products. In order to get exactly what they want, people have learned to buy by brand name (the name the manufacturer gives his product so you can tell it from any other).

Brand names also mean *protection.* By knowing them, you make the manufacturer responsible for any product that bears his brand name. Any manufacturer knows that if you find his products good, you will buy them. If not, you won't—and the manufacturer will be forced out of business.

Brand names mean *progress* because manufacturers compete to improve their brand name products.

You get *quality, protection* . . . and you get *exactly what you want* when you buy by brand names. In reading this magazine, notice the ads. They include some of America's finest brand names.

Brand Names Foundation
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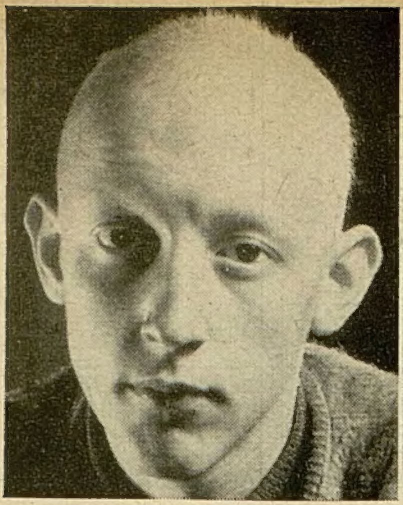
A non-profit educational foundation



ELDON BEERBOWER
After 8 Weeks

ELDON BEERBOWER
Gets First Haircut

ELDON BEERBOWER
Crew Cut Now

This IS the Same Boy!

Yes, you see above three pictures of Eldon Beerbower, who lives at 2905 N. Portland Blvd., Portland, Oregon. Eldon lost all of his hair at the age of 12. He tried many forms of treatment without success, and thought he was doomed to permanent total baldness. After three years of baldness, Eldon began to use Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage. Today, Eldon gets "crew" haircuts and lives a happy, normal life again.

What This Wonderful Story Means to You

This heart-warming story is of real interest to men and women everywhere who are bald or who are losing their hair. For this is also the story of Carl Brandenfels of St. Helens, Oregon, who has solved some of the problems of baldness.

Eldon's is only one of the thousands of "success stories" of people who have used Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage. Carl Brandenfels has received more than 14,000 letters of praise for his convenient home course.

Successful Users Everywhere

These result letters come from every state and from almost every city in the nation. Some are from men and women who were totally bald . . . others are from people who had just begun to notice excessive loss of hair. All ages and all walks of life are represented . . . elderly men and women who have been bald for years . . . and young business people anxious to preserve their youthful appearance.

These are not just a few isolated letters. By **certified count**, Carl Brandenfels has received 14,237 letters from men and women who report from one to all of the following results after using Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage:

√Renewed Hair Growth

√No More Excessive Falling Hair

√Relief From Dandruff Scale

√Improved Scalp Conditions

Doctors Observe Results C. P. A.'s Verify Testimonials

Carl Brandenfels is conducting extensive research on his product. For more than a year, a large group of men and women have been using Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage under medical observation, and on this page are pictures of three of these test cases. The authenticity of these pictures and of all pictures of people included in the medical tests are documented by affidavits from competent medical personnel.

In addition, the result letters which Carl Brandenfels receives from his users are authenticated by an impartial audit by a recognized firm of certified public accountants.

Carl's Principles of Hair Growth

Scientists state that hair will continue to grow as long as hair follicle remains healthy and a sufficient blood supply is fed to the hair follicles.

Carl Brandenfels believes that in many bald or partially bald people, the hair follicles are still alive even though no hair is growing from them.

Carl Brandenfels does not class his product with the so-called "hair-growers." He does not guarantee that it will promote new hair growth, because not every user has grown new hair. He does believe—on the basis of documented results —that his home course has brought hope and happiness to thousands of users of his formulas and massage.

Carl's two formulas together with his unique pressure massage are designed to bring about a more healthy condition of the scalp, to soften the scalp, and to increase the supply of blood to the entire scalp area. **Carl Brandenfels believes that proper use of his formulas and massage may, in many cases, bring about a condition which will help nature allow hair to grow.**

Only Course of Its Kind

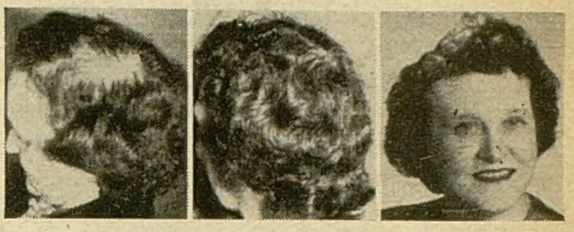
Carl Brandenfels' home course consists of two secret formulas and the Brandenfels' Pressure Massage. Each of these is a vital link in the chain to better hair health. One of the formulas contains, among other ingredients, lanolin, which has long been recognized as an important agent in the care of the scalp and hair. The other formula contains a small percentage of sulfanilamide, which has been called the "wonder drug of the half-century."

The Brandenfels' pressure massage is completely different from the rubbing and scraping to which many people have subjected their scalps for many years. All three of these steps must be taken in order to achieve maximum effectiveness. These formulas are not sticky and will not rub off on hat bands, clothing or bed linens. Easy to use in your own home.

Results Verified by Medical Observation

BEFORE AFTER 41 WEEKS TODAY

"I had almost no hair left on the top of my head," reports **Mr. E. "Al" Liefson**, 7019 S. Tacoma Way, Tacoma, Wash. "I have been using Brandenfels' Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage under medical observation and I am thrilled to have hair again."



JAN. 22, 1949 JUNE 19, 1949 TODAY

"My hair became so thin I had to wear a hair-piece," states **Mrs. F. M. Harris**, 1317 Boren Ave., Seattle, Wash. "Doctors told me it was 'male-type' baldness, like millions of men and women suffer from. I am one of the group using Brandenfels' Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage under medical observation, and I am happy to report that now my hair has grown back and has regained its softness and beautiful color."

New Chance for Happiness

"OUR LITTLE NANCY HAS HAIR AGAIN," writes **"Smoky Joe" Martin, former big-league baseball star** of 817 Jennings Ave., Santa Barbara, Calif. "We were heartbroken when Nancy lost all her hair when she was two years old. We did everything we could for more than three years, but nothing helped until we used Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage. Words cannot express our happiness, and we are pleased to recommend your formulas and massage."

Enthusiastic Users

NAGLE NULTON JONES

Left—**Former Army Sgt. D. B. Nagle**, 8609 34th Ave. S.W., Seattle, Wash. (Included in medical test group): "New hair coming gradually . . . hair filling in where hair has been sparse for more than eight years."

Center—**Businessman O. K. Nulton**, Olympia, Wn., Age 65: "My hair was falling rapidly. Now my head is almost covered with hair."

Right—**Navy Veteran Howard Jones**, St. Helens, Ore., lost most of the hair on the front third of his head while in the Service. Today, this area is almost covered with light, fine hair.

ACT NOW

At the First Signs of Receding Hair — or any of the Baldness Danger Signals — use Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage.

Above, left, Carl Brandenfels before using his home course. *Right,* Carl as he looks today.

Look for These Danger Signs

1. Dry brittle hair
2. Excessive falling hair
3. Ugly dandruff scale
4. Thinning on crown or temple
5. Tight, itching or aching scalp
6. Excessively oily scalp and hair

Any of these danger signals can be the first sign of oncoming baldness. Begin NOW to use Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage.

THE ONLY APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE OF THEIR KIND IN THE WORLD — MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

CARL BRANDENFELS, ST. HELENS, OREGON

DO A FRIEND A FAVOR — If you know a friend who has this problem, pass this important message on to him.

MAIL THIS TODAY!

CARL BRANDENFELS, St. Helens, Oregon Li 650

Please send me—in a plain wrapper—a 5-week supply of **Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage** with directions for use in my own home.

☐ Cash—I enclose $15 plus 20% Fed. tax ($3), total $18. (Will be shipped prepaid.)

☐ C. O. D.—I agree to pay postman $18 plus postal charges.

Name..

Address..

Town.......................Zone...............State...............

Cash orders will be shipped immediately, postpaid. C. O. D. orders will be filled as rapidly as the formulas become available. PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

VOX POP

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

High Test

To THE EDITOR: I thought you'd be interested in seeing a copy of a letter I received from William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, in regard to the Gompers article which appeared in the May LIBERTY.—*Louis Schaffer, Samuel Gompers Centennial Committee.*

The Letter:

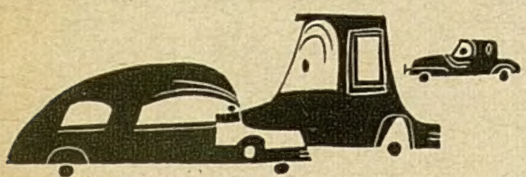
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Please accept my thanks for the copy of the LIBERTY article on Samuel Gompers. I read the article very carefully and was deeply impressed by it. In my opinion it is a correct and appropriate article and I am sure it will make a deep impression upon those who read it throughout the nation. —*William Green, President, American Federation of Labor.*

She Likes Hers Straight

HOUSTON, TEXAS—At one time you had a puzzle regarding grand opera that was fine and educational and most entertaining. Could you not at least every other issue give us a straight crossword puzzle? I've long wanted to protest these horrid cockeyed Ted Shane things.—*Mrs. Early Deane, Jr.*

Must You Be Choosy?

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Russian roulette has nothing on American roulette. When you roll down the street or highway, you never know which machine will hit you.—*Zeno T. Wilson.*



Calls Us a Big Word

SEATTLE, WASH.—My compliments on the editorial, Liberty Is an Election Issue, and Eleanor Roosevelt's What Liberty Means to Me (April). But both side-step one very vital aspect set forth in the Declaration of Independence: "We hold . . . that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights . . . among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness."

It looks to me as if LIBERTY has become sophisticated.—*Wm. L. Dermody.*

(*Continued on page 5*)

Liberty

THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

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COVER BY RIC GRASSO

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VOX POP

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

(*Continued from page 4*)

Lady Kept Waiting

HOPEWELL, VA.—My husband has been a subscriber for LIBERTY for a good many years and we have always liked it, but your new, improved LIBERTY is tops. Tell Mr. Shane his Cockeyed Puzzles are getting to be too easy. It makes a month seem too long. I work them in about two days and then have to sit back and wait.—*Mrs. J. C. Wells.*

Serviceman Speaks Up

CAMP J. H. PENDLETON, CALIF.—If it were as easy as Mr. Wharton says, in Thumbs Down on Hitchhikers (April), to get funds for bus tickets, you wouldn't see service personnel hitchhiking.

Speaking for the marines and sailors, you can't get a loan from the Red Cross or Navy Relief unless your reason for leave is extreme emergency.

The percentage of criminally minded marines is very low. Are you condemning all servicemen who hitchhike because of this small group?

People from San Diego and Los Angeles, I am sure, will tell you it is very seldom dangerous to pick up any type of serviceman.—*Joseph Hamilton.*

A Diver Talks Shop

TUCSON, ARIZ.—I happen to be a diver myself, and I read the story Deep Salvage (concluded in the March issue). I'd like to say that in an oxygen-helium helmet the air is circulated and released by the diver and there is a non-return valve, so it would be impossible to have a man pushed into his helmet, as the story indicates, unless he had his exhaust valve open—which he would not.

A fall of ten feet at 100 fathoms would not be fatal or even serious, whereas a ten-foot drop at ten feet would be. The time a diver is down is counted from the moment he starts down for decompression. One "dogs" down the breastplate, not the helmet, and never "slams" the front port. It is made of glass!—*John Frederick Macpherson.*

No—Belief in God Is *NOT* Enough!

Many people are risking their eternal salvation on a "religion" of their own... which is actually no religion at all.

"Oh, I believe in God," they say, "but I don't go to church. I'm just not the religious type."

Almost everybody, of course, believes that there is a God. Common sense tells us that this is so. But if we actually believe there is a God, should not this same common sense tell us we must do something about it? And how can we give expression to our belief in God if not through religion?

Religion is simply the consequence of our realization of Who God is. It is our striving to be honest and consistent with this knowledge — to learn and fulfill our duties to our Creator.

Catholics believe that God created us for a definite purpose... that He gave us the intelligence to recognize what that purpose is — and the means to fulfill it. It is through our religion that we give evidence of our desire to honor and serve God. It is through religion that we approach God in faith, repentance, love and gratitude.

If you are living in the belief that you don't need religion... that all you have to do is to believe in God and live a moral life... we urge you to ask yourself these questions — NOW: "Why am I living? Why did God create Me?" The most elementary common sense answer is that you are living because God created you ... and that God has a purpose in doing so. Catholics believe it is our duty to find out what God's plan is for our lives — and do our best to live it.

Free

If you have been living without any deep religious convictions... it will pay you to read a specially-prepared pamphlet which we will send you without cost or obligation. It discusses such questions as: Can the truth of Christianity be proved? Is it honest to ignore religion? Is science, ethics or education a substitute for the Church? Also other topics that should concern you deeply. For free copy write today... ask for Pamphlet No. L-18.

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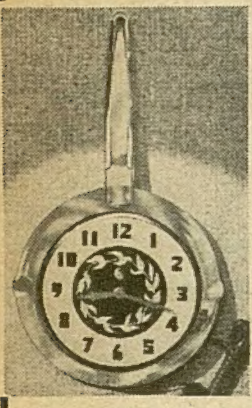

Grandma's Favorite Skillet
—*now an*
ELECTRIC KITCHEN CLOCK!

GRANDMA'S prized frying pan is transformed into a handsome and unusual clock for home use and decoration.

Highly polished copper contrasted by a white enameled face. AC current only. Overall size 7¾" x 14½" long.

$5.95 postpaid, including 20% Federal Tax.

Send for new 1950 Spring edition of "THE GIFT SHOPPER"

JOE SMITH SALES CO. Dept. L Joplin. Mo.

AROUND THE WORLD IN ONLY SIX DAYS

It's been happening regularly every week since June 1947. You can have an attractive souvenir envelope flown in the first flight of this important all-American air route. One cover is from New York *eastbound* and one from San Francisco *westbound*—each cover has all official post office markings. Price $1.60 each or both covers for $3. Get these two unique and historic covers for your collection.
We offer an introductory group of 8 all different U. S. First Day *or* First Flight Covers (please specify) for only $1.00. Your money back if not fully satisfactory.

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Has everything necessary for starting a Stamp Collection. Contains Majestic Album (room for 8,500 stamps); Packet of 200 all Different Postage Stamps; Book of Instructions and Stamp Glossary; Stamp Hinges; Magnifying Glass; Perforation Gauge and Rule; Watermark Detector. Packaged in handsome bi-colored box. Wonderful as beginner's outfit. Costs only $2.00 postpaid.

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The EDUCATOR World Stamp Album is the first album to be designed in brilliant color. It has 360 pages with gold stamped hard cover binding. There are more than 3,000 detailed stamp illustrations and spaces for 14,000 stamps of the world. It features 8 full pages of color reference maps and costs only $5. Send for our Free Lists.

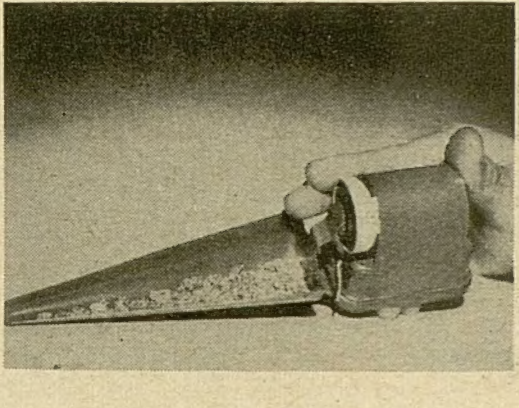
K. M. WALSH
501 Westchr. Ave. Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Liberty shops

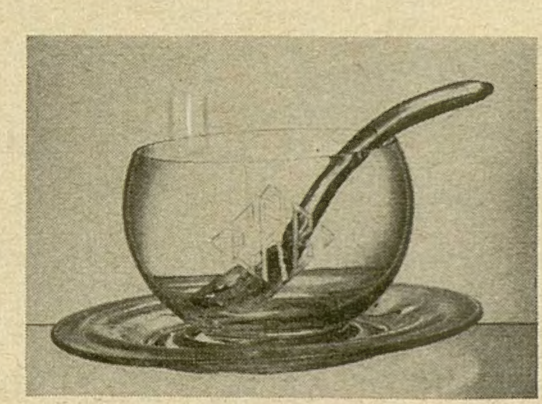
Need some suggestions for Father's Day? Are brides and sweet girl graduates crowding your gift list? Starting to plan the summer's outdoor activities? Solve these problems when you shop by mail, through these columns

By EILEEN BURKE

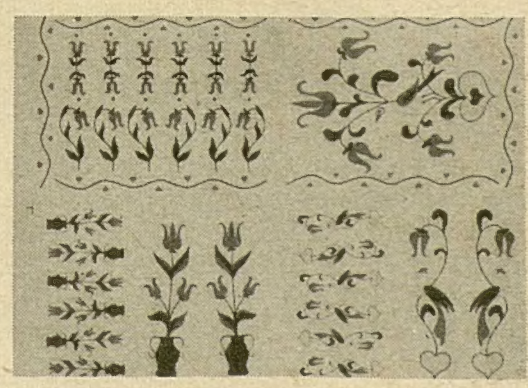
If Father's a gardener. Here's Vibra Seeder, a clever invention to save time, tedious labor, and seeds. With its press-button control you can handle even fine seeds such as petunias, sow any seed closely or widely. With enamel finish, baked on steel, it works on an easily replaced flashlight battery. Max Schling Seedsmen, Inc., 616-L Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.; $2.25 ppd., battery included.



The bride will bless you every day—that's how often she'll be using this handsome sauce bowl and ladle with grooved plate, for hot or cold sauces, salad dressings, jams or jelly. Simply fashioned of hand-blown glass, with 3-letter hand-cut monogram, the set will be a match for her finest wedding gifts. The bowl is 3" high; the plate 6" across. Evelyn Reed, 538 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; $3.25 ppd.

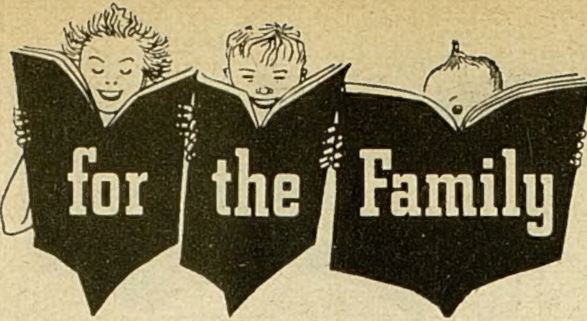


Brighten your accessories, kitchen cabinets, and furniture with these picturesque Pennsylvania-Dutch decals. Designs are authentically worked out in the traditional red, yellow, and green, 38 to a sheet, and include the famous bird and heart-and-flower motifs, border strips 5" and 6" long, and 2" to 6" figures. And you know by now how easy decals are to apply. R. W. Cummings, Lancaster 17, Pa.; $1 ppd.



Geographical ash trays, shaped like the states, will not only mark past or future travels, or honor your native state, but also hold lots of ashes. Pottery, hand-painted under glaze in pastel greens and gray with name and flower of the state, each is about 4". All 48 states, D. C., and Hawaii available. Annie Laura Ceramics, 12720 S. Gurley Ave., Downey 13, Calif.; $1 each; any 4, $3.75 ppd.

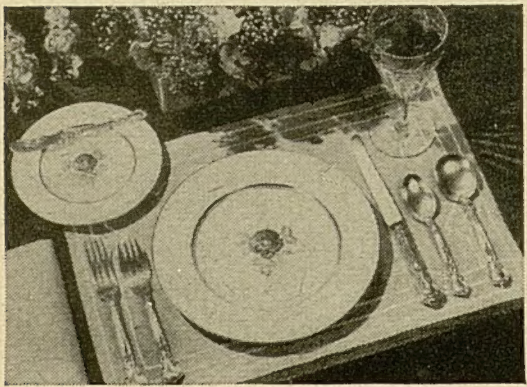
Louisville KENTUCKY
Minnesota
Seattle WASHINGTON



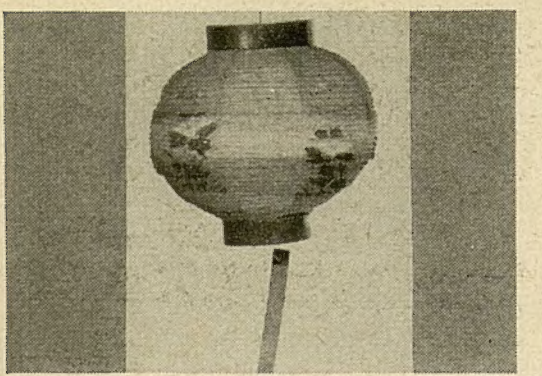
for the Family

Make up in style and without streaks of powder or telltale hairs on your clothing. This rosy-pink vinyl plastic cape has a flowered collar and several pockets designed to hold your make-up and accessories. It may be rolled up with cosmetics still in the pockets—and there's a traveling kit. Perfect graduation gift for a fastidious girl. American Plastics Co., New Kensington, Pa.; $1.95 ppd.

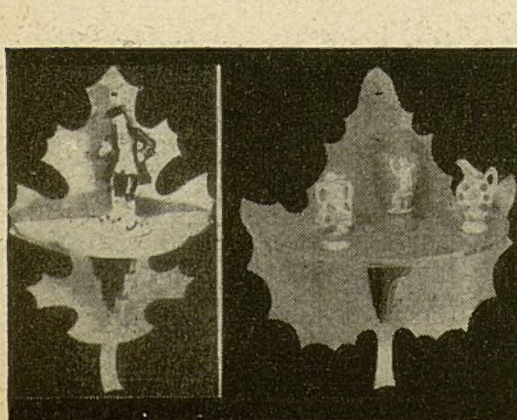
Awaken appetites and freshen table settings when you serve meals on this new Lime Leaf pottery. An open-stock Blue Ridge pattern, it's permanently hand-painted in green and lime under glaze. A 20-piece starter set includes 4 each of dinner and butter plates, sauce dishes, cups and saucers. A thought for the bride, too. Hempstead China Shop, 264 Front St., Hempstead, L. I., N. Y.; $7.95 exp. col.



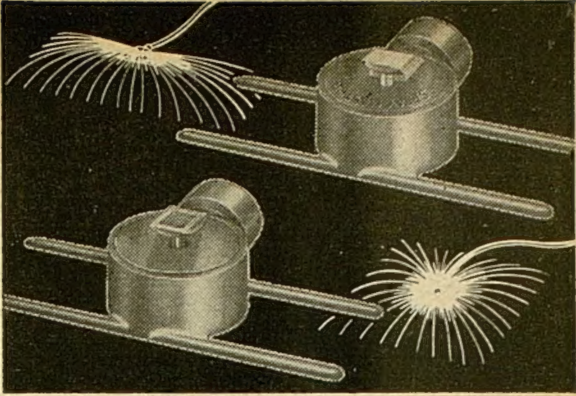
How to acquire sterling silver. Whether you're the bride, her friend, or 10-years-married and wanting some extra silver, it can be done almost painlessly through the Nelmor Club plan. Single place settings, fill-in pieces, or a service for 12 are available in any of 120 open-stock patterns. Monthly payments are set by the amount ordered. Nelmor Sterling Club, 897 Bergen Ave., Jersey City 6, N. J.



Indulge in nostalgia and bring to life bright summertime memories, when these collapsible Japanese paper lanterns, first since prewar days, are hung for porch or back-yard party, or the church bazaar. In 2 sizes, 9" by 12" or 12" by 14", they're gay with color—red, blue, green, yellow, orange, or American Beauty. Q-T Novelty Co., Box 54, Murray Hill Sta., New York, N. Y.; 75¢ or $1.50 ppd.



Display them on a wall. Sturdy, well-designed wall brackets for plants or bric-à-brac aren't found very often, but here are our candidates. The maple-leaf version measures about 12" by 9"; the oak leaf, about 15" by 9". Both are finished in walnut, maple, mahogany, or natural tones (ornaments not included). Scroll Wood Arts Shop, 411 S. 2d St., St. Charles, Ill.; oak leaf, $1.50; maple leaf, $1.35; ppd.



NEW LAWN SPRINKLERS

Get the corners; keep sidewalks dry

Perfect patterns save water, grow more grass! "*Tru-Square*" (below) gives coverage up to 1,000 sq. ft., in a perfect square pattern "*Rectangle*" (top) sprays from edge of lawn in rectangular pattern; no wet feet when disconnecting or shifting. "*Circle*" (not shown) gives coverage up to 40 ft. diameter, evenly. No moving parts; guaranteed performance. Send $1 plus 25c, postage & handling, for each, to

GLENWAY PRODUCTS
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FOUNTAIN BRUSH: SCRUBS, WASHES, RINSES HOUSES, WINDOWS, CARS, etc., IN ONE OPERATION

Hand Made—fits any garden hose—all aluminum—6" round horsetail mixture bristles, mar-proof rubber bumper. **Ideal lasting gift.** 2, 3, 4 & 6 ft. extension 50c foot. Send check or money order C.O.D. plus postage. Money Back Guarantee.

Complete with 2 ft. handle..... $4.95 Postpaid **with 4 ft. handle. . . $5.95 Postpaid**

LITTLE WONDER, Dept. 113 318 East 13th, Kansas City, Mo.

GOLDEN BELL CIGARETTE SERVER . . . A new and different cigarette server in rich, gold-toned highly polished brass. It holds a full pack of regular or king size cigarettes. When closed, keeps cigarettes fresh in its clear plastic interior. 4½" high. **Gift Boxed.** *only* **$2.00** *ppd.*

SALT & PEPPER SPRINKLERS . . . Are the latest in unusual shakers. Twin sprinklers with crystal clear body. Base, top, and handle are bright, highly polished silver-finish aluminum. 2½" high. **Gift Boxed.** only **$1.00** ppd.

Sorry, No C.O.D.'s *Send for free Gift Folder*

CARLA JILL STUDIOS
"headquarters of the unusual"
Dept. L **Northport, New York**

PEEL PAINT TO BARE WOOD WITH *ONE* EASY STROKE

NEW ELECTRICAL TOOL removes 1 to 10 or more coats of paint from any wood surface as easy as cutting butter with a hot knife. No scraping, cutting, burning, sanding, or chemicals. The new Lectro Paint Peeler instantly softens paint electrically and peels it off the surface clean to the bare wood with one easy stroke. It's faster than a blow torch—there's no danger of fire—will not scorch or burn delicate wood surfaces. Makes no mess—no smell—it's even fun to use. Removes any paint, enamel quickly and easily. Sturdily constructed to last for years. Sent complete with extra long, quality electrical cord. Simply plug into any A.C. or D.C. outlet—let heat for several minutes and remove paint to the bare wood on exterior or interior painted surfaces, floors, woodwork, cupboards, furniture, antiques, boats, window-sills, screens, doors—a hundred other uses. *Price* $4.95 *postpaid*—nothing else to buy. Full money back guarantee. *For immediate shipment—send check, cash or money order to:*

LECTRO WELD, INC.
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KIDDY CLOTHES ROD
..all aluminum

....TRAINS CHILDREN TO CARE FOR THEIR CLOTHES

Here's a real work-saver for any mother with children from 3 to 11. Kiddy Clothes Rod hangs from permanent closet bar to child's level. Adjustable in seconds to correct height for any child. Also, use in your own closet to hang skirts, with blouses above. 24 inches long. Hangs down 27 inches. Has two hat hooks for children. If your dealer can't supply, write direct. *Price:* $1.95

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ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS
Odorless smoke pours out when trigger is squeezed. Full 10" long—exactly like real .45 gun. In heavy, durable, gleaming metal with ornate barrel, shining black handle. Has separate compartment for shooting full roll of caps. Give your favorite buckaroo a pair!
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$2.00
POSTPAID
includes powder for 5000 shots
*Powder refills, 25c. In plastic bullets In package, 10c.

Send for Free Summer Catalog.
If C.O.D. Customer Pays Postage & C.O.D. Chges.
DAVID RODES CO., Dept. L6
225 West 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.

SALT FLOWS FREELY
in dampest weather

with these AMAZING AIRKO* SHAKERS
Patented Airkonite "wonder" element in the gleaming chromium top keeps salt dry and free-flowing in all weather. Lovely design . . . sparkling crystal glass . . . hand-cut satin-finish base. Four inches tall. At dealers or order direct.

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10-day money-back guarantee

*TRADE MARK
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LIBERTY MAGAZINE

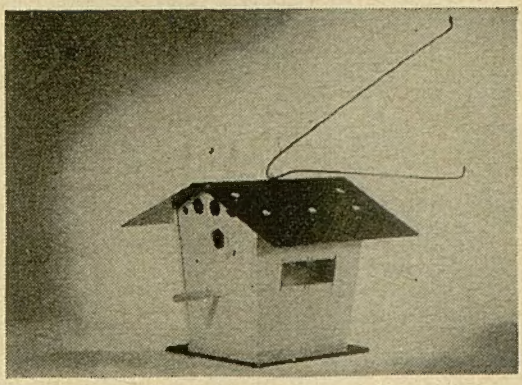
for July

brings you

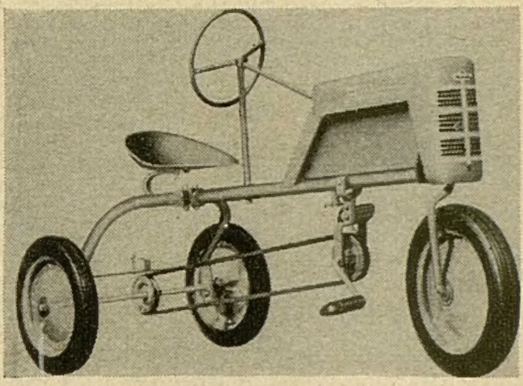
NEW ORIGINAL CROCHET PATTERNS

to beautify your home.

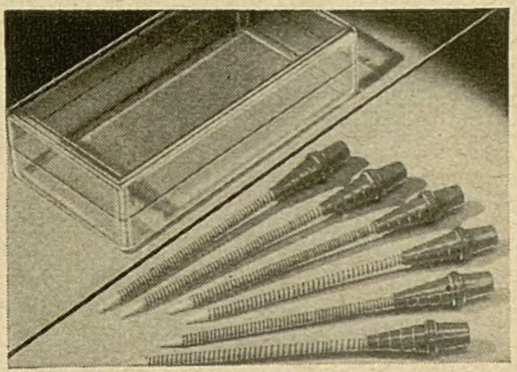
Liberty shops



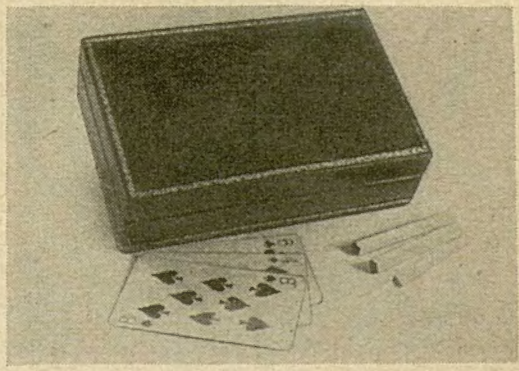
For a cheerful good-morning greeting, provide housing for a family of birds just outside your bedroom window. Assemble this prefabricated metal house without any tools, and then keep track of your friends by means of the small side window. Finished in weather-resistant green and white enamel, with red roof; about 9" by 12" by 8". Post Industries, 75 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill.; $2 ppd.



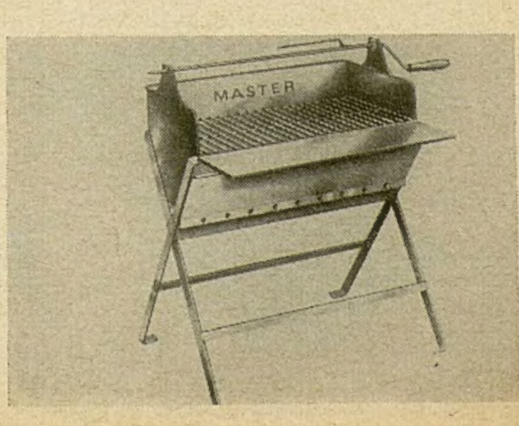
A realistic tractor with countless playtime possibilities will delight your child for many summers. Built low, for safety, the sturdy Tractall has an adjustable seat to allow for growth; boys and girls from 3 to 12 will find the pedaling smooth and easy. Heavy-gauge steel, finished in bright red enamel, with rubber tires. Inland Mfg. Corp., Dept. LT, 165 Ellicott St., Buffalo 3, N. Y.; $18.95 exp. col.



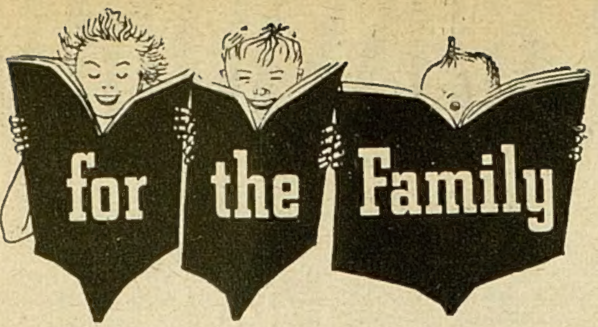
Your next party will pep up when you spring these gay peppermint-striped muddlers with a lively siren whistle on one end. The demands of guests for bartender service may keep you hopping all evening, but the party is sure to be remembered. The 6 muddlers are packed in a transparent plastic box which has many a re-use value. Joe Smith Sales Co., Joplin, Mo.; $1.95 ppd.

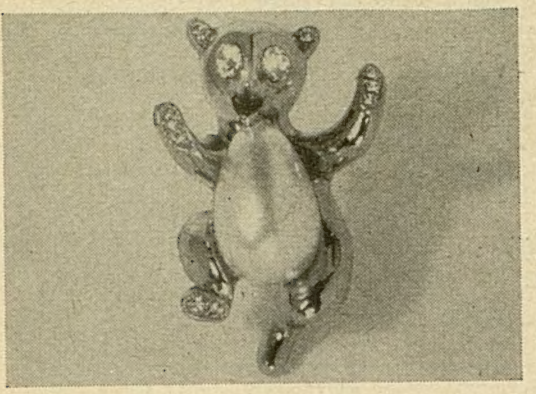


Leather's a masculine gift, so the groom will admire this, as well as the bride—and so would Father. Hand-tooled in gold and lined with cedar, this box will hold 4 decks of playing cards or 80 cigarettes, or a combination of both. You may order in such rich colors as brown, green, red, wine, or blue. Dover Briars, 1470 Prospect Pl., Brooklyn 13, N. Y.; $5.95 ppd.; add 50¢ for gold-stamped initials.

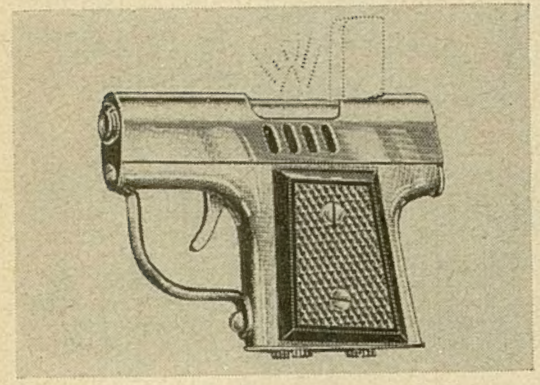


Give it to Father, and then the whole family can enjoy it this summer. We mean a folding charcoal grill with wire grid for broiling hamburgers, hot dogs, and steaks, and rotating spit for barbecuing chicken. Can't you taste them already? In heavy-gauge steel with aluminum finish, 22" high, it stands firm anywhere. Mason & Sullivan, 45-55 58th St., Flushing, N. Y.; $7.75 ppd; $8.10 west of the Mississippi.

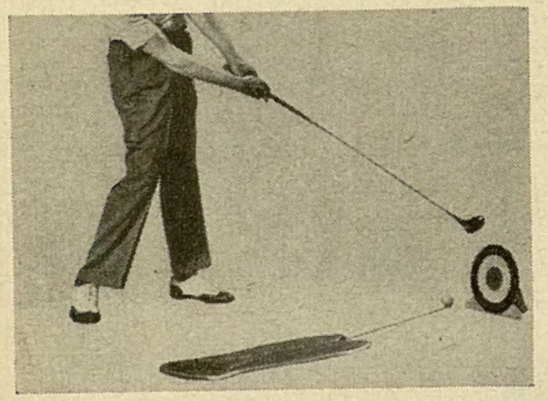




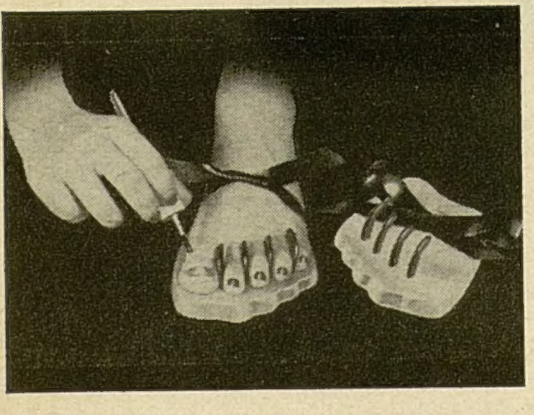
Make-believe glitter to catch the eye of the high-school crowd—and it's just in time for this month's commencement remembrances on your list. Teddy Bear, our lapel or ornament pin, has a large pearl for his plump body, while simulated stones set in shiny gold-finished metal provide the sparkle. The pin is about 1½" long. Bertelle, Inc., 57 Wesleyan Ave., Providence 7, R. I.; $1.19 ppd.



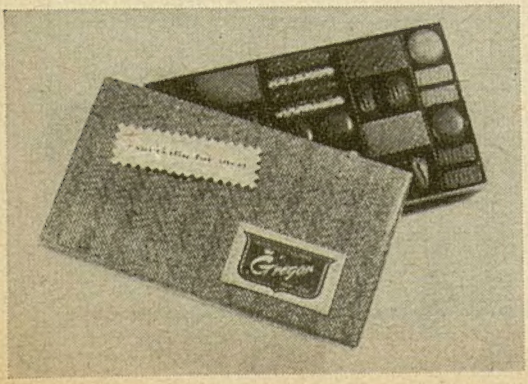
Pull the trigger on Father when he lights his after-dinner cigar. If it's the trigger on this nickel-plated lighter, fashioned like a .25-caliber automatic pistol, with checkered black rubber grips, he'll be pleased. Small enough for his pocket, there's a removable base so he can also display it on his desk or his smoking stand. Klein's Sporting Goods, 227-L W. Washington St., Chicago 6, Ill.; $2.95 ppd.



Improve Dad's golf game with a portable driving range for use indoors or out, without damage to carpet or lawn. Set consists of red-white-and-blue target to indicate distance and direction of drive; 2 captive balls which snap back to teed position, rubber mat, and instructions. There's a de luxe set with larger mat and 3 balls. Mastercraft Products, 60 South St., Boston, Mass.; $6.45 or $8.45 ppd.



Just for fun, paint your toes this summer—especially if they'll be exposed on beach or through open-toe shoes. Do an efficient job by slipping on a pair of Palettes, comfortable "slippers," with adjustable toe separators. If you trot around in them until the polish dries, there'll be no smears. In rose, blue, green or clear plastic. Zenith Co., 1001 N. Vermont Ave., Hollywood 27, Calif.; $1 ppd.



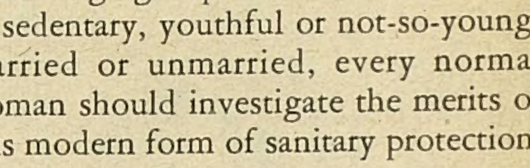
Father has a sweet tooth, too, so give him these Gregor chocolates on his Day, without sampling them first. He'll enjoy the fresh assortment of bitter-sweet and milk chocolate with almond, hazelnut, mocha, and other fillings for his nibbling—and if he's unselfish, as fathers are, he may offer you a piece. The 13-oz. assortment is attractively packaged. Gregor, 55 E. 11th St., New York 3, N. Y.; $1.79 ppd.

Dear Miss-
Dear Mademoiselle-
Dear Señorita-
(or what shall we call you?)

YOUNG WOMEN all over the world are discovering that the Tampax method for monthly hygiene is not limited to any particular class or age-group. Whether she is active or sedentary, youthful or not-so-young, married or unmarried, every normal woman should investigate the merits of this modern form of sanitary protection.

The use of Tampax has spread rapidly to more than 75 countries—and no wonder! This doctor-invented, internally-worn device solves nine of your problems at one time. Count them! No belts. No pins. No external pads. No odor. No ridges under clothing. Not felt by wearer. Can be worn in the bath. Easily disposable. Month's supply fits in your purse.

Made of pure surgical cotton firmly stitched for safety, Tampax comes in dainty patented applicators for quick, convenient insertion. Try Tampax and improve your social poise on the "difficult days". . . . Buy at drug or notion counters. 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.


Sanitary Protection Worn Internally
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For waning days JUNIOR TAMPAX
Regular
TAMPAX
10 TAMPAX—AN AVERAGE MONTH'S SUPPLY
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Regular TAMPAX

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WISCONSIN

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CHILD PLAY EQUIPMENT
SHUFFLEBOARD-RIFLE RANGE

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Name..
Address......................................
City........................State..............

Liberty COCKEYED CROSSWORD

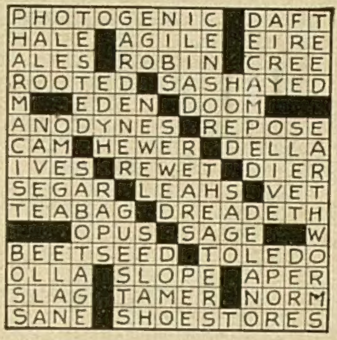
By TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 Scandinavian V-8
6 A Roberto-Ingrid production, finished ahead of schedule
14 His Courtship
15 Impenetrabiliski Mts.
16 Oddzooks! 'Sdarn! 'Sblimey!
17 Positivates
18 Now come with radium hands for telling time in the dark
20 He buys les shoes for la mère
21 If thou dost, thou'lt reveal something
22 Kind of nudist who won't dress before another
24 It's on the up and up, yet in a low-down way gives the girls a run for their money
26 Hattlee's 'eadpiece
27 The old bean Chiang used
28 Last person ever to get anything out of the Light Company
30 Finger Poof!
32 New England sirloin
33 African family jaloppy
35 Inimical to distillers
39 Popular crossing (fem.)
41 Tin Oscar
43 They scream in unison for money
44 It's good and rare
46 Hand out more socks
48 Egotist and Egyptian god in one
49 Members of the Whacks
51 Produced emotion pictures at night
53 Stuff the swindle sheet
56 Peachy purlieus (abbr.)
57 Rubbers on shoes—no skidding!
58 It's a bore, but helps to see into hard-headed people
60 Kind of putin
61 Gnidilskcab eimmoc (Stalin doesn't know if he's coming or going)
63 Pg—remember prohibition? (two words)
65 Render the Nasalullaby on the Schnozzola in A Flat
66 Coo-coo house
67 It was in the crash of '49
68 Person anxious to grow up
69 Back-door financiers—they often deliver
70 Threesomes Aesir rank

VERTICAL

1 Edible box tops; quite a turnover
2 Guy Caesar swore by
3 What Dad is before payday, and the letter carrier before Xmas
4 Best thing to do to your old set of Dickens
5 They suffer from good health (abbr.)
6 If Stalin lost these, there'd be an awful letdown in Russia
7 The word nobody ever spoke



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A	L	E	S	■	R	O	B	I	N	■	C	R	E	E
R	O	O	T	E	D	■	S	A	S	H	A	Y	E	D
M	■	■	E	D	E	N	■	D	O	O	M	■	■	■
A	N	O	D	Y	N	E	S	■	R	E	P	O	S	E
C	A	M	■	H	E	W	E	R	■	D	E	L	L	A
I	V	E	S	■	R	E	W	E	T	■	D	I	E	R
S	E	G	A	R	■	L	E	A	H	S	■	V	E	T
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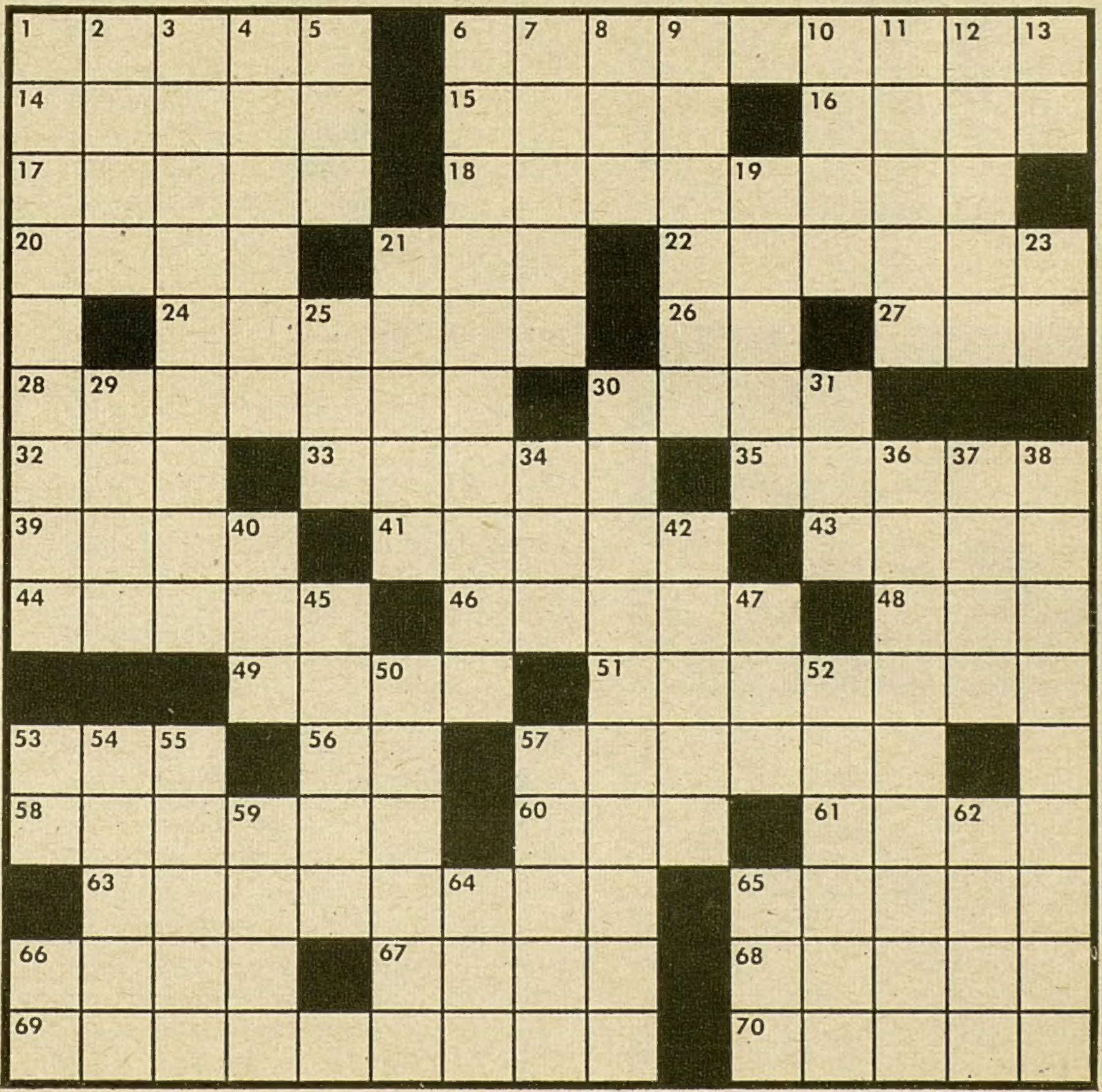
S	L	A	G	■	T	A	M	E	R	■	N	O	R	M
S	A	N	E	■	S	H	O	E	S	T	O	R	E	S

May Answer

8 What the 98-cent nylons did for her at the dance
9 When the Old Lady cut her hair she looked like this (two words)
10 African evening dress
11 Looks kinda leery
12 It's catching in Texas
13 Cross-wee-word
19 Hunkettes
21 I'm disgusted with this
23 Uncorny Cobb
25 Just an educated jerk (abbr.)
29 No. 1 Ranger
30 Game in which raisins are snatched from burning brandy—no kidding!
31 Its overconsultation breeds one
34 Thirstday's humorist
36 Underworld mickey
37 It's swept by windy Gaels
38 Whoopee cars—gentlemen preferred blondes in them
40 The curve Mae West throws
42 Pals of the Penates
45 You'll get a bang out of New York's boxing commish
47 Yakata water
50 Bear-faced wonders
52 All-time male beauty-contest winner
53 Seagoing scooter (abbr.)
54 Where shady characters like to take a walk
55 Place where Father Mississippi gets pyorrhea
57 What Cockeyed Crossword defs never are (ahem!)
59 Spotty
62 What hackers do their spring plowing with (they're divoted to it)
64 Kind of ice
65 The drink that Jock treated for
66 Ha'penny



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32			■	33			34		■	35		36	37	38
39			40	■	41				42	■	43			
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69									■	70				

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

COMMERCIAL SNEEZES IN THROW-AWAY CANS

By BEATRICE SCHAPPER

So quickly has business seized upon aerosols for everyday necessities that you may soon be cleaning your teeth, shining your shoes, or icing your cake this modern way

READING TIME 4 MINUTES Using the power of a sneeze to do your chores may soon become as common as breathing. Already many of life's little labors have lost their nuisance quotient for millions of people in homes, hospitals, offices, and factories. In the last three years commercial sneezes in throw-away cans—called aerosols—have spurted into a $150 million industry.

Currently the experts are arguing over just exactly what an aerosol is. But nearly everybody else thinks of it as prepacked power which ejects a stream or mist—the simplest way yet to apply many kinds of ordinary things. Men, women, and children were intrigued by aerosols soon after the war and have since been using ever-ready canned energy to glamorize commonplace desserts with generous whorls and peaks of whipped cream, to mothproof clothes, wax floors and cars, lacquer hair, or protect maps and important papers.

New aerosols appear almost daily, so quickly has business seized upon this new package form for everyday necessities. Soon you may be cleaning your teeth, shining your shoes, applying shaving cream or sun-tan lotion, and icing cakes this modern way.

Many drug and cosmetic firms are experimenting feverishly, hurrying to turn their well-known antiseptics, colognes, perfumes, deodorants, deodorizers, and soaps into aerosols. One firm has spent $1 million on products that have passed laboratory tests and soon will be within practical range.

A bank president got to thinking that the brass on the portals ought not to have to be polished every day. He also resented tarnish on the metal parts of his prized yacht. He set about financing research and now a lacquer aerosoled on protects the bank from deleterious chemicals in the air, while another keeps the boat shiny despite salt spray. Next time you see your doctor, you may find him turning on an aerosol to sanitize the air between appointments and holding in his bag other types for emergency applications to burns and wounds.

Just what is an aerosol? Common examples are fog, smoke from a cigarette, a sneeze. Commercial ones perform when you push or squeeze or turn the control.

Properly speaking, aerosol is the term for a suspension of solid or liquid particles which stay in the air anywhere from 20 minutes to a couple of hours. A rip-snorting achoo, for example, launches 20,000 moisture droplets as far as eight feet; they soon evaporate, leaving microbes floating in the atmosphere.

Similarly the "propellant"—it supplies the fizzeroo—ejects from the container extremely minute drops in which the valuable materials ride. This propellant "fries out" upon hitting the air, just as water does when you drop it on a hot skillet. The lotion, wax, whipped cream, or perfume remains, dispersed in the atmosphere or on the selected surface.

Until the war, only a handful of scientists knew about aerosols, although they have appeared at intervals since 1899. Just who invented them is currently being thrashed out in the courts. But their present vogue dates from World War II, when a shortage of pyrethrum, principal ingredient of insecticides, made it imperative that a means be found to stretch what was available. In 1941, Dr. Lyle D. Goodhue, then with the U. S. Department of Agriculture, convinced officials aerosols were the answer.

Soon what the soldiers promptly and not unnaturally dubbed "bug bombs"—because the container was in fact the same as that used for some bombs—were on their way to areas infested with disease-carrying insects. It wasn't long before G.I.s sweltering in the 115 degrees characteristic of Guam and other Pacific hot spots discovered the quickest way to cool a soft drink was to blast the bottle with an aer-

(Continued on page 53)

To People who want to write
but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write, but fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the former editor of Liberty said on this subject:

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JUST BEFORE DEADLINE

◆ LIBERTY's Flag Day Cover is by Ric Grasso, whose work frequently appears in LIBERTY. Mrs. Grasso posed for the teacher, and all the children are recruits from New Hyde Park, New York. When we asked why three of the boys are wearing caps, the artist explained that from his observation, there are always a few lads who forget to doff their caps when the flag is being raised. Incidentally, notice that the flag covers part of the title, LIBERTY. You'll never find any printed word crossing the flag—it's unlawful to put anything over the Stars and Stripes.

◆ THE MIRACLE OF AARONSBURG had a startling beginning, and may have saved author Arthur H. Lewis' life. He tells us: "It is all due to a defective front tire which blew one day last spring. The heavy metal Pennsylvania historical roadmarker which stopped my car from rolling in a ditch read 'Aaronsburg — founded by Aaron Levy 1786.' When the dust settled, a man stepped out from the car following and offered to drive me to the nearest garage. He was a country parson on his way, he told me, to attend a meeting he'd just called. Of course his name was Shannon, and from this point on, you know what took place." When not bumping into new stories, Mr. Lewis teaches journalism at the University of Pittsburgh, writes the continuity for a radio program, holds a publicity job, and does free-lance writing. He's a former Pennsylvania newspaperman, is married, and has a 13-year-old daughter.

◆ There's a new two-part thriller making its debut in this issue. And the author, Louis de Wohl, has led a life of excitement equal to the tempo of ON THE EDGE OF DOOM. Mr. de Wohl was born in Germany, a descendant of Sir Harry Worms, a former Lord Mayor of London. He taught himself to read and write and turned out his first play, complete with music, when he was only six years old. At 21, his first novel was published and he has been writing ever since. Mr. de Wohl left Hitler Germany in 1935 and was commissioned as a captain in the British Army. His travels have included most of the European countries, North Africa, parts of Asia, and North America. Right now we think he's in Europe—but you never can tell.

◆ Robert P. Patterson, author of WHAT LIBERTY MEANS TO ME, served the nation on the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals and as Under Secretary of War and Secretary of War before returning to the practice of law. Among his extracurricular activities, he is performing another excellent service as president of Freedom House in the Willkie Memorial Building, 20 West 40th Street, New York City.

◆ A real demonstration of democracy in action is the Sunday-school class for extremely crippled cerebral palsied children in Bronxville, New York. Of the 32 children enrolled, 7 are Catholics, 9 are Jews, and 16 are Protestants of varied sects. These include four Negroes and many nationality groups. Teaching the 3- to 12-year-olds has a nonsectarian approach based on the Old Testament, and the ministers in the area agree that the class has done more to fight discrimination in four weeks than they have accomplished in a lifetime. The work was started and is conducted by a group of young women connected with the church. Their project has proved two important points: There is a great deal that can be done for our 300,000 cerebral palsied Americans, and just as much can be accomplished in our war against discrimination, which affects even more Americans.

◆ Albert L. Brainard, D.V.M., of Wickliffe, Ohio, picked this bone of literary contention after reading LIBERTY's February article, BEWARE OF THE DOG. We feel that the time has come for us to reveal our true sympathies on the matter of dogs and shyly confess our partiality to Dr. Brainard's view.

Here it is:

I'd hate to be Paul Fluck, M.D.
A most unhappy man is he,
And if he's not, he's going to be.

There may be truth in what he writes
Of people dying from dogbites,
And rabies cases sure are frights.

But, Doc, your case against the dog is strong,
But we've known this stuff right along.
Ten million people can't be wrong.

Before the first M.D. was found,
Men lived in holes dug in the ground,
And shared them with a good old hound.

So cool down, Doc, for it is true,
In spite of all you say or do,
There will be dogs long after you.

◆ The census takers can save themselves a lot of shoe leather simply by counting the proud faces on June 18. It's Father's Day, when the head man really wears the pants in the family. It means fun, but it means responsibility too, for it's father's business to see that his children become the kind of citizens the world needs. So, whether it's a fine ash tray or a new tie, the important thing is what goes with it —both ways.

◆ Remember the 1950 Independence Drive for the sale of U. S. Savings Bonds. You'll be seeing the symbol around your town—it's the famous old Liberty Bell. The concentration is on the school-savings program, and we think it's a good idea—the children may even save enough to put themselves through college.

◆ Jessyca Russell Gaver, who wrote HIS PULPIT IS A MOVIE SCREEN, is undoubtedly one of the world's busiest women. Besides taking care of her family (husband Jack, United Press drama and amusement editor, and three-and-one-half-week-old Claudia Margaret), she does free-lance writing, is a press agent, reads three or four novels a week, bakes cookies for all the neighborhood children, and is the single writing, editing, and production force behind her Writer's Newsletter, a bimonthly news service for writers and editors. How does she do it? She has a shoulder holder for her phone, so she can keep busy at the same time, and is a female Billy Rose in the shorthand department. (She says her ambition is to be a female Bennett Cerf.) Jessyca's very first article appeared in LIBERTY in 1943, and she has been contributing to most of the other big national magazines ever since that time.

◆ For good reading over the Fourth of July, we'll be bringing you THE AMBIDEXTORIOUS PITCHER, a laughable tale by James Bernard Kelley; a cowboy story by Ray Palmer Tracy; and a full evening's enjoyment with a condensation of Mary Lasswell's best seller, ONE ON THE HOUSE. Under articles, you'll find WHERE LABOR AND MANAGEMENT WORK AS A TEAM, by H. G. Ogden; THE BIGGEST BUILDING IN AMERICA, by Blake Ehrlich; and Norman and Amelia Lobsenz' answer to the canine question, entitled THE DOG LOVERS BITE BACK. We'll tell you all about these writers next time. —**J. B. D.**

LIBERTY'S EDITORIALS

No Use Getting Nothing for Something

You've just put on your slippers, picked up the evening paper, and turned to Li'l Abner, when in comes the wife and says, "The funniest thing happened today . . ."

You know that opening, make like you're listening, and she elucidates as follows:

"This salesman came in the afternoon and shows me a vacuum cleaner, and you know how ours is old as the hills, and he says a new one costs forty-five ninety-five, and he says he'll give us the money to buy it with."

Now, you know you didn't marry her for being an advanced case of mathematical genius, but this is a bit too much. So you put Dogpatch out of your mind and try to get her story straight.

But it won't work. She insists the man was selling that contraption of his and waving dollar bills in her face at the same time.

Perhaps you think the guy kind of eccentric, but he was only acting as if he were the United States doing business abroad.

Last year Uncle Sam sent $5 billion worth of goods out of the country for which he pulled money out of his own billfold, handed it to the customers, and let them give it back to him. We sent $11 billion worth of goods abroad, and we got back only $6 billion in French perfumes, Italian wines, and other good things.

Who paid for the balance? The U. S. taxpayer—meaning you! Marshall Plan money and assorted gifts and loans plugged the gap. But by 1952 Marshall aid is supposed to stop, and then what?

We don't want Europe to quit getting American goods. We don't want the Communists to pick up the pieces of a shattered European economy, and we want to keep on selling our own goods to others.

So why not get more foreign goods in return for what we send abroad? Why keep on getting nothing for something?

When you sell more to other people than they sell to you, economists call that a "favorable trade balance." But it's "favorable" only on paper. We certainly don't gain anything by paying for what others buy from us.

What's the answer? Not any one thing. But mostly we should import more from abroad, so the foreign countries earn the dollars that now come out of our pockets. There's plenty we want that they have. The National Dry Goods Association has made a list of 400 things we'd like them to sell us.

As foreign aid chief Paul G. Hoffman says, "The multibillion-dollar investment of our taxpayers in European recovery will not pay off unless the European nations can be induced to put forth a supreme effort to earn dollars in the United States market, and unless we let them do so."

So, if we want to keep on helping others and be good to ourselves at the same time, let's start getting something for something, instead of nothing for something.

Congress Should Repair Its Ethics

Over the years, the ethical standards of Congressmen have grown ragged around the edges. Now it looks as if a repair job were overdue. The House of Representatives ought to have its ethics examined.

Of 435 Congressmen, 90 have recently had relatives on the public payroll. Nine of them had two relatives on their staff. One had the taxpayer dishing out salaries for his three daughters.

There's nothing illegal about all this. But is it ethical? The dignity of the government's legislative branch is not enhanced when Congressmen's family budgets are stuffed with coin from the public treasury.

Congressmen get $20,000 a year to spend on office help. This help is supposed to make them do their jobs better. Congressmen get a salary of $12,500. They also have a tax-free expense account of $2,500. On top of that, they get allowances to spend on telephone, telegraph, and stationery.

Deficit budgeting has become a government habit, and maybe Congressmen have caught the bug. One way of propping up an unbalanced family budget is to put the wife and kiddies on the office payroll. The records don't show whether they ever turn up at the office, or what, if anything, they contribute to effective representation.

Members of Congress are reluctant to investigate one another. They seem to be ready enough to investigate others at the drop of an innuendo.

So the job is probably up to the folks from each Congressman's home district. Let them find out how he is spending their dough, and let them kick up a fuss if he sprinkles the family tree with excessive care.

Battle of Sexes Undecided

The American scene would be dull indeed if it weren't for ever-new skirmishes in the battle of the sexes. Right now it looks as if the female sex were slightly ahead of the game.

Since 1940, the Census Bureau tells us, the number of women has risen by five million. And they're getting their man, too; there are now actually fewer unmarried women than there were ten years ago.

But the battle isn't all going one way. Organized labor has taken the cause of the male to its heart. The Custom Tailors Guild suggests men leave their wives at home when buying a suit!

For a while, then, men may still walk into a clothing store, pick a suit like the one they've been wearing for 20 years, and walk out of the place with something they don't even have to try on. And it's done in five minutes, due to the absence of a female supervisor.

This is mutiny, we realize, and shouldn't be condoned. But it is such rebellions that keep the battle of the sexes from turning into a premature female victory.

THE MIRACLE OF AARONSBURG

By ARTHUR H. LEWIS

Jim Shannon, a country pastor, fed up with critics who scream that democracy is dead, presented such a stirring plea for racial and religious tolerance that it even penetrated the Iron Curtain

Aaron Levy, a Dutch Jewish immigrant who in 1785 founded the village and made the Aaronsburg miracle possible.

READING TIME 12 MINUTES Like America? Getting fed up with critics screaming, "Democracy is dead!"? Like to sound off and tell them they're wrong?

Sure you would! But that's a job for prime ministers, premiers, and presidents in London, Paris, and Washington. Or is it?

One man didn't think so. He was only a country parson, but he became so disturbed by people who claim liberty and freedom are dead in the United States that he decided to do something about it. Before this Lutheran minister, his parish of 40 families, and his community of 321 white Protestants finished, they put on a celebration of tolerance and human understanding that was heard and seen around the world. It even penetrated the Iron Curtain.

It all began when the Rev. James S. Shannon, pastor of Salem Lutheran Church at Aaronsburg, Pennsylvania, glanced at the headlines of his morning newspaper one day in the spring of 1949.

"Singer Denounces U. S. as Land of Mob Rule and Lynchings!" "'Klan Will Ride Again!' Says Southern Leader."

"What's the matter with these fanatics?" the Rev. Mr. Shannon asked his wife. "Trying to make the world think the sole object of the Protestant Church is to destroy every minority group in the country! I'm not anti-Catholic. I'm not anti-Semitic. What's more, I'm sure nobody else in this town is, either.

"I'm fed up with these so-called Christians who claim they're speaking for me and the other hundred million Protestants in this country. It's about time somebody did something about it!" he concluded.

"Well, why don't you, Jim?" asked Mrs. Shannon.

"By gosh, I will!" was Jim's reply.

This was the start of The Aaronsburg Story, the telling of which, last October 23, brought to a central Pennsylvania hamlet nearly 50,000 persons, including a vice-president of the United Nations (Mohammedan), a general (Catholic), a statesman (Negro), an associate justice of the U. S. Supreme Court (Jewish), a Hollywood movie star (Baptist), and the Governor of Pennsylvania (Presbyterian).

Few greater pleas for racial and religious tolerance were ever presented to a listening world than this simple tale of an all-Christian village publicly acknowledging a debt of gratitude to its Jewish founder.

By the time Jim Shannon finished the job he started, millions of men and women in both hemispheres heard and saw a country pastor and his flock of Pennsylvania Dutch farmers and their guests beg a torn world for true brotherhood of man through newsreels, newspapers, radio, and the Voice of America.

To understand this near miracle in a conservative community which has no newspaper of its own, no railroad, and no wealthy residents, you need to know more about the village itself, the thrifty farmers who make up its citizenry, and Jim Shannon.

Aaron Levy, a Dutch immigrant Jew, founded the village named in his honor about 1785, in the exact geographic center of the state. He laid out streets 150 feet wide and lined them with trees, choosing his site carefully in a lush valley.

He was essentially a religious man and felt no community should exist without a building dedicated to God. Since there were no fellow Jews then in the wildernesses of Pennsylvania, he gave generously of land and money to build a Christian church, school, and cemetery.

He hoped to make Aaronsburg the thriving capital of the Pennsylvania he loved. But the political leaders of 1790 felt differently, and Harrisburg was chosen instead. Levy moved back to Philadelphia.

His last gesture of friendship to his Christian neighbors, ac-

Sir Muhammad Zafrulla Khan, vice-president of the United Nations General Assembly, spoke at the event. His autograph was valuable property.

Every Farmer's Almanac predicted a downpour for October 23, the day set by the group, but even the weather cooperated and came up with sunshine.

cording to ancient church records written in nearly illegible German script, took place on a quiet Sunday morning some 150 years ago. Then he attended services at the Lutheran church and presented the congregation with Communion pewter which has been in continuous use ever since.

Dr. Dan Poling, editor of the Christian Herald, represented the Protestants. He could give only an hour, but flew from Boston to do it.

Photos by Jack Kirkpatrick
and Pennsylvania State College

Dr. Ralph Bunche's United Nations work in Palestine was more than enough to qualify him as a participant in the brotherhood meetings.

Aaronsburg has grown little in population or area in the last hundred years. A few new families moved in after the Civil War and a few old ones died out. But in the main, the gracious country houses along Rachel's Way, named for Levy's beloved wife, have been occupied by descendants of the original Pennsylvania Dutch settlers.

Felix Frankfurter, associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, came to the Aaronsburg meeting as a representative of Aaron Levy's faith.

You could not truthfully say Aaronsburg is unaware of what goes on in the world. The many radios, the many rooftop television aerials, and the many gold crosses scattered among the blue ones beside the names of its soldier dead bear pretty convincing testimony to the contrary.

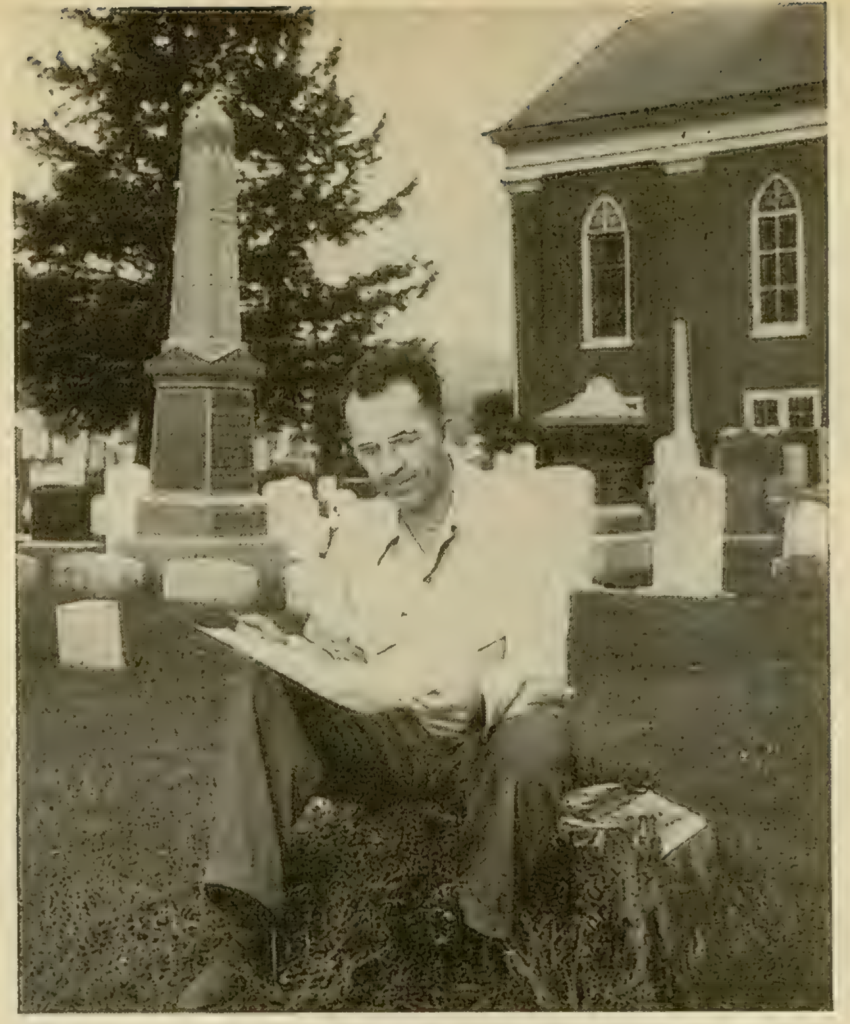
It is just that Aaronsburg, like most of America, had been taking for granted its placid existence, its heritage of tolerance, and even, with a modicum of grumbling, its share of the national tax burden.

At any rate, that's the way things stood when Jim Shannon arrived there in 1943. The Rev. Shannon had pretty definite ideas of his own on tolerance. His first parish, 25 years ago, was at Jennerstown, a small farming community in western Pennsylvania. He'd been there only three days when a delegation asked him to join the newly revived Ku Klux Klan.

"I'll give you my answer this Sunday," the young minister told the invitation committee.

When Jim Shannon mounted the pulpit to address his parishioners for the first time, he had with him as guest speaker a fellow Lutheran minister and dear

The Rev. J. S. Shannon, pastor of the Aaronsburg Lutheran Church, explains the meaning of the pewter Communion set given to the church to symbolize Aaron Levy's gift of land.



This is the land donated to the church by Aaron Levy 150 years ago. The Rev. Shannon studies his plans for the pageant and meetings that drew 50,000 people to the village.

THE MIRACLE OF AARONSBURG *Continued*

friend, Dan Pryor, a Negro. This was the Rev. Shannon's answer and the end of the K.K.K.s in Jennerstown.

The Shannons stayed in western Pennsylvania until 1943, when Jim accepted a call to Aaronsburg. He'd been there six years and was well aware of the town's history when he called a meeting of the church trustees last May.

Jim says he opened the meeting rather abruptly.

"Have any of you men here got anything against Negroes?" he asked.

"Why, no, Jim," was their answer.

"Anything the matter with Catholics?"

"Of course not."

"How do you feel about the Jews?"

"How about them, Jim? You know this town was founded by one. What have you got on your mind?"

"Plenty," he replied. "But at least you've given me the right answers."

Then he went on.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we're supposed to be Christians. Yet we sit by and do nothing while bigots and crackpots are driving the world to hell fast. Let's practice what Christ preached. Let's proclaim the brotherhood of man to every part of the globe."

Their answer was characteristically calm.

"All right, Jim," they said. "You're only one man; we've only a little church; this is a pretty small town—but go ahead and tell us what you want and we'll do it."

At the outset Jim's plan seemed simplicity itself. He'd ask leaders of world opinion to come to Aaronsburg some Sunday (October 23 was later selected) and state their points of view. In addition to speakers, he planned to have his own community publicly, by means of an open-air pageant, depict Aaronsburg's debt to a member of a minority religion. It would also portray the interdependence of all faiths and colors in the making of America.

The co-operation of Governor James H. Duff of Pennsylvania was sought and given. Letters were sent to the National Conference of Christians and Jews, the Knights of Columbus, the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, and other similar groups, asking for their moral, but *not* financial, support.

In order to give the event international significance, the Rev. Shannon called upon General Carlos P. Romulo, then president of the United Nations General Assembly. General Romulo thought the idea was "swell."

"I'll be in Chicago on October 23," he told the Rev. Shannon, "but I think our vice-president, Sir Muhammad Zafrulla Khan, would be glad to accept your invitation. Do you know him?"

At the moment, Jim didn't. But 20 minutes later, in the elegant Pakistan House on New York's swank East Sixty-fifth Street, that situation was rectified. Shannon explained his mission. Sir Muhammad listened courteously, all the while sagely stroking his beard.

"Your purpose is most worthy. Like your Bible, our own Koran says, 'Let him who wishes, therefore, believe, and let him who so chooses, deny!' Is there an airport near Aaronsburg?"

"There is," Jim told him.

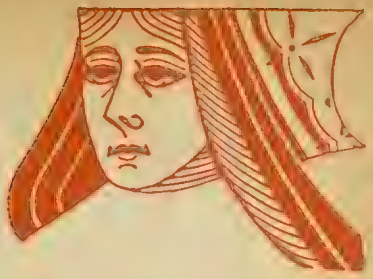
"All right," said Sir Muhammad. "I'll be there."

The Rev. Shannon reported progress to his committee.

"We ought to have a Catholic speaker, too," he said. "I've long suspected an Irish Catholic

(*Continued on page 73*)

POKER SQUARE



By **ALBERT A. OSTROW**

If you like a card game that's loaded with entertainment, you'll be wild about this one. Even blasé Hollywood has given it quite a whirl

◆ In a recent column Sidney Skolsky, Hollywood tintyper and chronicler, reported that the latest card craze in make-believe land is Poker Solitaire, also known as Poker Square. Evidently the movie people know a good thing when they see it. Poker Square is loaded with entertainment appeal and has the makings of a coast-to-coast hit. It has been played around Broadway for some time and one of its most ardent fans is Mr. Television himself—Milton Berle.

Poker Square is a solitaire only in the sense that, like golf, you can play it by yourself for the best possible score. But it's much more fun when you play it competitively—with two, or as many players as there is room for, trying to beat each other's results.

The mechanics of the basic game are simple. After shuffling a 52-card deck you deal the first 25 cards face up on the table, one by one, to form a square, 5 by 5. In building the square you must follow these rules: The first card dealt to the table may be placed anywhere. Every card after that must go right alongside of some card already on the table, or end to end, or corner to corner. That gives you any one of three ways to place a card. Once you've decided where to put it, you can't shift it elsewhere.

When you've finished building the square, you will have 10 poker hands—5 horizontally and 5 vertically. The hands are scored according to a point table and you total all the points you're entitled to for an over-all score. So you can see that the object of the game is to try to place your cards in an arrangement that will produce the highest scoring hands possible. That takes pretty shrewd calculating and planning.

SCORING TABLE

	No Joker Used	*Joker in Deck*
Five of a kind	———	30
Royal flush	100 (or 75)	30
Straight flush	75 (or 60)	25
Four of a kind	50 (or 40)	20
Full house	25	12
Flush	20	8
Straight	15	16
Three of a kind	10	5
Two pairs	5	3
One pair	2	1

◆ Here's a tip. The average neophyte concentrates too much on trying for royal and straight flushes. The experienced player has learned that there is more profit in building a quantity of lower-scoring but easier-to-get hands. A score of 110 is considered fairly good; 150 darn good.

There are several variations. These are: (1) After dealing the cards as has been described, shift them about any way you like; or (2) count off the first 25 cards face up on the table, arranging them as you please; or (3) mix in a joker with the first 29 cards of the deck and shuffle these. While building your square you may discard and replace any 5 individual cards.

To play the game competitively you proceed as follows: Each contestant has a deck of cards which is shuffled by him and cut by opponent. The players then exchange decks. Player A deals out a square and scores it. Player B now rearranges that square as he likes and records the score for the new set-up.

Player B deals out a square with his own deck and then it is A's turn to shift the cards about. Each player now averages the two scores he registered—by dealing his own square and rearranging opponent's. Higher average score is the winner.

◆ In another version the contestants develop their own squares at the same time. The game starts with a cut. The player who cut low turns up the first card for his square. Opponent then turns up the initial card for his square. Play alternates, each player in turn adding a card to his own layout. There's excitement in watching your opponent's square shape up and trying to make the right decisions on placing your own cards so you can top his score. Higher number of points wins.

An intriguing wrinkle is to play the game two-handed, gin fashion. The two decks are shuffled and spread out face down. Each player draws a card from any part of the deck he likes. This is done in turn until each has built a square of 25 cards. The method of play creates a tingling element of suspense. You can play any of the variations described with as many hands as space and decks allow. But for sociable entertainment you can't beat lotto-style play.

Every player has his own deck. One player is the announcer. He turns a card, calls out what it is, and every other player in the game takes the like card out of his own deck and plays it. The announcer keeps turning cards one by one, declaring their rank and suit, until every player has completed a square with the called cards.

The scores are then compared, and the highest is the winner. The turn to be announcer rotates after each deal.

Incidentally, you'll be interested to know that special small-sized decks are available for games of this kind.

◆ ◆

VINCENT O'TOOLE

and the Big Time

By CYNTHIA HOPE and FRANCES ANCKER

There's no business like show business. but Vincent the Great learned that it can't hold a torch to the tender business of love

READING TIME 7 MINUTES At first Vincent O'Toole didn't see the man beyond the footlights.

He was too busy removing his black magician's cloak, doffing the top hat that covered his flaming red hair, and drawing on white gloves.

Then the drums rolled. Connie stepped forward. And Vincent's heart gave a giddy lift of pride. She was wearing the blue tulle costume she'd made herself and a little crown of silver stars sat straight on her blonde head. She wore white sandals and silver gloves—and the new wedding band that Vincent had put on her finger only six short weeks ago.

She stood close beside him, holding the cards ready for his first magic trick.

For a moment while the drums rolled, their eyes met and held. Then Vincent took a deep breath and led off with his hardest trick. It was good because Connie was watching, and it was all for her.

He could feel the hush of interest that had fallen over the large theater, then the applause started from the back row and rolled out and up, gathering as it came.

He drew Connie forward on his first bow because she was part of his magic. When he touched her hand, everything seemed to go right.

And it was then that he noticed the man in the front row. For a moment he simply stared at the face looking up at them. Then he let go his breath slowly. There, only a few feet away, sat Nat Samuelson, the famous Broadway producer.

Vincent's heart did something funny to his ribs as he stepped back for his second trick. Nat Samuelson, who could make a trouper into a star overnight, was out front watching his act!

Vincent's hands, turning a green silk handkerchief to red, worked deftly in time to the music. But his dreams worked faster yet. They had already carried him across the river to Broadway, where the lights were bright and he and Connie walked hand in hand toward an imaginary theater marquee which spelled out V*I*N*C*E*N*T T*H*E G*R*E*A*T. Their pockets were full, their hearts were light, and the way ahead looked bright as a spring sky.

It was halfway through his second trick that Vincent realized Nat Samuelson, the great producer, was not even watching his act. His gaze, level and intent, was fixed instead upon Connie.

Vincent moistened his lips. In spite of the panicked thump of his heart, he slipped smoothly into another card trick. The accompanying music, Old Black Magic, went playing on, and Vincent tried not to think ahead. He tried not to remember back, either—to the night Mike Walters, his booking agent, had warned him, "Connie's not for you, Vincent. Connie's for mink and diamonds and limousines. Connie's for the Big Time."

I'll put her in the Big Time, Vincent had thought then. We'll go there together. Just give me the chance.

But later, in the drafty wings of the theater, Nat Samuelson had a different idea.

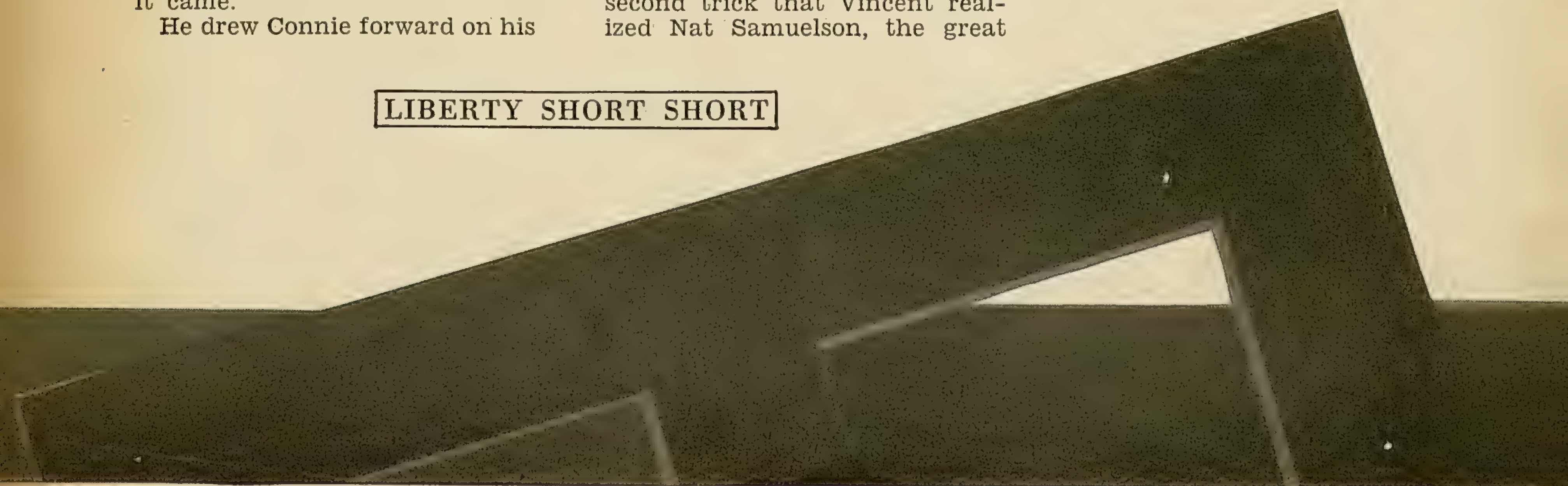
"I wish I could take you both," he told Vincent. "But I have no place for a magician right now. I need a girl lead. A new face. And I think this little wife of yours may have what it takes."

"It's up to Connie," Vincent said, and his world rocked dizzily, crazily, while everything hung on her answer. "It's what she always wanted. What she tried to be—even when she was a cigarette girl. And I guess, even when she married me."

He felt her hand, warm and soft, slip away from his. He heard her breath go out. "But I'd hate to leave Vincent, Mr. Samuelson," she said uncertainly. "He needs me in the act."

"I could get somebody," Vincent said through stiff lips. "I could run an ad in Variety." In the drafty dimness he didn't look at Connie, but his heart mocked him so he could almost hear it laughing: "Get somebody? Where?" it seemed to say. "Somebody warm and close on cold nights? Somebody to share dreams, to build hopes? Some-

LIBERTY SHORT SHORT



Illustrated by Robert E. Lee

VINCENT O'TOOLE

and the Big Time

Continued

body to hold near to you when everything goes wrong?"

"Well, then, I guess, Mr. Samuelson," Connie was saying, "I guess it's worth a try."

Afterward, walking home through the dark windy street, she said, "Vincent, you're not angry?"

"No," he said. And it was terribly true. Because angry wasn't the word. Angry never described heartbreak, and heartbreak was what he felt.

"It isn't for me, Vincent," she said, walking along beside him. "It's for us. Don't you see?"

But he wasn't hearing her words. Nor the quick sound of her high heels tapping along beside him. Nor the whishing Brooklyn traffic noises that followed them through the night. He was hearing a train whistle, mournful and lonely, in the long nights to come. The train that would take Connie to Boston and Philadelphia—to the fame, perhaps, that Mike Walters had said she would find alone. And he was hearing the sound of his own footsteps on this same street in the nights ahead. Solitary. Alone.

"Sure," he said in answer to nothing at all. "You can make it better, Connie. Better by yourself."

"Listen," she said and her hand had gone suddenly tight on his sleeve. She'd stopped him and spun him around, there on the street, and her face had gone white and set in the overhead glow from the lamplight. "Do you think this is what I wanted? A separate chance—with me going my way and you going yours? Do you think it's what I wanted, when we've only been married six weeks, and sixty years wouldn't be long enough? Do you think I'm happy about it?"

She flung up a hand to push back her hair, and her new ring winked brief and bright in the yellow glow of the lamp. "Listen," she said, and her voice was harsh and hurt and hurting. "It's just as bad for me as it is for you, Vince. But there's one big difference between us. I'm a realist. And you've never been one. I'm looking ahead to the future. You and I—we won't always be young. Some day we'll need security."

They'd started walking again. Walking toward home. They turned a corner and there it was, the roominghouse where they lived. He didn't say anything, because he was thinking, Sure, you're right, Connie. We might go on forever this way. Me, a magician, waiting for the Big Time. You, my assistant, waiting for it with me. And the years moving on, making us no younger. You can do better alone.

It was odd during those first weeks when Connie's show was in rehearsal and she worked most of the day, and Vincent worked most of the night—odd that he scarcely missed her.

He told himself that maybe he just didn't care any more. He told himself, win or lose, it didn't matter about Connie.

And then she left for Boston one night, without even saying good-by. She left a note, pinned to the dresser scarf, saying that her show was opening in Boston. She didn't know how long—how long she'd be gone. And that was the night Vincent's theater manager told him his act was good.

He offered more money. He told Vincent that he was going to hold his act over indefinitely—that he thought Vincent had great talent, that he was headed for the Big Time.

They were the words Vincent had waited for. But now he'd heard them, he felt nothing at all. It was as if something had died inside him. The something that had power to hurt him and power to give him joy.

He simply said thanks. Then he went back into the dressing room where Connie's blue costume still hung in full view, and he took it off its peg and put it away in the closet where he couldn't see it any more. Then he sat down and put his head in his hands. It's funny, he thought, now I've got the break I wanted. But I guess all along I must have wanted it only for her.

He had just finished his first show when Connie walked into the wings. She was wearing her camel's-hair coat and flat shoes and carrying the little cosmetic case Vincent had given her that first week they met.

She didn't have on any make-up and her face looked very white. She came over to where he was and just stood there looking up for a minute, almost smiling but not quite.

"I came back," she said, "to ask you—could I, may I—have my old job again?"

He stared down at her almost stupidly in the dim light backstage. He wanted to break and cry for some reason, but he didn't know why. "Do you need your old job?"

"Yes," she said. "I need it very badly. They let me go." She laughed, an odd little off-key laugh. "Let's face it," she said. "I wasn't a very good actress."

He hadn't moved. He still stood stupidly looking down at her—at the way her light lashes curved up; and the way her lips curved up-down, bitter sweet, like a lost child's. And everything inside him that had been frozen, unfeeling, withheld these past few weeks, seemed to give suddenly. Because, oh, he wanted Connie back! But he didn't want her to come back to him just because she'd failed and he was all she had.

He wanted her to come back because she wanted him and life was worth nothing without him.

"Sure," he said after a long moment. "You can have your old job back. Your costume's still there, Connie."

"Thanks," she said. She slipped away so quickly that she forgot her make-up case and her bag and the newspaper she'd been carrying.

He picked them up and in the dim light he noticed the paper. A Boston paper, opened to the theatrical page. To a review of Connie's show.

◆ For a moment Vincent stood reading it, his hands trembling, his face suddenly pale as Connie's had been. Then he rushed toward the dressing room.

"What do you mean?" he cried, waving the paper. "What do you mean—asking for your old job again—saying you weren't a good actress?"

She took the paper from him and laid it behind her on the dressing table. Then she took both his hands. "On the stage, for three hours at a time," she said, "I was a very good actress, Vincent. But the rest of the time, when I had to act like a lucky young starlet, happy about her success, I couldn't play the part. I was Mrs. O'Toole without Mr. O'Toole—and it didn't work, Vincent."

"But your future. Our security. All those things you said."

She moved his hands and put his arms around her. "It's right here," she whispered.

Over her shoulder the last few lines of the theater review swam dizzily before his happy gaze. It said a young actress named Connie O'Toole had turned in a fine performance. It said she had a bright future—very bright. ◆ ◆

HOW TO SUCCEED

By DR. HAROLD A. WREN and H. C. DAYCH

In the first article of a series, LIBERTY'S Career Editors tell you how to pick the college that will help you succeed

READING TIME 9 MINUTES You can succeed. No matter what you are doing or what your station in life, you can succeed. No matter what your age or sex, you can succeed. No matter what your handicaps, you can succeed.

You can succeed because the secret of life is that in the smallest seed there lies the mightiest oak. If in your heart there is the tiniest flame of ambition, you can whip it into the conflagration of the success you want.

Every great achievement was first a dream in someone's heart—an intangible, smokelike dream that was harnessed and made to come true.

You can make your dreams come true *because you have within yourself more than ten times the ability and talent and power than you have ever used.*

All you need for the success you want is to discover and to develop your talents and powers. You need for your start only the firm *resolve* to succeed.

To help you with your own plans for success, here are the topics for future articles by career specialists in the How to Succeed series. These topics will try to indicate some of the things you have to think about and do to achieve the success you want:

HOW TO PICK YOUR GOAL: Study yourself carefully and decide exactly what it is you want to achieve in life—whether in work, hobby, social, or home life.

HOW TO DETERMINE YOUR MOTIVE: You must have clearly in mind *why* you want the success you seek. The degree of your success will depend upon your motive. Knowing your motive will keep you from dead-end side roads.

HOW TO DISCOVER YOUR TALENTS: You must discover your talents and develop them. You must also discover your faults and weaknesses and eliminate them. Methods used to discover talents and faults will be discussed in study of case histories in future articles.

HOW TO PLAN YOUR PROGRAM: Having determined your goal and your motive and the talents to achieve them, you must lay out a step-by-step program for development and perfection: courses of study, fields of experience, methods of practice, how to get on the main road to your goal. Typical programs will be discussed from time to time.

HOW TO PICK YOUR COLLEGE: The first step in building a career is to decide what you must *know* to succeed. Acquiring that knowledge is essential. Therefore those who are about to enter college are in the favorable position of being able to further their careers through advanced training. This first installment is devoted to How to Pick Your College.

HOW TO THINK, FEEL, AND LIVE SUCCESS: You must live in the world and thought of the success you want: dress, hygiene, manners, and thoughts. Hints and suggestions will appear regularly in this series.

There is your program. With this outline, you can start to think about and plan your career for success. Each article will help you do a better job with your plan. But you must start now. Do not hesitate. No matter where you are or what you are, you can make it. Keep always before you the Chinese proverb: "The journey of a thousand miles begins with the first step." Take the first step and you are on your way.

HOW TO PICK A COLLEGE

◆ If the career goal requires attendance at college, an immediate problem arises. Which college shall be chosen?

For some parents the choice is an easy matter. The father who lives in the glory of his college accomplishments wants his son to follow his footsteps exactly. The mother who recalls only the moonlight and wisteria of her halls of learning, dreams of the conquests that her daughter will make in the college atmosphere.

The same father who can accurately cite the mileage expected from each gallon of gasoline used in the new car, will spend from $2,000 to $8,000 for a college education with only the most casual information about the institution.

That mother who, before she joins the community club, knows the habits and whims or even the ancestry of each member, will allow her daughter to enter a school and associate with others for the four most formative years of the child's life without so much as determining whether her associates are as desirable as they should be.

Our country teems with colleges and institutions of higher learning. There are more than 1,500 to choose from. They range from good to bad, according to one's standards of values, and are classified in a variety of ways.

There are immense universities such as Columbia or the University of California with student bodies the size of small towns. In contrast there are microscopic schools whose total enrollments are less than the size of some classes at

(*Continued on page 66*)

On the Edge of DOOM

By LOUIS DE WOHL

Beginning a suspense story that moves with the speed of a jet plane—a tale that will make you want to dive for the bomb shelters

PART 1

In Two Parts

READING TIME 18 MINUTES

Bill Halloran woke and sat up with a jerk. His memory, coming to life again, told him that he was a damned fool: He wasn't on any job. The last job had been completed three days ago, the Chief had been pleased, Burnett was behind lock and bar and would remain there for years to come, and there was no reason . . . It was at this point that the urge of self-protection brushed his complacent memory aside and sent a second alarm down to his solar plexus and up his spine.

Somebody was in the room.

It was much too dim to see anybody clearly and there had been no movement, but you don't last long in this outfit unless you have other kinds of perception. The kind an ordinary cat has, for instance.

His hand shot out for the automatic on the bedside table.

"Quite unnecessary, Mr. Halloran," said a calm voice. "But if you want a gun, you can have mine. Here it is."

He felt it pressed into his hand, a thirty-eight from the feel of it, and the impudence of it all made him curse as he switched on the lamp with his left hand.

It is said that surprise, like calamities, always comes in twos or threes.

First he had been stalked by an intruder who gave him his gun instead of pointing it at him.

Now he saw that the intruder was a girl.

No, not a girl. A young woman. In her early thirties. A pale, strangely lifeless face; cool gray eyes. No make-up. Very simply dressed. Badly dressed. You had to guess that she had a good figure with her clothes doing their best to hide it.

Bill Halloran (*Continued on page 62*)

Illustrated by Louis S. Glanzman

WHAT LIBERTY MEANS TO ME

By ROBERT P. PATTERSON

President of Freedom House

Our former Secretary of War warns that peace and liberty in our modern world call for vigilance and preparedness. Even in peacetime, he says, liberty may be forfeited through indolence

READING TIME 4 MINUTES I have always thought of liberty as the right of the individual to serve his personal interests so long as his actions do not conflict with the public interest or the liberty of his neighbors. Our freedom is most secure when all have equality of opportunity and a share in the responsibilities of government.

Liberty is best served by the democratic center, which must be alert against enemies on the extremes of the right and the left. This is as true today as in the darkest days of the last war. Today our rights as free men are threatened by the ambitions of a small group of dictators in the Kremlin who keep 200 million Russians in darkness and fear, who enslave hundreds of millions in the satellite countries and China. It seems plain enough that in defense of liberty, those who made common cause against Nazism and Fascism must make common cause against the Communism of the Kremlin.

Beyond that, liberty requires an affirmative faith. The fight against the darkness of Communism must be a constructive and positive one. Marshall aid and the President's Point Four Program are demonstrations of that approach. They signify the will of a free people to guard their freedom.

Another condition of liberty is that the military must be the servant of the civil authority; never its master. I recall making a speech in Boston on the eve of the attack on Pearl Harbor. I had no premonition of the calamity, but I remember saying that the prospect was perilous and that in times of peril the Army could be counted on to defend the existence of the nation and its freedom as well. I said these words with earnest conviction as spokesman on behalf of the Army. In my mind was the principle planted by the Army founder and first commander, George Washington, a principle deeply rooted in our tradition—that the military must always be available to carry out the national will, but never seek to take part in the making of that will.

In the last war the charge was constantly made in some quarters that the American people were on the point of having their liberties destroyed by a dangerous dictator in the White House—the same charge that was made so many times in the Civil War when the so-called culprit was that other "dangerous dictator," Abraham Lincoln. However, we saw the war through without visible injury to the Bill of Rights.

There are times when war is an instrument of liberty. But peace is the ideal condition of our freedom. The rights of the individual, even in a democracy, receive a temporary setback in time of war. Peace and liberty in our modern world call for vigilance, preparedness, and a willingness to assume responsibility. Through indolence, liberty may be forfeited even in peacetime.

Liberty is not synonymous with the laissez-faire concept of the early days of our republic. Our people collectively must be concerned about the welfare of the individual. Nor can isolation serve to protect our privileged position and guard our cherished freedoms. Today, liberty involves sharing and participation for the common good. Rapid transportation and communication have brought the world close together, so that our liberty is as strong or as weak as any of our neighbors'.

Liberty is not license. It not only bestows a privilege; it imposes an obligation as well. A man's home is his castle, but he is not free to burn it down. A man may be the head of his family, but he may not willfully starve his children. When he drives an automobile, he is not free to take the left-hand side of the public highway.

Respect for the privacy of the individual is another requirement. Wire-tapping, even by public agencies, cannot be condoned except in the rare instance where the nation's security is involved, and then only after a responsible court has approved.

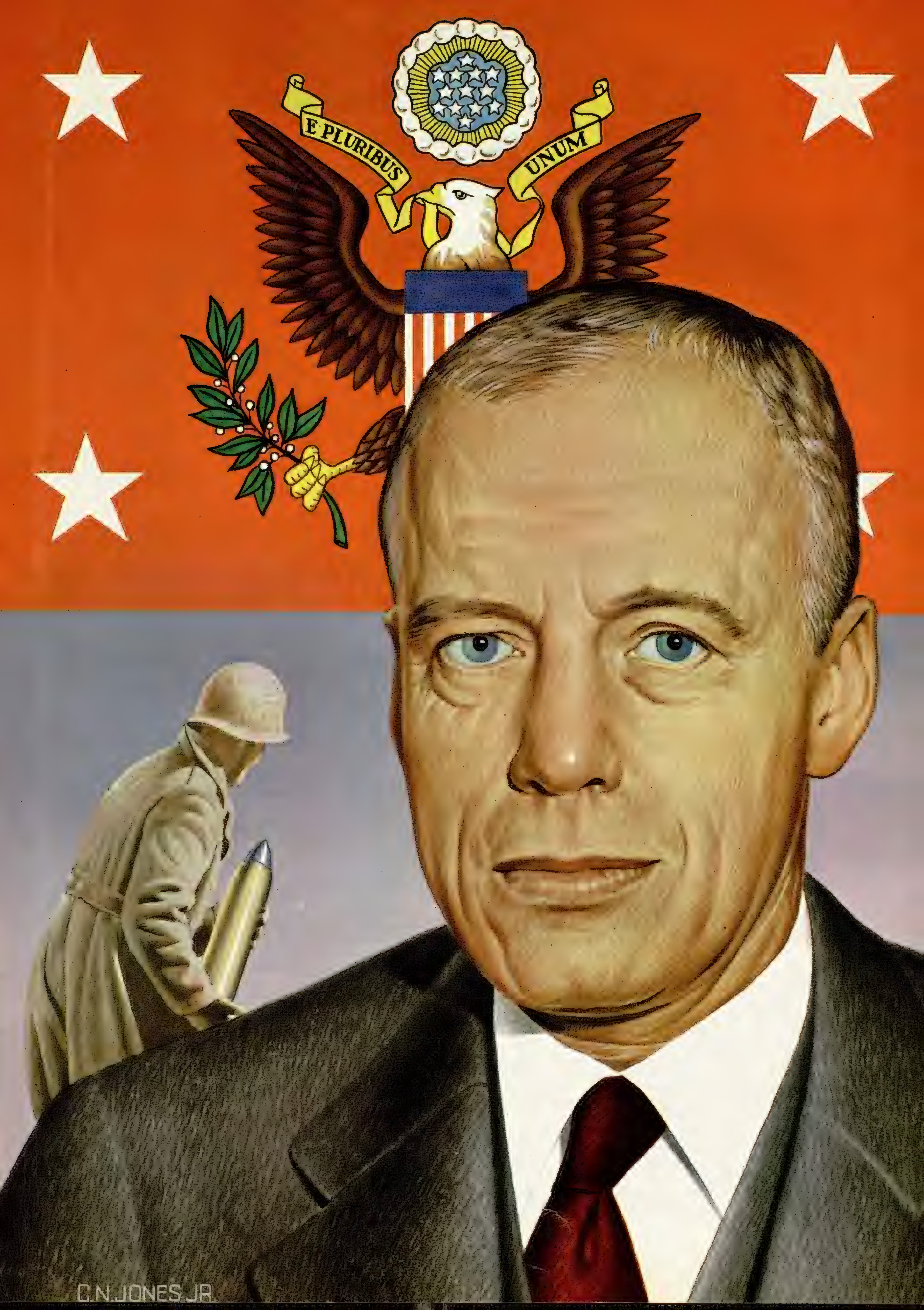
Equality before the law is another fundamental of a free society. If the color of a man's skin, his economic status, his national origin, or his religion in any way determine the quality of justice, then our liberty is not safe.

If these are the conditions and the tests of liberty, then mob law, segregation, inequality of opportunity for education or employment, interference with the equal right to vote—these are the negation of liberty.

Where liberty is supreme, we take it to be fundamental and undebatable that people be judged by their individual worth. It is an asset, not a liability, that we have diversity in race, religion, and national origin. We are therefore called upon to support the program of the President's Committee on Civil Rights. To my mind, that is a program that calls for prompt action and should have top priority on the urgency calendar.

Liberty is described for us in undying documents—the Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights. It is symbolized by a cracked bell in Independence Hall, by a statue on a small island in New York harbor. It is a priceless value, to be won again and again, until all men are free. ◆ ◆

ABOUT THE PORTRAIT: Painting the portrait of ex-Secretary of War Robert Porter Patterson was a pleasure for artist Carroll N. Jones. He first met Mr. Patterson during World War II at Walter Reed Hospital while doing color research on plastic hands. The soldier in the background symbolizes Patterson as a soldier (he served in World War I). The flag is the official flag of the Secretary of War.



E PLURIBUS UNUM
C.N.JONES JR.

AMERICA IS STILL THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

FABULOUS COFFEE VENDORS

By ED CUNNINGHAM

The amazing story of two ex-G.I.s with an idea and an unbounded faith in themselves and America

READING TIME 10 MINUTES Like ten out of ten other American soldiers, Lloyd Rudd and Cy Melikian dreamed about giving orders instead of taking them. Once the war was over, they planned to be their own bosses, partners in a new business. All they needed, that morning back in 1944 at Wright Field, was a good business idea and the capital.

On off-duty hours they had toyed with several postwar business ideas. A couple were built around two patents held by Rudd. But the inventions had no mass-market appeal. In fact a patent lawyer informed them that a patent had already been granted for one of their inventions.

The two disappointed Air Force engineers stopped at the post cafeteria for a cup of coffee. It was closed. They settled for soft drinks at an outdoor vending machine. Idly, one remarked:

"Why can't you drop a nickel in a machine and get hot coffee instead of a cold drink?"

Next night, Lieutenant and Mrs. Rudd had dinner at Sergeant Melikian's apartment in Dayton. The sergeant's wife served instant coffee. It revived conversation about hot coffee from a vending machine.

"That's the best idea you two have had yet," Mrs. Melikian said.

"It's too good," her husband said. "Somebody's sure to have a patent on it. But it won't hurt to inquire."

Nobody did have a patent on it. Once that was established, Rudd and Melikian got busy. Their off-duty hours were spent drawing sketches of a coffee-vending machine. In a Dayton junk yard they found a smashed soft-drink machine. Salvaging its few unbroken parts, plus some automotive parts, they put together a reasonable facsimile of their proposed machine. Enough, at least, to draw up blueprints for the U. S. Patent Office.

Today ex-soldiers Rudd and Melikian are their own bosses. Their pioneering business venture grossed nearly $3 million in 1949. Their Kwik-Kafé dispensers, made in the Philadelphia plant of Rudd-Melikian, Inc., are the nation's first fully automatic hot-coffee vending machines. More than two million cups of coffee are sold each week from Kwik-Kafé machines.

In railroad terminals, factories, office buildings, colleges, department stores, barbershops, any place where people congregate, you'll find the hot-coffee dispenser which two soldiers dreamed about one bleak morning in 1944 at Wright Field, Ohio. Rudd-Melikian, Inc., is another case history which proves that, in America, opportunity is still a wide-open market.

Like all success stories, their tale had its setbacks and sorrows. Discharged from the Air Force early in 1946, they set up shop in the Melikian family garage in North Philadelphia. Material shortages plagued them from the start. Their operating capital was limited. Housing was another headache. Rudd, unable to find an apartment, lived at Cy's house. His wife and infant son remained with in-laws in Ohio.

Their first pilot model coffee vendor clogged up after serving a few cups of coffee. Lengthy experimentation showed that powdered coffee was responsible. The solution was a liquid coffee concentrate. Yet no such product was then on the market.

Convinced a liquid concentrate was their best bet, Rudd and Melikian hired a frozen-food specialist to develop one. After several months he developed Kwik-Kafé's own concentrate—quick frozen to retain the aroma and flavor of freshly brewed coffee.

Meanwhile the new business moved to larger quarters, a 30-car commercial garage, where work started on the handmade machines to be used for field testing. Other kinks developed. Better refrigerating equipment was needed to keep the coffee and cream fresh. Hot-water capacity was too small; it had to be boosted from 150 to 300 cups an hour.

Next came the real headache—money. By pooling their personal savings and getting additional loans on their autos, Rudd and Melikian had scraped together just about $10,000. That grubstake was gradually whittled down by the food specialist's experiments, expensive sheet metal and electrical equipment, wages for a handful of employees. Additional capital was imperative before mass production could get under way.

The youthful partners canvassed almost 300 potential investors in Philadelphia. But venture capital was not overly venturesome toward a new, unproven product. Finally an Ohio super-market owner, whom they met at Wright Field, put up $15,000. Next, a Philadelphia manufacturer, the father of their legal counselor, agreed to help out.

James A. Kenney, president of a large Philadelphia funeral supply house, had started business on a shoestring himself. He built caskets in the cellar of his home, while his wife made the cloth linings on the kitchen table. Now a successful manufacturer, he liked the spirit of Rudd and Melikian who had the faith and determination to make their own way in American business life.

With Kenney's help a dozen other Philadelphia investors chipped in; Rudd-Melikian was incorporated with a capitalization of $75,000. The firm's major officers were then 26 years old. President Rudd, born in Colorado and schooled in Oklahoma, had worked his way through college as a night-shift tool designer in a California aircraft plant. The vice-president, secretary, and treasurer was ex-Sergeant Melikian, son of a Philadelphia butcher who came to the United States from Armenia before World War I.

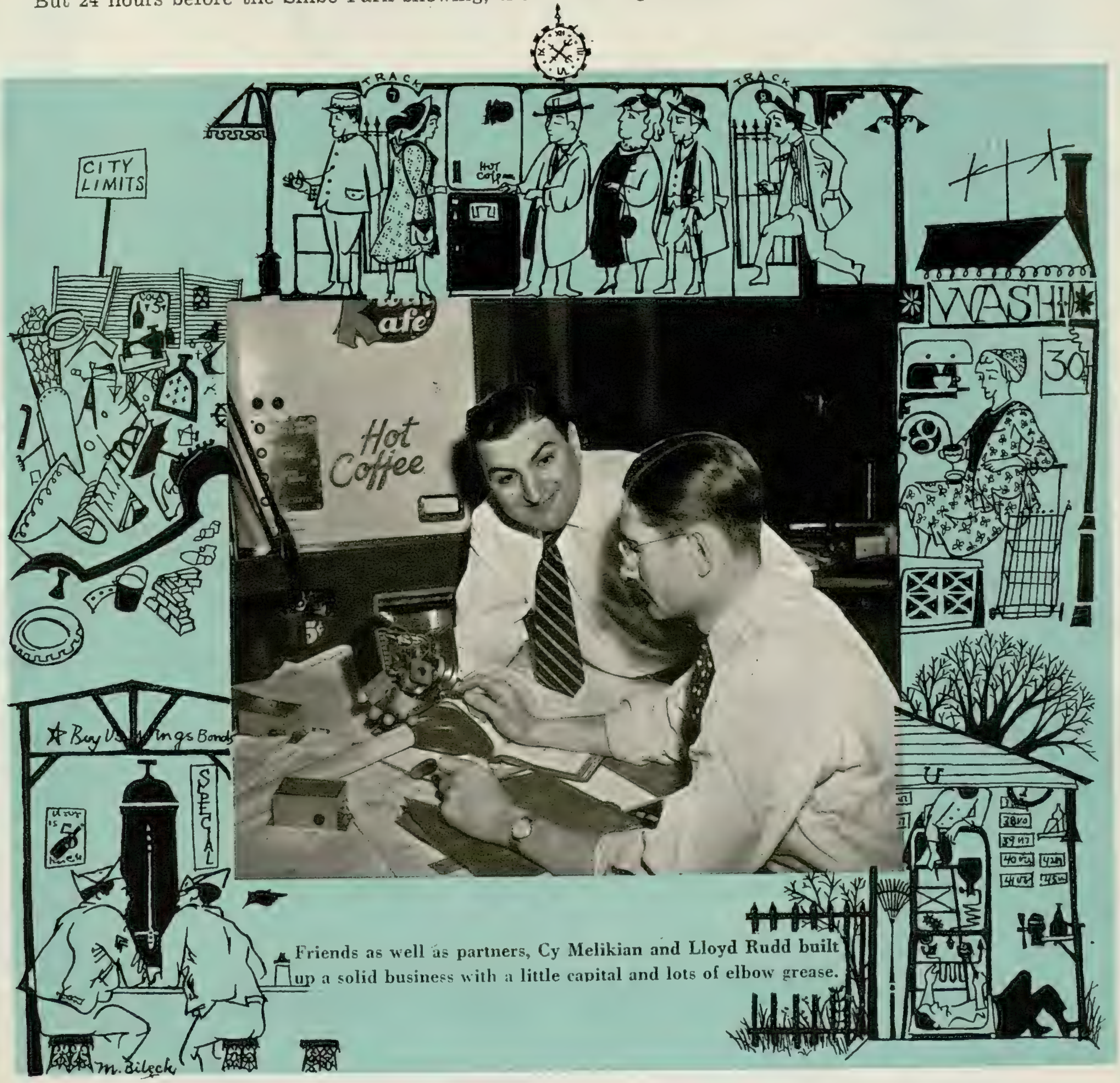
First field tests for the new coffee dispensers were scheduled for September, 1946, at a Philadelphia professional football game. Four Kwik-Kafé units were to be installed at Shibe Park for a one-day trial. Later, they were to be customer-tested in several theaters and department stores.

But 24 hours before the Shibe Park showing, the machines developed several "bugs." Valve trouble cut down the flow of water. The paper-cup dispenser jammed. The shop foreman said it might take several days to correct the difficulties.

"We'll have them ready tomorrow if we have to work all night," Rudd said. "Shibe Park has installed special electrical lines and outlets for them. If we don't produce now, we'll never get another chance."

At 3 A.M. the day of the game, Rudd, Melikian, and their staff, working almost all night, had ironed out the last mechanical defect. Next morning, at eight, the weary young business men hauled the machines to Shibe Park. At half time, the Kwik-Kafé machines shared intermission interest honors with a shapely drum majorette performing on the field. Fans queued up with their coins to test this automatically made coffee. A new U. S. business was on its way.

Early in 1947 the first batch of Kwik-Kafé dispensers were ready for general distribution. Cleveland got the first delivery, an order for 15 machines sold outright to a franchise operator. Orders poured in and gross sales for 1947 *(Continued on page 68)*



Friends as well as partners, Cy Melikian and Lloyd Rudd built up a solid business with a little capital and lots of elbow grease.

Drawing by Marvin Bileck

Corsage

for a sobbing lady

Diane went man-hunting in Alaska and discovered something she'd never suspected about them—and herself

By WILLIAM L. WORDEN READING TIME 18 MINUTES

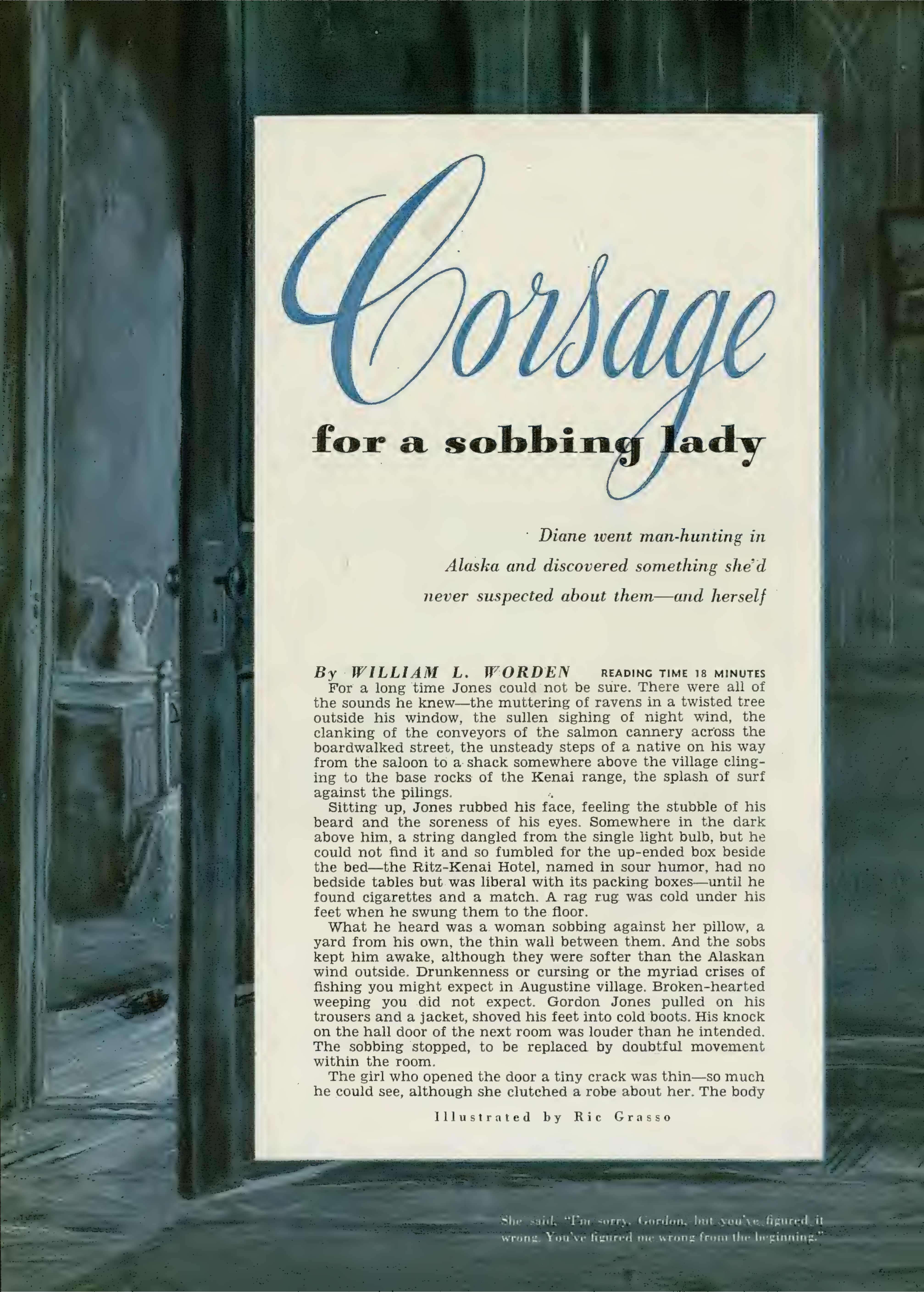
For a long time Jones could not be sure. There were all of the sounds he knew—the muttering of ravens in a twisted tree outside his window, the sullen sighing of night wind, the clanking of the conveyors of the salmon cannery across the boardwalked street, the unsteady steps of a native on his way from the saloon to a shack somewhere above the village clinging to the base rocks of the Kenai range, the splash of surf against the pilings.

Sitting up, Jones rubbed his face, feeling the stubble of his beard and the soreness of his eyes. Somewhere in the dark above him, a string dangled from the single light bulb, but he could not find it and so fumbled for the up-ended box beside the bed—the Ritz-Kenai Hotel, named in sour humor, had no bedside tables but was liberal with its packing boxes—until he found cigarettes and a match. A rag rug was cold under his feet when he swung them to the floor.

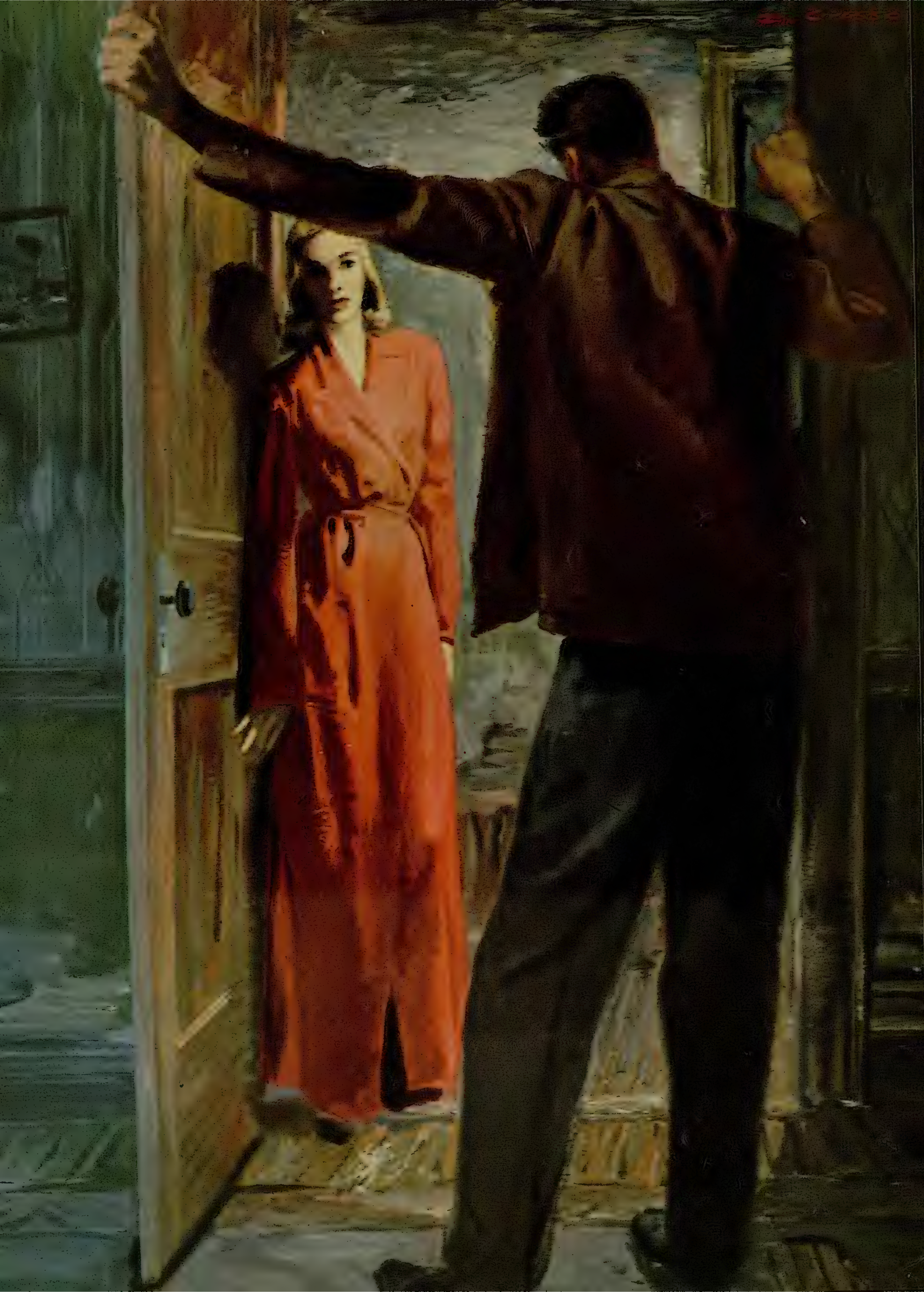
What he heard was a woman sobbing against her pillow, a yard from his own, the thin wall between them. And the sobs kept him awake, although they were softer than the Alaskan wind outside. Drunkenness or cursing or the myriad crises of fishing you might expect in Augustine village. Broken-hearted weeping you did not expect. Gordon Jones pulled on his trousers and a jacket, shoved his feet into cold boots. His knock on the hall door of the next room was louder than he intended. The sobbing stopped, to be replaced by doubtful movement within the room.

The girl who opened the door a tiny crack was thin—so much he could see, although she clutched a robe about her. The body

Illustrated by Ric Grasso



She said, "I'm sorry, Gordon, but you've figured it wrong. You've figured me wrong from the beginning."



Corsage
for a sobbing lady

Continued

and shoulders were tiny; and the face, at the level of his chest, was almost that of a child, the blue eyes reddened and the cheeks still streaked with tears. Few women look beautiful after prolonged weeping, and this was not one of them, for all the mass of honey-colored hair in disarray around her shoulders.

What Jones said was an absurd thing and he knew it. If your sister wept, you might—as he had, more than once—go to her room and ask, "I heard you crying. Is there anything I can do?" To say the same thing to a strange woman after knocking on her door in an Alaska fishing village hotel was senseless. Still, that was what he said.

The girl sniffled, uncontrollably. She said, "Nothing, thank you. Please go away." When he hesitated, her voice gained power. Pure venom replaced tonelessness. "Go away," she said again. "Get out, you great fool, get out!"

Gordon Jones had lived in five hundred hotels, fought a war on a destroyer, driven a truck, skippered a fish tender through a score of subarctic storms—and he had been without enough sleep for a month.

He said, "Then shut up. Stop that blubbering. I want to get some sleep."

When he returned to his cold sheets, there was only one further sound from the room next door. Somebody slammed something against the wall so hard that the thin partition bent and creaked.

Afterward there was no sound except the ravens and the clanking machinery and a gluttonous gull and the snoring machinist and the leaking faucet. Gordon Jones slept badly; but eventually he did sleep.

◆

He saw Diane Moberly at seven thirty in the morning and might not have recognized her except that, for one thing, she was the only stranger in the cannery dining room for breakfast. For another reason, Long John Harrison, whose cannery this was, looked up from his cereal and came as close to smiling as Jones had ever seen him come. "New scale girl, Gordon," he said. "Name's Moberly. Diane, this is what wrecks the engines in the tender. Wears 'em out. Name's Jones."

For Long John, it was a record speech. He finished his cereal and a huge mug of coffee before he bothered to continue it. "Your engine stuff," he said, "won't be down today. Had to send to the States for it. You can get caught up on sleep."

"That depends," Jones said. "That depends a lot on what goes on at that hotel." He had the satisfaction of seeing the girl blush and, in her nervousness, splash coffee from her cup to her saucer.

Then a raucous whistle shrilled on the roof above their heads and all the half dozen people in the dining room except Long John hurried their final bites and filed out toward the cannery line, just beginning to clank again after an hour's rest. As she went, Diane Moberly tied on a rubber apron and adjusted a kerchief on her head, as did two dozen other women moving toward the steaming machinery which was beginning to toss bits of fish and scale from its sprockets as the iron chink bit into the first of the salmon slapping down from the conveyors. Hands incased in rubber gloves, Diane stood by the weighing machine.

Passing the canning line on his way to the dock Jones felt eyes following his back but could not tell whether they were the black eyes of a native woman, or blue. With the engineer of the Turnagin he repaired the oil range on the tender during the morning and cooked their lunches on it just to make sure the repairs were satisfactory. In the afternoon they tore down a stubborn pump and checked the fire hoses. Finally they sculled the skiff ashore, the engineer hurrying, he said, to get to the saloon before all the chairs were taken. Jones refused an invitation to go along, although his disinclination to an evening of drinking surprised him.

He went on to the mess hall. In the dining room he glanced around the table for a vacant seat and found only one. When he put his boot across the bench, he leaned on the shoulder of an unpleased checker to steady himself. On the other side of the single vacancy, Diane Moberly politely pulled at the leg of her slacks to make room for him. If she did not smile a welcome, she did pass, in succession, the boiled potatoes, the roast, and a series of vegetables.

Jones applied himself to his food. When the checker leaned forward to speak to the girl across his plate, Jones noticed only that her left hand was ringless. Diane did not look toward him again after answering the checker in a monosyllable. As he finished his pie, he was aware that she still sat beside him, her eyes on a cigarette burning in her fingers but not being smoked. Somewhere in his mind a warning bell rang suddenly, a bell of recognition—not of this girl, but of many girls who came to Alaska alone, wearing furs but no rings, girls who could look, some of them, quite demure—very quiet, well-behaved little girls.

Diane Moberly said, "Mr. Jones, I've been thinking today. I guess I owe you an apology. About last night, I mean. I didn't realize—I mean, I thought—"

Here in Augustine, in the middle of June, it was silly to be particular.

Gordon Jones smiled at Diane Moberly. "Let it ride," he said. "Forget it. There's a movie tonight, starting right now, down at the City Hall. It does for a theater until a theater comes along."

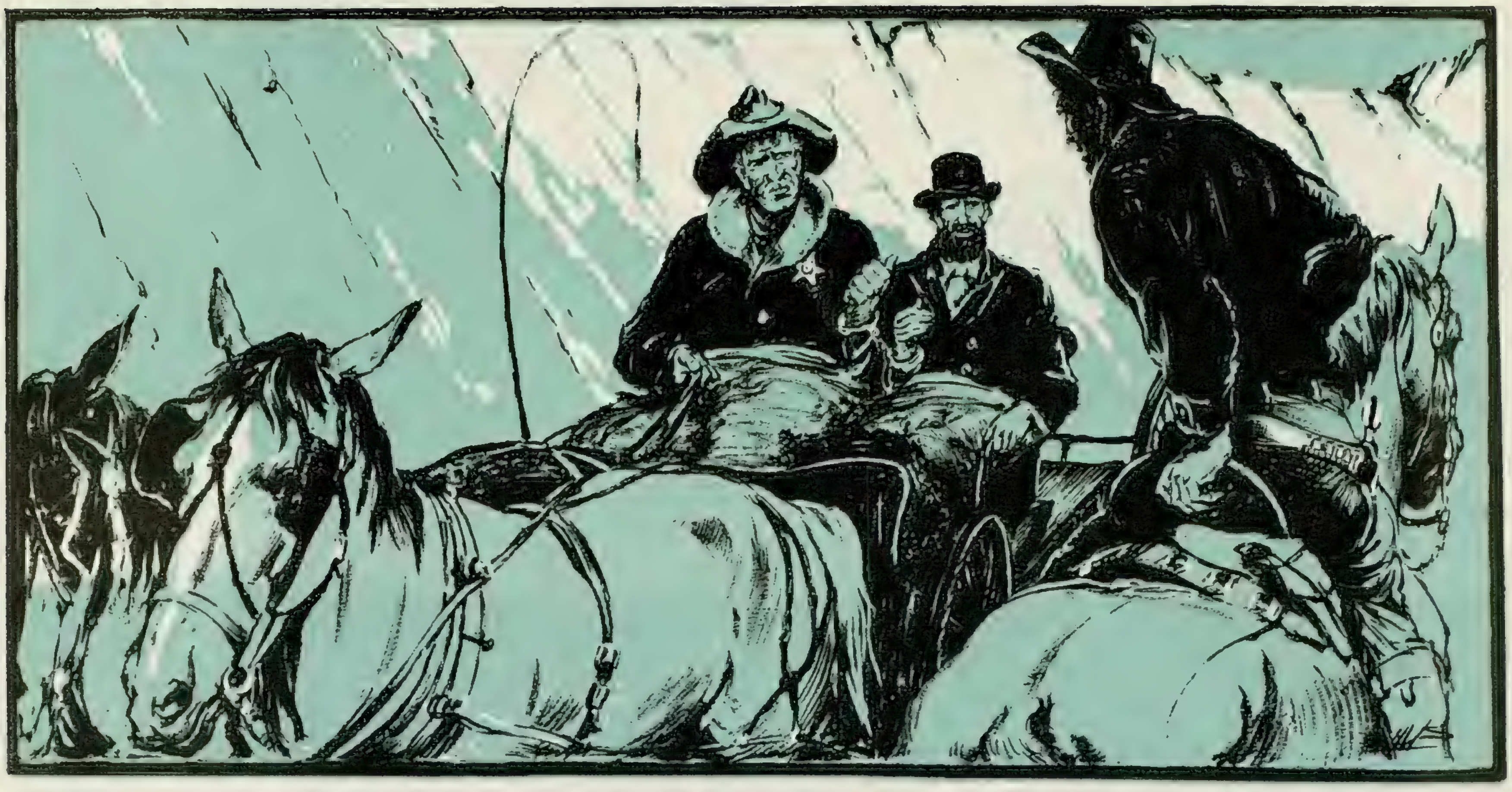
When he rose, the girl rose with him. For seconds she faced him with some question, almost a protest, in her eyes. But when he held the door open, she went through, waiting for him outside the building. Something about the manner in which she held her head made him think of the word, "docile," but she did not look at him again.

In the City Hall, folding chairs squeaked throughout the movie, the squeaks almost matching the gurgling from a sound amplifier happily sold by the army as junk, which is what it was. Once, with his arm across the back of her chair, Jones felt some unusual movement, a quick and unrestrained laughter, in the girl beside him.

She spoke behind her hand. "The last time I saw this show," she said, "I was a senior in high school." Her laughter stopped. "I went to the show by myself on the night of the senior prom. I won't ever forget it."

When the movie was over, they filed out with fifty others. Rain slashed at them and the wind shoved against their backs and their sides, coming off the black bay. When Jones hesitated beside the cannery dining-room

(*Continued on page 69*)



"Do you want the baby delivered by a doctor who killed a man?" the sheriff asked his son-in-law. But the sheriff didn't have

THE LAST WORD

By FRANK R. ADAMS

READING TIME 18 MINUTES George Lomax, a deputy sheriff of Ocono County, had his office in Rimfire City handily located next door to the Bright Starlight Saloon. Through the window of that office he saw a man he had been looking for ever since the arrival of the mail the day before. He went outside and hailed him:

"Hey, Doc, just a minute."

An ordinary-sized man like Doc Reedy looked kind of puny alongside the sheriff, who was the biggest man in the county.

It was a raw day, getting on toward sunset, and Doc Reedy suggested that they step inside the Bright Starlight and liquor up.

"I wouldn't want to accept your invitation under false pretenses, Doc," said Sheriff Lomax. "Fact is I was lookin' for you officially."

"Oh. Somebody sick?"

"Not that I know of. It was in my own official capacity, not yours, that I wanted to see you."

Doc Reedy seemed to shrink a little. He was a thin man to start with, and the way he dressed in city clothes and a long dark overcoat made him look skinny next to a burly man like the sheriff, who always wore a heavy sheepskin jacket in cold weather.

Doc heard what the sheriff said all right, but he didn't come back at him for a minute. He shifted his eyes first to one side and then the other like a mouse might when he found a cat standing in his path. "What was it you wanted to see me about?" he asked finally.

"Your name Frank Castle?"

Doc Reedy swallowed hard. "It was—back in Virginia."

"Then you know why I'm lookin' for you. It ain't a particular pleasant duty, Doc, but my personal feelings ain't got nothin' to do with it. You and me will drive over to the county seat at Los Altos yet tonight. You can stay in the jail there until the officers from Richmond come to take you back."

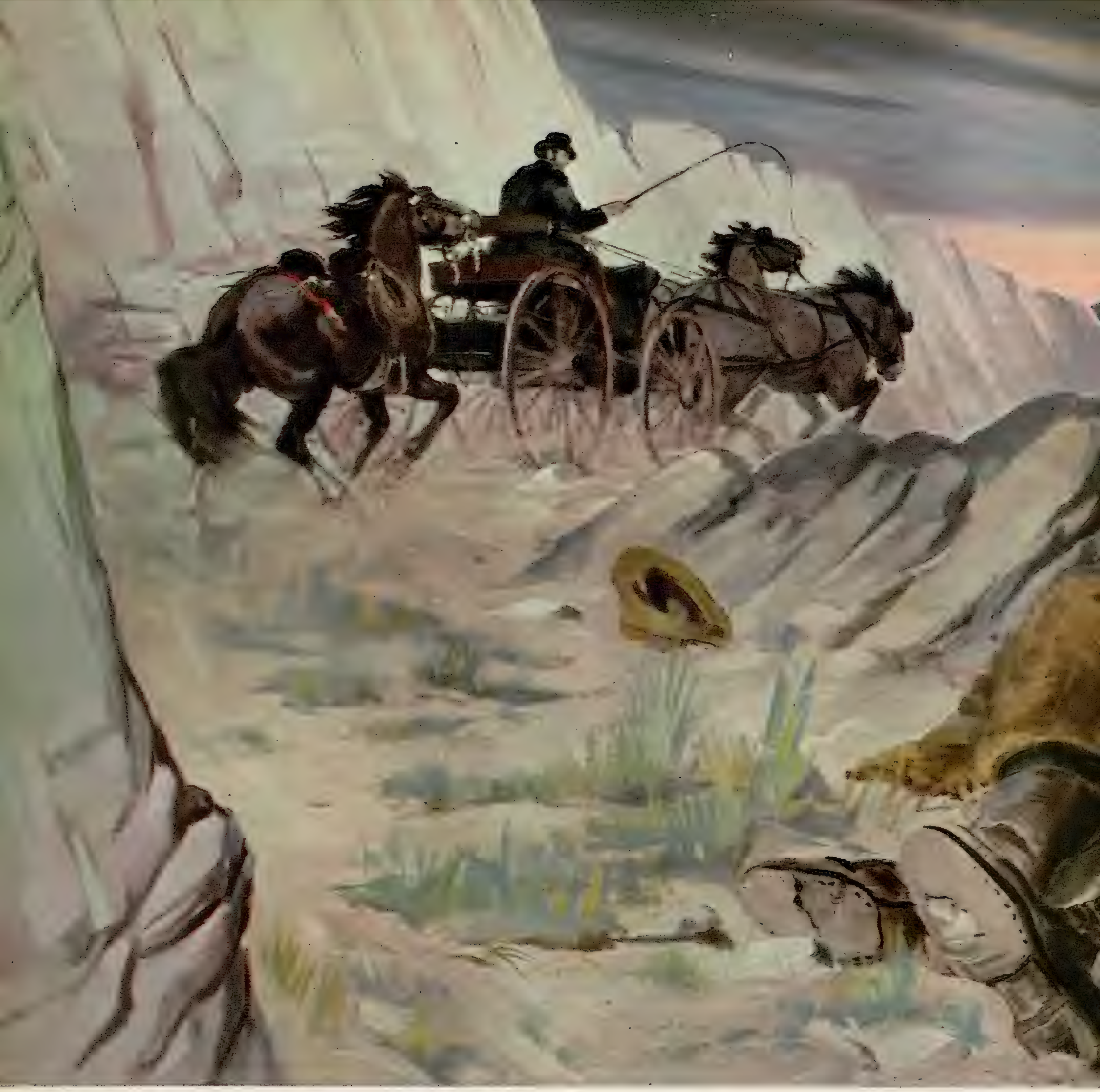
Doc Reedy shivered. "That'll be a cold drive. Let's get us a couple of snorts before we start—if you don't mind drinking with a murderer."

The sheriff considered. "This'll be with a friend, Doc. We'll start bein' official when we come out. Nobody knows about this yet but me."

The Bright Starlight, its two huge hanging kerosene lamps already lighted for the evening, was a cozy refuge from the chill outside wind. Half the population of Rimfire City was already there, passing the time until the dinner gong rang at the Chinaman's, down the street.

The sheriff and the doctor were popular citizens and even the men around the faro layout looked up and said "Howdy" as the two men shouldered their way to the bar.

Illustrated by H. Winfield Scott



Doc Reedy took the reins and drove off singing. Jim MacLean was the first to regain consciousness. He said,

THE LAST WORD

Continued

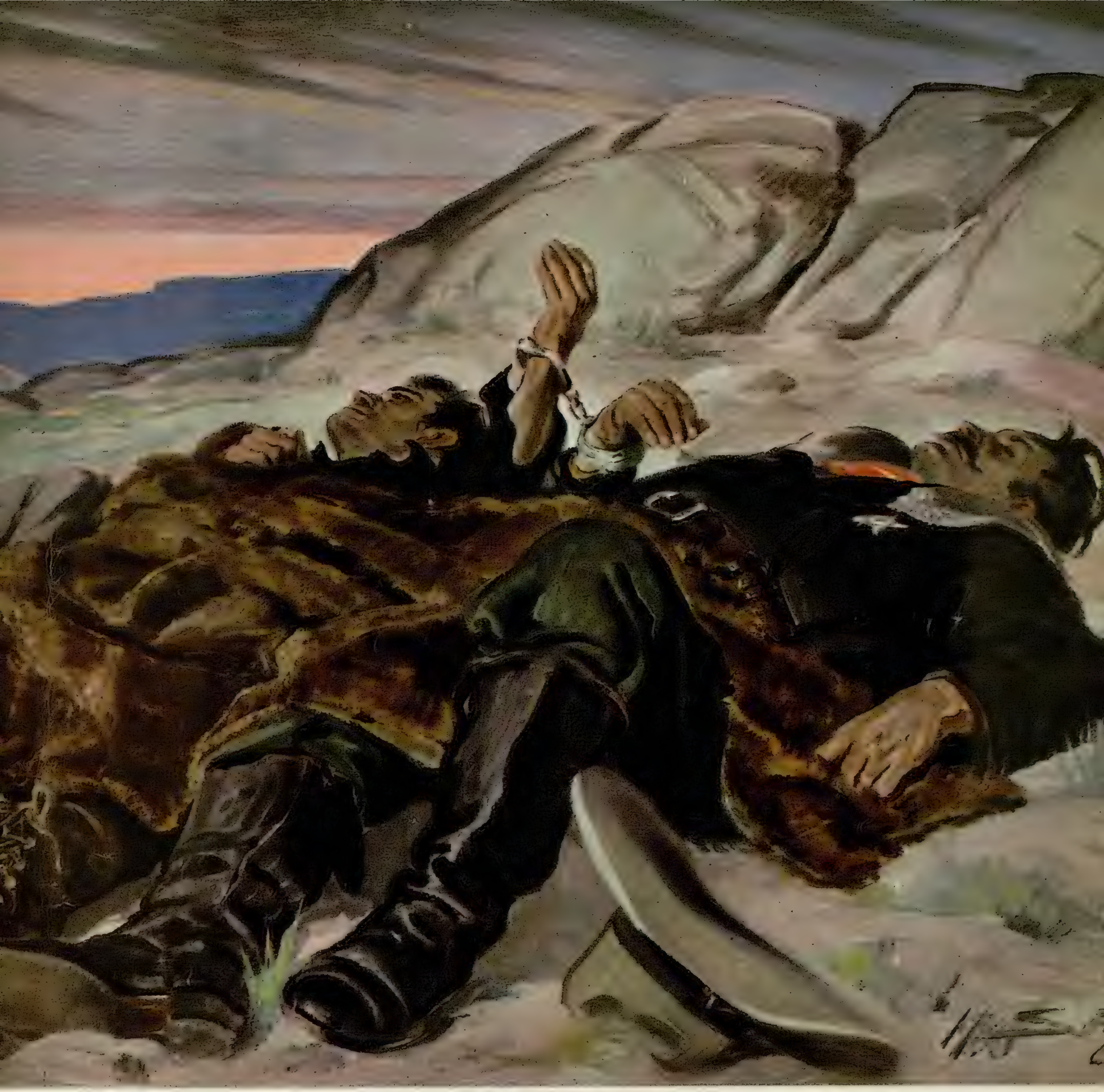
"It's on me," said Doc Reedy, and then, after a moment's hesitation, he asked, "Will it be all right with you if I ask the boys to line up with us?"

Sheriff Lomax shrugged his shoulders.

"It's a kind of a farewell party," Doc explained. "I've got a pocketful of silver dollars weightin' me down that I won't have much use for, beginning tomorrow." He turned with his back to the bar and shouted, "Everybody up! Big medicine for sick men. Gather round!"

Doc Reedy's money seemed to last indefinitely. Sheriff Lomax contributed some too. Nobody heard it when the Chinaman's dinner gong finally rang. Hi Wong himself came over to see what was going on, and Doc Reedy bought the chink a drink, too. All in all, it began to look like a very successful jamboree. There was so much noise that at first nobody noticed when a man opened the door and stood there without closing it. Then, one by one, the patrons at the bar turned to see what was causing the draft.

He was almost as big as Sheriff Lomax—slenderer, though, and younger. There were hard lines around his mouth—sort of like wires that a man might wear to hold his jaw steady, but otherwise his face was placid and gentle. His boots came halfway to his



"Thanks, Doc." He did not seem much surprised to find the wrist of his left arm fastened to the sheriff's right.

knees, with black pants tucked into the tops. But they were laced with thongs, definitely unorthodox footgear in cattle country, where everybody else wore high-heeled Spanish boots. He had on a close-fitting heavy dark shirt but no jacket. The only other items of his outfit were an old and weather-beaten sombrero and a slim cartridge belt with one six-gun of small caliber on his right side about where a tenderfoot would be apt to wear it.

Through the haze which was partly in his own brain, Doc Reedy recognized him. "Jim MacLean, you old son of a so-and-so, step up to the bar with your friends."

The newcomer looked at the line of faces warily. "I'm afraid I haven't any friends here."

"Sure you have, Jim. You got me," Doc Reedy assured him, his speech slightly slurred. "I'm buying you a drink—buying everybody a drink."

"D'ye mind waitin', Doc?" Sheriff Lomax requested. "I'll step outside, where the air's better. I'm not drinkin' with this skunk."

The others, following the lead of the sheriff, muttered derogatory criticisms of young Jim MacLean's character.

"I'll save you any embarrassment, Doc, by waitin' over at your office," MacLean said. "It's you I come to get."

Jim MacLean went out then, closing the door behind him.

The incident took the edge off the party and

THE LAST WORD

Continued

Sheriff Lomax suggested to the doctor that they'd better get going. He took his prisoner direct to Charley Andrews' livery stable, where he rented a buckboard and Charley's best team. "We'll get something to eat at Los Altos or mebbe at Bill Colfer's ranch on the way."

"I ought to go back to my office," Doc suggested. "Jim MacLean's waiting for me there."

"That's why you ain't goin' back. Get into the buggy. We're rollin'."

Doc Reedy was still stewing about Jim MacLean as they drove out of town. "I ought to find out what he wants. Maybe he's sick."

"Doc, you don't seem to realize that you all of a sudden quit practicin' medicine here in Rimfire Canyon country about an hour or so ago. Besides, Jim MacLean didn't look like he was sick to me, and I wouldn't care if he was."

"You sure hate your son-in-law, don't you, Sheriff? What's he ever done besides get related to you?"

"Well, Doc, he's a Yankee for one thing, and I was one of Mosby's Guerrillas. We didn't like Yanks then and I still don't. Another thing ag'in' him is he come into cattle country here and started raisin' sheep. Then on top of that he run off with my daughter Martha after I'd told 'em both never to see each other ag'in."

Doc Reedy smiled. "That's always been a sure way to break up a romance, as the Montagues and the Capulets found out."

"Who are them fellas?"

"Nobody you know, Sheriff. They're strangers in this neck of the woods—just people who had second-generation trouble."

"Then I'm sorry for 'em. It's practically spoilt my life. Of course I had to kick Martha out. Ain't never seen her since. My only girl, too." The sheriff sighed and reined in the team. He took a pair of handcuffs out of the side pocket of his coat. "I hate to do this, Doc," he said as he fastened their wrists together, "but we're comin' to a bad stretch of road. As long as I have to drive I won't be able to keep my eyes on you. All you'd have to do would be to wait till we come to that sharp turn at this end of Rimfire Canyon and jump out. It'd likely take me a couple of weeks to find you again—if ever."

"I don't mind the cuffs," Doc Reedy said apathetically. Whatever lift he had got from his drinks at the Bright Starlight Saloon had worn off entirely. He had very little to look forward to—a short, very dull future.

"I've liked it here," he said, not particularly to the sheriff, more perhaps to the land. In valedictory.

"We've liked you fine too, Doc," Sheriff Lomax replied. "You've done right well by the folks. Some of 'em wouldn't be around hadn't been for you. Too bad the law catched up with you. Even round here the country is gettin' kind of civilized. Maybe you should have gone up north and west of here a coupla hundred miles where there ain't no reg'lar mail. Yessir, I believe that's where I would have went. And you shouldn't have done any doctorin' either. That give you away, even if you did grow a beard to make you look different."

"Thanks for the advice." Doc Reedy was grimly amused. "Want to turn me loose and let me try it your way?"

The sheriff paid no attention to the facetious question. He had heard the sound of distant hoofbeats and was trying to decide whether they were ahead or behind.

"Somebody tryin' to overtake us maybe," the big man concluded. "Travelin' too fast just to be goin' some place." He adjusted his holster so that his stomach wouldn't get in the way. "We'll have a look." The sheriff pulled up the team off the trail and facing it. "I don't fancy havin' nobody behind me."

A horse and rider loomed up out of the dusk, a huge horse and a huge rider. He pulled rein in front of the sheriff's rig.

"Was you lookin' for me, MacLean?" Lomax asked coldly.

His son-in-law rested back against the high cantle of his saddle. "No. I come to get Doc Reedy. I heard he had left town with you."

"You heard correct." The sheriff held up his left hand. Doc's right hand came with it. "We're goin' over to Los Altos."

"Not tonight," Jim MacLean contradicted softly. "I need Doc over at my place."

"What for? One of your sheep got the epizootic?"

"It's Martha." Jim looked his father-in-law straight in the eye as he repeated, "Martha, your daughter."

"No daughter of mine," the sheriff snarled, "not since she sneaked off with you."

The sheriff's prisoner took a hand in the conversation: "What's the trouble, Jim?"

"I think she's took ahead of her time, Doc. Next month, you said, but she's in awful pain and I'm afraid she's too little to stand it. She'll need a lot of help."

"Better get the Widow Guthrie," Doc Reedy suggested. "She knows what to do."

"She's with Hank Glover's wife, way up in the hills. She can't come. I've got to have you."

The sheriff was getting impatient. "Not if I say you can't. Even if I could let him loose, do you want the baby delivered by a doctor who killed a man back east?"

"That would depend." Jim leaned forward and pushed the front brim of his sombrero up flat. "Doc," he said, "what was you mad at that hombre back east about?"

The doctor didn't answer.

"It was about a woman," the sheriff supplied curtly. "That much I got offen the reward notice. Some floozey. I suppose that—"

"She was my wife," Doc Reedy interrupted savagely, "and it wasn't her fault."

"All right, all right, Doc," said the sheriff soothingly. "No offense meant."

◆

Jim MacLean made a decision. "I'm taking Doc home with me. Out here, if he'd found a coyote-minded two-legged animal foolin' around with his wife, nobody'd have blamed him for emptyin' a six-gun into his hide."

"Nobody's askin' you what you think," the sheriff declared impatiently. "I'm just doin' my sworn duty and you mind your own business."

Jim's small slender revolver appeared suddenly in his hand. "Sheriff, unlock the cuffs."

Sheriff Lomax laughed uproariously. "Look who's givin' orders! I didn't know a sheep nurser ever toted hardware—not that anybody would call that thing a shootin' iron. Get out of the way, MacLean."

"I'm warning you, Sheriff."

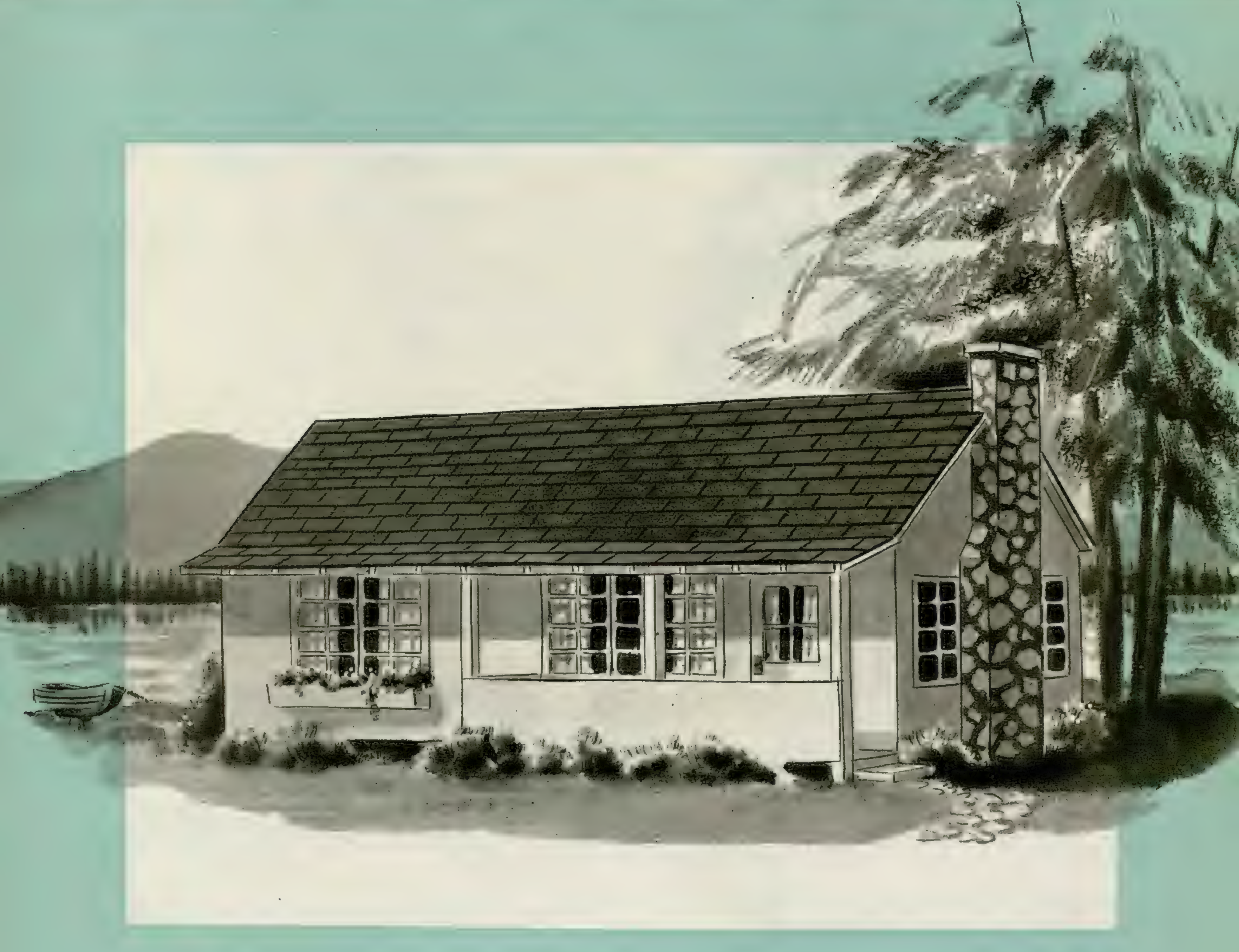
"He means business," Doc Reedy advised.

"Can't help what he means. I got my duty to do and I'm doin' it. Jim MacLean won't shoot me. Marthy'd never speak to him again if he did. She may be mad at me, but she loves me and I know it. Besides," and there was a sharp report, "I shot him first."

The livery team, which *(Continued on page 76)*

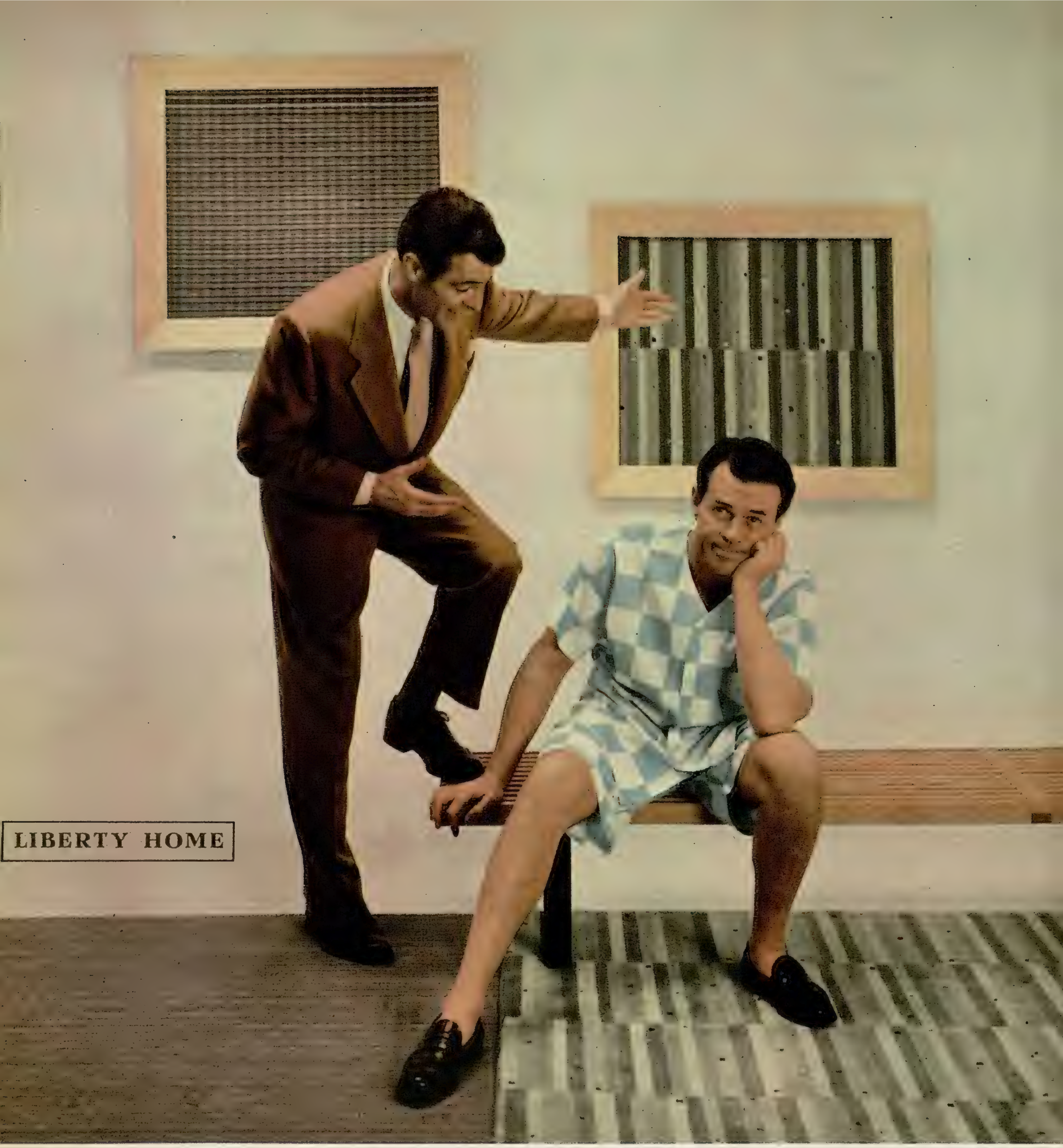
LIBERTY HOME

JUNE 1950 *Gertrude Wilkinson* HOME EDITOR



A SUMMER DREAM HOUSE

There's fun for Pop and all the family in building a summer camp. (See Page 46 for how an amateur builder's dreams came true)



SILK SHANTUNG AND PORONET MEAN BUSINESS.

AND SO TO BED—IN CHECKERBOARD SHORTIES.

✦ ✦ ✦

Ranch House Modern Narrow and wide stripes, clipped and looped pile, in tones of wine, gray, blue, and green, add up to a gay, adaptable carpet ready to absorb a lot of punishment. James Lees & Sons; about $6 a square yard.

Repartee A deft mixture of neutral-colored dots sparsely scattered among random-width brown and gray "planks." Available in 27-inch width only; readily seamed into room-size rugs. Alexander Smith & Sons; about $10 a lineal yard.

Photos by George Lazarnick

summer's a time for COMFORT

BY CHARLES MATHIEU, JR.

Fair and cooler is this summer's forecast for men who keep their weather eye on the latest in male attire

◆ After years of hiding under the "modern" equivalent of bowler hats, celluloid collars, and heavy dark "undertaker" suits in every kind of weather, the American male at last has revolted. This year of 1950 will go down in history as Year I A.C. (Age of Comfort), the year of the great masculine rebellion.

Rebellion is what it amounts to—this overwhelming swing to the cool, comfortable, and colorful in men's clothing. Now, for the first time, American men can be dressed attractively and comfortably in clothes that make sense, clothes that were made to be lived in no matter how high the thermometer may rise.

Lightweight fabrics and comfort construction have made their appearance in every branch of male apparel, from the crown of his hat to the toes of his shoes. Color, which modern "civilized" man has always approached tentatively, always suspecting that its use was somehow "unmasculine," has ridden in on the coattails of this uprising and is making a most welcome change in the scenery. On beaches, golf courses, and other places where men of affairs congregate—even in the business office—color is making inroads. Not since the great days of the French royal courts have so many men worn so much color so tastefully.

But, exciting as the color picture is, the big news is still the weather. After talking about it interminably, the American man finally has crossed up Mark Twain—he's doing something about the weather with sensible, comfortable, colorful clothing!

SILK SHANTUNG AND PORONET MEAN BUSINESS: (Page 36) Not the toughest boss, nor the roughest customers, nor the hottest summer day can faze the impeccably dressed man in the Austin Leeds silk shantung suit; weighing half as much as the average summer tropical worsted, his suit represents a daring but sensible invasion of the world of women's wear. As every woman knows, silk shantung is light, cool, and, best of all, almost completely noncrushable. Add to this the fact that it comes through the dry-cleaning process like new, it is hard to understand why silk shantung hasn't turned up sooner as the answer to the summer-suit problem. The shirt is Poronet, washable, completely color-fast. Even the color of this shirt is cool—lemon yellow. And the fabric is something to write home about: a very sheer, fine-ribbed fabric, with lots of "pores" to catch stray breezes, which give it its name. By Wilson Bros.

AND SO TO BED—IN CHECKERBOARD SHORTIES: (Page 36) Of all the innovations which have taken place in the field of male apparel, perhaps the most revolutionary one is that which turned everything topsy-turvy in the night world of pajamas. Shown here is prime example number one: checkerboard-motif *short* pajamas. Cut down to the barest minimum by Enro for completely air-conditioned sleeping, these pajamas feature their "have-nots" rather than their "haves." And what they "have not" most of is bulk—no collar, trousers chopped off at the knee, sleeves abbreviated in mid-arm. What they "have" is a fabric so porous and airy as to be almost nonexistent, and the coolest color combination known to man—icy blue and white.

SKIPPER PLAIDS, RIGHT TO A TEE: (Page 38) On the golf course, in the bleachers, at the country club—wherever a sports-minded man appears, he's right "in the swim" in his gingham plaid sports shirt. This free-swinging shirt is easy on the eyes, easy across the shoulders (it's specially constructed to eliminate binding), easy to wash and easy to wear. Squared off into blocks of gray, burnt orange, and a muted gray-orange combination, it is completely pre-shrunk and color-fast.

DOUBLE-DUTY CITY-COUNTRY CONVERTIBLES: (Page 38) Everything about this man is a two-way threat. His Groshire sports jacket is equally good in town or in the country. Made of that good old stand-by, flannel, this jacket has been treated—literally—to a "reverse twist." ("Reverse twist" is what they call the method by which the plaid effect has been achieved in this monotone jacket.) The Faultless shirt features the new tradition-breaking collar which is specially constructed to be worn either with a tie, in the city, or open at the neck, minus the tie, in the country. In the sheerest handkerchief cloth, its "disappearing" neckband is completely pre-shrunk and, naturally, washes "like a handkerchief."

PAISLEY LOUNGE(R)S ABOUT THE HOUSE: (Page 39) Televiewing, playing bridge or canasta, acting the perfect host, or just plain hangin' around, lounging pajamas fill the bill. Made of smooth-textured rayon paisley, it features a longer-than-usual jacket with two extra pockets, a fringed sash, and, for anyone who wants to *sleep* in them, an exclusive feature known as the Faultless Waistband, which eliminates all binding strings and cords, making them comfortable as well as elegant.

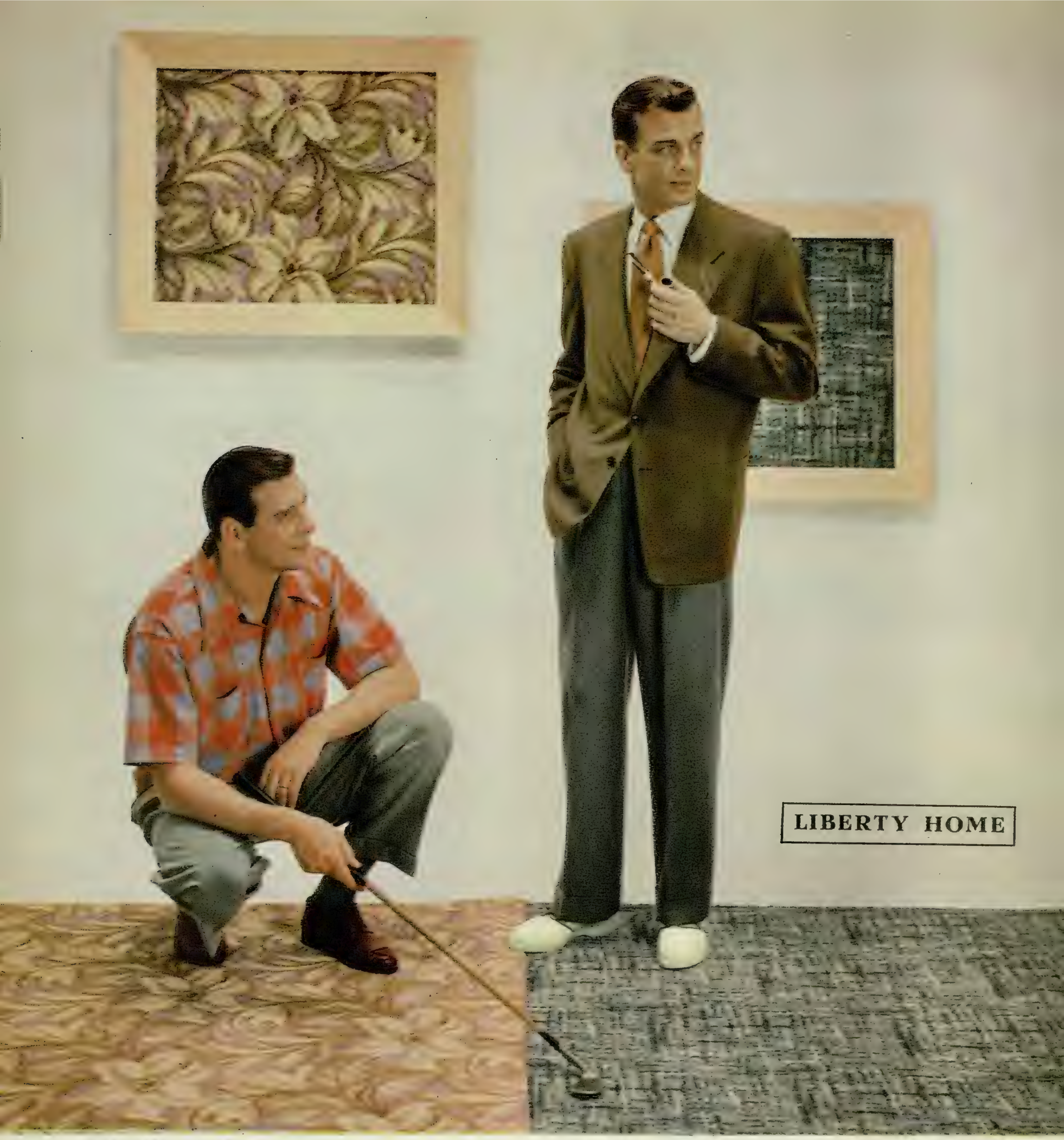
KING OF THE SEA IN NYLON AND SCARLET: (Page 39) Who wouldn't be monarch of all he surveys in these B.V.D. swim trunks of the magical fiber nylon? Although the men's-wear industries have just recently discovered the wondrous qualities of this all-purpose fiber, they're losing no time in putting it to work. Top off the black nylon shorts with a raglan-sleeved scarlet sweat shirt and it all adds up to king of the sea—and kingpin on the beach. Shirt by Wilson Brothers. ◆ ◆

Summer's a Time to Plan—for a New Carpet

There are exciting new designs and textures in floor coverings at your local stores. But when you are buying a new carpet, why not let the whole family in on it?

◆ Once upon a time, carpets and rugs didn't make news. Perhaps manufacturers added a few petals to the traditional cabbage-rose floral, or dyed it a deeper pink, or twirled a few more curlicues in a scroll pattern. Basically, however, styles and colors remained almost the same from year to year.

But carpets and rugs certainly make news today. Manufacturers have taken (*Continued on page 53*)



SKIPPER PLAIDS, RIGHT TO A TEE.

DOUBLE-DUTY CITY-COUNTRY CONVERTIBLES.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ **see page 37** ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Mardi Gras A traditional leaf-and-floral pattern which lives happily with either modern or period furniture. Its warm rose-colored background is accented with beige and white. Distinctive but not insistent. Mohawk; about $8 a square yard.

Hearthstone Here's a stunning and hospitable combination of gray, green, beige, and turquoise, designed to satisfy your demands for a colorful yet restful carpet. In 3-, 9-, or 12-foot widths. Bigelow-Sanford; about $8 a square yard.

PAISLEY LOUNGE(R)S—ABOUT THE HOUSE.

KING OF THE SEA IN NYLON AND SCARLET.

◆ ◆ ◆

Novatwist For the solid-color enthusiasts, a sturdy twist carpet with cut pile that won't "walk down" or reveal footprints. The hard twist spells added soil resistance. In rose, gray, green, and beige. Magee; about $11 a square yard.

Arabesque Cool-looking sea-green background of cut pile combined in geometric pattern with twisted yarn in a deeper green to lend an embossed effect. Try it in a modern setting. A. & M. Karagheusian; about $12 a square yard.

SUMMER'S A TIME TO TRAVEL —IN PEACE, NOT PIECES

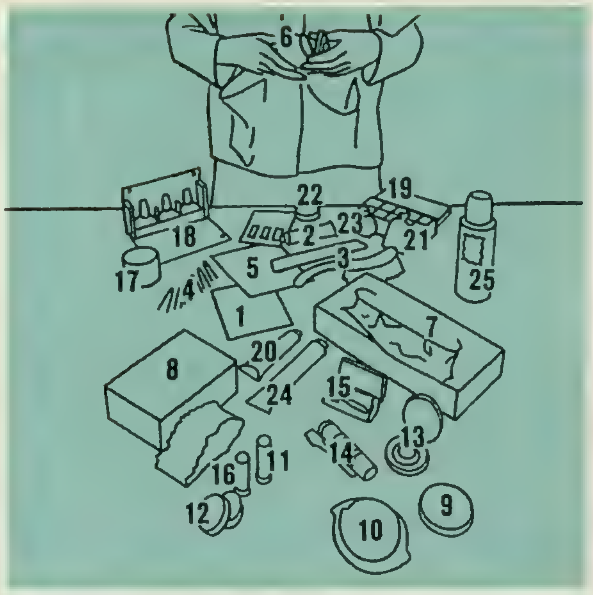
It is just as important in summer as in any other season to look your best, and selecting an efficient group of accessories to good grooming can do wonders

◆ Perhaps the most alluring feature of summer is the carefree vacation time we associate with it. We wager you will all soon be pulling out a suitcase or two, whether you are studying road maps, train timetables, or plane or boat schedules.

Naturally, the kind of wardrobe you pack depends upon the type of trip you take and the climate you will visit. But your good grooming supply and cosmetic kit may be the same whatever your destination or your mode of travel. When you are considering what to take, keep these points in mind:

- Choose preparations in nonbreakable, lightweight packages that will pack easily and travel well.
- Select size and amount of preparations according to length of trip. The smaller and lighter your luggage, the easier it will be for you.
- Decide on the most convenient way to arrange and carry your toilet articles. Do you prefer to wrap them in a make-up cape with pockets, as shown in photograph, or carry them in a fitted case?
- Include items for family use that answer a number of needs, such as a cream for body use that protects all types of skins from various climatic conditions—windburn, sunburn, and chapping—or a deodorant that is equally effective for you, your husband, and your teen-agers.

And now that you may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing and yet carrying nothing superfluous, follow this beauty-travel list. Most important of all, perhaps, you'll find you can travel lightly and without investing heavily in your travel supplies.



By JEAN KING MARSHALL

FOR YOUR HAIR

1. *Powdered shampoo* (in envelopes)—natural, camomile, henna.
2. *Grooming cream* for hair, to keep it trim-looking.
3. *Hairbrush and comb.*
4. *Hairpins* and/or *bobby pins.*
5. *Hair net.*

FOR YOUR FACE

6. *Complexion cream* that cleanses, tones and softens skin, and also acts as a lubricant.
7. *Cleansing tissue,* that all-purpose convenience.
8. *Handy cotton squares.*
9. *Skin-freshener pads.*
10. *Make-up base* in compact form to give silky look in any climate and eliminate need for powder if desired.
11. *Lipstick.*
12. *Automatic rouge applicator.*
13. *Automatic powder puff* or *powder in compact form.*
14. *Make-up and treatment cylinder* containing cleansing cream, night cream, foundation cream, cream rouge, face powder with powder sifter to carry in your purse.
15. *Waterproof mascara.* It will not streak and is a "must" in every beauty kit.
16. *Stick* containing special cream make-up that covers blemishes to carry in your purse.

FOR YOUR HANDS

17. *Chap cream* for skin dried or roughened by water, windburn, sunburn, or chap. Can be used on lips, face, feet—in fact, all over the body.
18. *Manicure kit* containing orangewood stick, file, scissors, polish, polish remover.

MISCELLANEOUS

19. *Effervescent bath tablets* to perfume bath and soften water.
20. *Deodorant* or *antiperspirant.* Choose a brand of deodorant that does not contain any ingredient damaging to fabrics when they are laundered.
21. *Lavender compressed sachet tablets* to pack in folds of lingerie.
22. *Perfume compact* containing solid perfume (comes in four different fragrances).
23. *Smelling salts* with lavender scent to keep you fresh, alert, and relieve dizziness from fatigue or eye strain. (Keep in purse or glove compartment of car.)
24. *Cream* (in tube) which contains an active sun-screening agent to protect skin against sun and wind.
25. *Vacuum bottle* containing cologne.

Make up your own list of good grooming aids well in advance of vacation. Buy a few things at a time and put them away until it's time to pack. ◆ ◆

YARDLEY
VENIDA HAIRPINS
30 PINS
VENIDA Silk HAIR NET
THE YARDLEY NATURAL SHAMPOO
Scotties
THE SCOTT CLEANSING TISSUE
Coets
Silk-Film
HUGHES

good health
BEGINS WITH A
good breakfast

By **BEULAH KARNEY**

Don't let your husband settle for a quick cup of coffee as a starter for his working day. Have him begin with a real sit-down meal. Take a look at this quick-as-a-flash breakfast plan

◆ It was Thoreau who cautioned, "Our life is frittered away y detail. . . . Simplify, simplify."

And so many modernites begin by simplifying meal-getting by doing away with breakfast. What a pity! A good breakfast is one of the few truly great simple things left of our times. Even those very early commuters can enjoy a heartening meal, starting with orange juice . . . with a serving, too, of another fresh fruit to introduce gay color and extra vitamins into the early morning.

If breakfast makings are kept handy on one pantry shelf, the meal can be made in nothing flat. Well, almost. But for those apprehensive people, everything can be gotten ready the night before. Put cereal in a bowl and cover with metal wrap. China and glassware can be on hand, too. So what to do? Merely cook up the baby sausages and the scrambled eggs. If you have chives, snip some in, please, for life can be good, even at gray dawn—and infinitely better for an imaginative touch, I might say.

Yes, life is good . . . even better if you have raisin-bran bread ready to slice, as you certainly can with this excellent easy-tested recipe (see page 44).

A simple breakfast, you say? Yes, and one to make a day simple, too, for we all need a good breakfast to start off a day of good diet. And when the meal planning is carefully organized, simplicity of all related work is sure to follow. The market lists immediately fall into a pattern that can be followed by any member of the family and the amount of time spent in marketing is cut to a minimum.

Homemakers recognize the fact that meal planning extends to the choice of foods a husband and children eat away from home. And it all starts with breakfast, for as the breakfast goes, so goes the day.

Nutritionists agree that every important food we eat falls into one of seven basic food groups, and to achieve the wonderful simplicity of life about which the poet sings, these basic seven should be learned by heart. The trick is some food should be eaten from each one of the seven groups each day.

Group 1: green, yellow vegetables; Group 2: oranges, grapefruit, tomatoes; Group 3: potatoes, other fruits and vegetables; Group 4: milk and milk products; Group 5: meat, poultry, fish or eggs; Group 6: bread, flour and cereals; Group 7: butter and margarine. Leading authorities on good health say if you make sure that at least one food of each of the seven basic groups is included in your daily meals, you can add sugar, honey, syrups, and other delicacies.

Photos by George Lazarnick. Cereal breakfast plates and coffee service: Franciscan Ware. China and glassware for fruit courses: Designed for Living, New York City. Copper bowl: Hammacher Schlemmer, New York City.

JUST LOOKING? If it's a new, fresh attitude you seek, turn to the first meal of the day for a self-starter on the day's full schedule at school, home or office. Here's your fresh-squeezed orange juice (or the new concentrated juice) for your daily supply of vitamin C. The very color of the orange juice gives everyone a lift as he heads for the dining room table half asleep.

"STRAWBERRIES, ripe strawberries!" is a chant of the summer hawkers. When the lovely berries are in full season, they make a breakfast that's luxurious in looks and taste, at a price for a thrifty homemaker. For dieters the added vitamin C. The bulk and low calories make them welcome. If some are left (I hope), make up a small pot of strawberry jam for hot biscuits.

FOUR KINDS OF CEREAL? Yes, the family can have this added appetite appeal. Here's how to give variety in cereals. Cook one hot cereal for the man who loves them, no matter what the thermometer reads. Then divide a wide, shallow bowl into three compartments with wide strips of cardboard to fit the bowl. Pour one kind of ready-to-eat cereal into each part.

GOOD SCRAMBLED EGGS and savory sausages are a bulwark against hunger when the family has time to dawdle over breakfast, and even when they don't. Eggs are recommended for serving two or three times a week. A loaf of homemade bran-and-rasin bread is a sturdy addition to the diet of children. Look out for your breakfast and breakfast will look out for you.

THE SMART MOTHER makes the serving of milk attractive in appearance, and sets a good example by either drinking a glass of milk herself or pouring a full half pint on her own portion of cereal. Funny thing, a mother needs just as much of the right breakfast as Junior or Sister. Milk with breakfast, and coffee to finish off, is a good rule for the grown-ups.

good health BEGINS WITH A good breakfast

Continued

So the best road to follow for radiant good health is to eat the right kind of breakfast. This meal should supply about a quarter to a third of the day's food needs. One problem with which the modern homemaker has to contend is the almost universal custom of the family's being separated for the midday meal.

If a child eats at the school lunch room or the mother packs a lunch box, it is important that the child has such foods as crisp celery, raw carrot sticks, fruit cup, or a raw apple. Some dried apricots or big plump prunes will satisfy hunger and give the child the important minerals and vitamins.

The man of the family who eats lunch out can get the food elements his body requires, especially if he has come to appreciate the value of a green salad. Restaurant owners recognize this and most of them include a salad on the menu. Here's a tip to the wife: When you kiss him good-bye in the morning, tell him what you're having for dinner. It will avoid many a family explosion caused by the husband's announcing, "Guess what I had for lunch today?" when he sees a big dish of beef stew on the dinner table.

RAISIN-BRAN BREAD

(See photo on opposite page)

- 2½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 4 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ cup sugar
- ½ cup all-bran
- ½ cup seedless raisins
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1¼ cups milk
- 2 tablespoons melted butter

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add bran and raisins. Combine with remaining ingredients. Pour in greased loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 40 minutes.

A GOOD START WITH BREAKFAST — AND LUNCH IS FUN.

◆ You don't have to be a chemist or a scientific food expert to plan three nutritious and appetizing meals a day. If breakfast was right, luncheon at home could very nicely follow the basic seven by serving either meat, fish, poultry, eggs (if eggs were not served at breakfast) or cheese, accompanied by cooked or raw green or yellow vegetables, bread and butter, or margarine, fruit, and a glass of milk. Translated into menu form, luncheon might be a big casserole of macaroni and cheese, tomato sauce, a salad of coleslaw and lettuce, prune whip and cookies.

Luncheon at home is an excellent time to quietly "scotch" some of the food-faddist theories. Don't let the teen-agers refuse their milk on the mistaken notion it's fattening. Either pour the cream off the top of the bottle, or use skimmed milk for soups, cream sauces and custards.

If the adolescent declines a salad, don't make an issue of it; just serve a big bowl of wedges of lettuce, or stalks of celery or carrot curls; heap ice cubes over and around the greens. Place the dish on the table before you sit down to luncheon. Chances are that everyone will start munching away.

The high-school girl usually thrills to the beauty of her favorite movie star. Let her know that the salads, the milk, the cereals, the oranges and grapefruits are the beauty lotions that make that creamy, smooth complexion before make-up goes on. They do wonders for Junior's skin problems, too.

Luncheon is an ideal meal to serve portions of food which appeared at dinner two nights ago. That's one of the greatest advantages of our modern refrigerators. Our meals can be planned to avoid monotonous repetition.

Cereals are one of our thriftiest and most valuable foods for good meals. We are all familiar with their breakfast-time role. But cereals play a big part in other dishes as well.

Cereals also cut the cost of meat when combined in this excellent meat-ball recipe:

FARINA-TOMATO MEAT BALLS

- 2/3 cup cold cooked farina
- 1 pound ground beef
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 2 tablespoons chopped onion
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons fat
- 1 can condensed tomato soup
- 1 cup water

Mix farina, beef, egg, and onion; season with salt and pepper. Shape lightly into balls. Brown in hot fat. Add tomato soup which has been mixed with the water. Simmer 15 to 20 minutes.

RELAX HAPPILY WITH YOUR FAMILY AT DINNER.

◆ Two down and one to go. With breakfast and luncheon tucked away, the planning of dinner easily falls into its allotted place. The main dish for the big meal of the day should be meat, fish, poultry, eggs or cheese; potatoes, vegetable, another serving of raw greens. Yes, salad twice a day for best health results. Any dessert, milk for the small fry, tea or coffee for adults. Serve either whole-grain bread or enriched white bread (read the label on the loaf). This basic meal can be translated into any favorite family dinner. Perhaps your family likes pot roast and vegetables, or stuffed shoulder of lamb. ◆ ◆

READER SERVICE BULLETINS

Please check your choice:

☐ The Use of Breakfast Cereals in the Diet.......10 cents
☐ Care of Carpets ....3 cents
☐ Complete Architectural Blueprint; List of Material Specifications and General Information Booklet of Summer Dream House $1.00

Send this order blank to Home Editor, LIBERTY magazine,
37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

JUST YOUR DISH—OF

tea

Good iced tea is refreshing and much easier to brew than you think. LIBERTY's Home Department lets you in on the secret

◆ Each individual has his own ideas concerning a "dish of tea." Some like it *black*, some like it *green*, and some say there's nothing like *oolong*. No matter, it all comes from the same kind of plant. Only the different processes of manufacture determine which of the three main types the final product will be.

If you want to be sure of your tea facts, ask the Tea Bureau's experts. They'll tell you that the names pekoe and orange pekoe apply only to black tea and leaf sizes. There simply isn't any orange flavoring in the tea. It's just a smaller-size leaf than pekoe.

Another question that starts arguments revolves around the phrase, a "dish of tea." The authorities say the phrase was first used to refer to a dish of milk. Then, well into the nineteenth century, the expression began to be applied to tea, and then we had a dish of tea. ◆ ◆

FROM LIBERTY'S
HOME KITCHEN

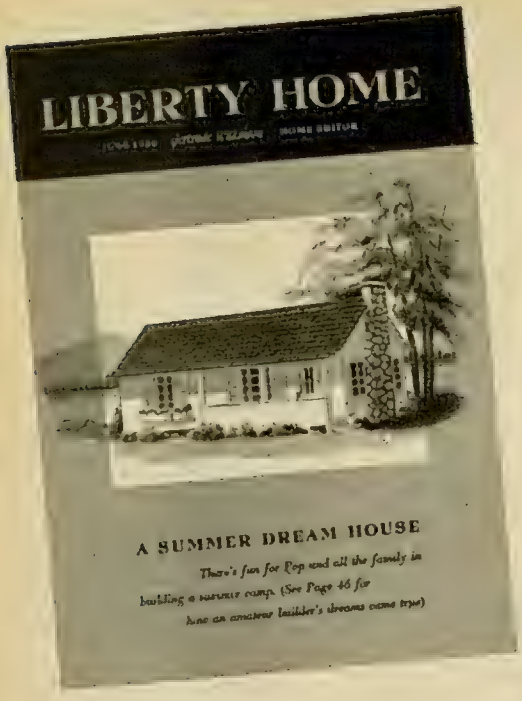
How to make Iced Tea

Draw clear water from the cold-water faucet and bring to a bubbling boil. Carry the teapot to the kettle. To save time and ice, here is a simple "concentrate" method for making a pitcherful of excellent iced tea: Place eight teaspoonfuls of tea, or eight tea bags, into a preheated teapot and pour on one pint of fresh *boiling* water. Allow to stand for five minutes, stir, strain into a glass or earthenware pitcher. Add one quart of cold water and let stand at room temperature until ready to serve. This amount will make eight glasses. Fill glasses with ice and pour tea from pitcher. Cloudiness does not affect the flavor, but the tea can be cleared simply by the addition of a small amount of boiling water. Your guests will clamor for more.

A SUMMER DREAM HOUSE

By ROBERT SCHARFF

There's fun for Pop and all the family in building a summer camp. Here's how to make an amateur builder's dreams come true



LIBERTY HOME

A SUMMER DREAM HOUSE

There's fun for Pop and all the family in building a summer camp. (See Page 46 for how an amateur builder's dreams come true)

◆ How often have you wished for a summer camp of your own? By following the plan above and using modern building materials, this dream can become a reality, and at a cost that will appeal to even the slimmest of budgets. Also, the construction is so simple that the greenest amateur craftsman can build it without difficulty.

The secret of this simplicity and economy is what the building trade calls modular unit construction. This means that the basic camp and its additions are constructed from standard-size building material. Not only does this keep the cost to a minimum and eliminate waste, but it allows quick construction.

The LIBERTY Summer Dream House is designed in three units. As illustrated, the basic unit provides a one-room home, with space for kitchen and bathroom. Sleeping facilities for four can be handled by two bunk beds built in the corners. The second unit is a porch and fireplace, and the third unit adds the convenience of two bedrooms. Building in steps, like this, has several advantages: it yields a livable camp in the shortest possible time; it allows completion of the additions in spare time; and it keeps the initial cost down to a minimum.

Architecturally, this house will make a very fine summer home either on the ocean front or in the mountains. The straight lines of the design and its simple mass are effective. The horizontal lines are emphasized by its low roof and the horizontal window divisions.

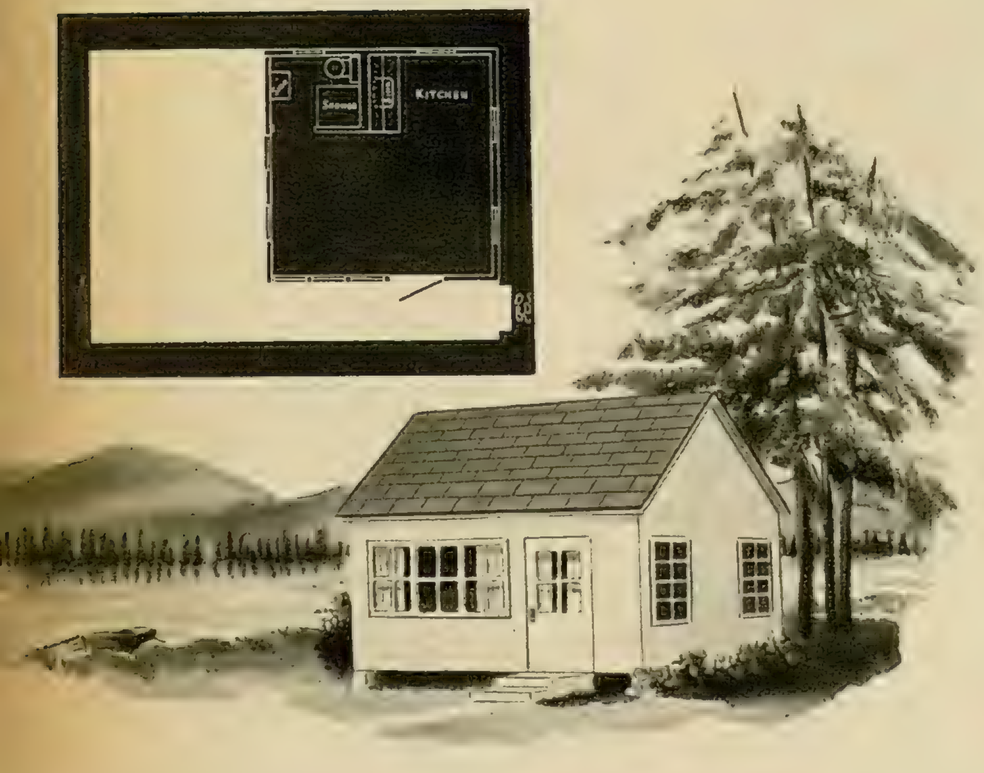
Note the large windows which give cross ventilation through all the rooms even when the entire unit is completed. There is plenty of room in the kitchen space for a built-in snack bar.

Choosing the Land Site

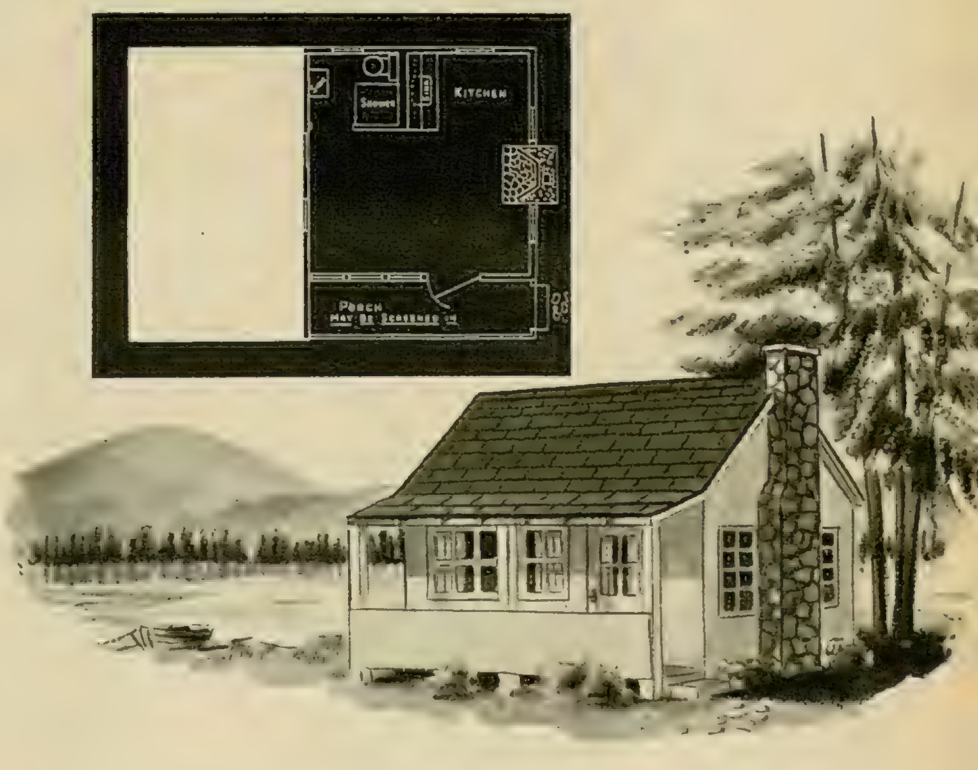
Of course before you build a summer home, you must have land to build it on. Suitable sites near streams or lakes or in the mountains can be bought cheaply. A fraction of an acre is sufficient. If you live near a national park, the U. S. government will let you erect a house on a special site for a fee of a few dollars a year. Similar summer home sites can be obtained in various state parks.

Unfavorably located, the finest summer home in the world will be a disappointment. Hence, in selecting your site, thoughtful consideration must be given to the following factors: drainage, water supply, orientation, and accessibility. Some thought must

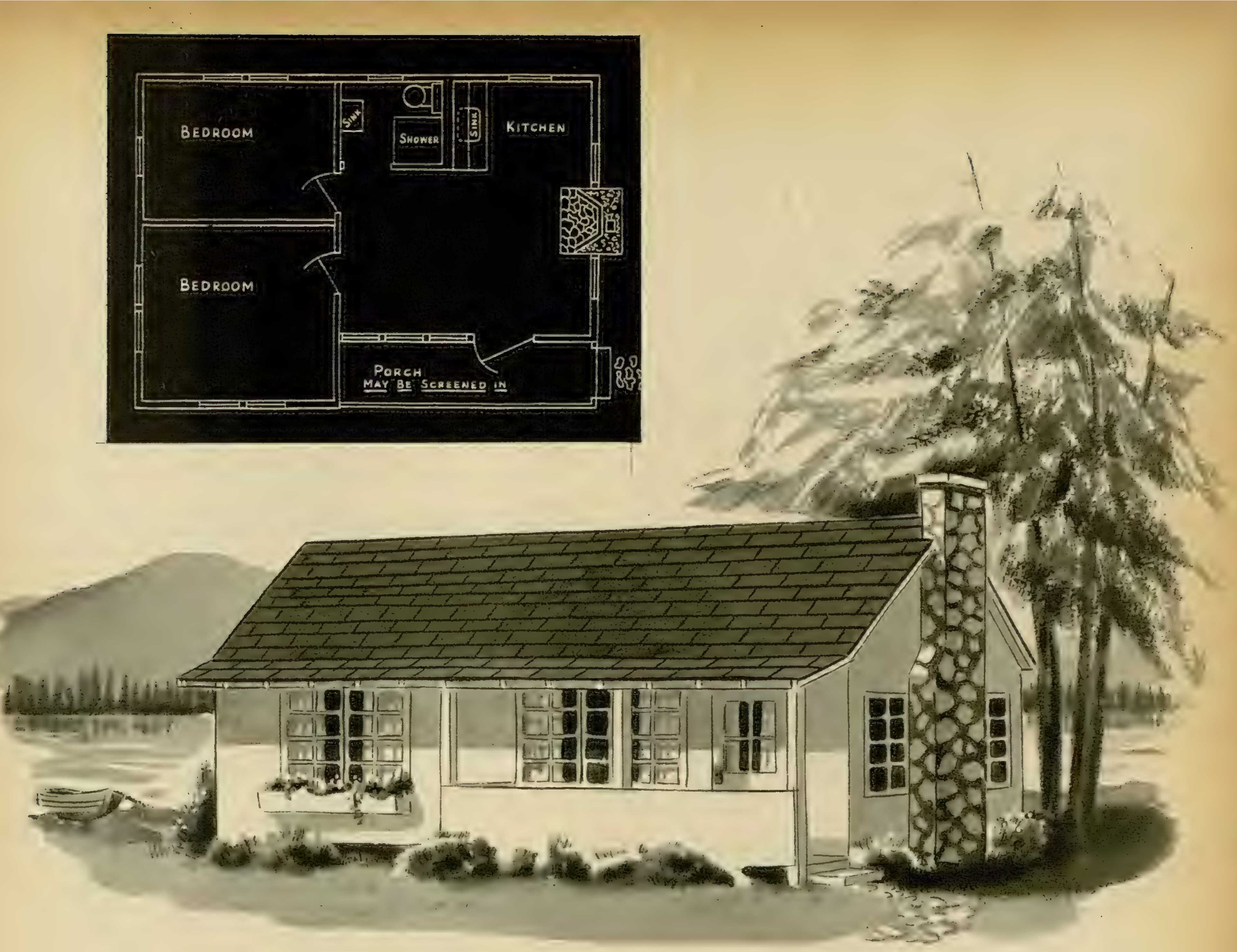
LET POP DO IT



Basic unit: one large room with kitchen.



Second unit: with porch and fireplace.



Complete Dream House with all added conveniences.

also be given to the safety factors: distance from dangerous cliffs, avenues of escape in event of a forest fire, flood menace, and protection from storms. When building in the city, municipal laws, designed to protect the citizens from danger and disease, allow no alternatives in these matters. In rural areas, however, these rules and restrictions are generally not encountered. Therefore the initiative is left to you to provide for the health and safety of your family and friends.

Construction Details

To start construction, you have a choice of several methods of building the foundation: timber posts, brick or cement-block piers, or on a concrete slab. The posts are cheaper and easier to install, and if good rot-resistant posts (cedar, redwood, white oak, chestnut, or black locust) are used, the results will be most satisfactory. When the founda-

(*Continued on page 53*)

MAXIMUM COSTS

SECTION OF HOUSE	UNIT I	UNIT II	UNIT III
FOUNDATION: PIER TYPE			
Concrete block—36	$15.00	$60.00 (including chimney)	$15.00
Cement and sands			
FLOOR: Subflooring 8—4′ x 8′ x ⅝″ plywood	60.00	15.00	60.00
Finished floor, Linoleum rug	20.00	5.00 (Paint)	20.00
Floor beams 18—2″ x 8″ x 8′	25.00	4.00	25.00
Girders 6—2″ x 8″ x 16′	15.00	4.00	10.00
Miscellaneous	5.00	2.00	5.00
	$125.00	$30.00	$120.00
WALLS: Shoe and plates 12—2″ x 4″ x 16′	15.00	3.00	15.00
Stud and headers 20—2″ x 4″ x 14′	45.00	5.00	30.00
Homasote board siding (including bathroom partition) 500 sq. ft.	35.00	6.00	40.00
Miscellaneous	5.00	2.00	5.00
	$100.00	$16.00	$90.00
ROOF: Ceiling joists 9—2″ x 6″ x 16′	18.00	3.50	18.00
Rafters 24—2″ x 4″ x 12′	25.00	7.00	20.00
Roofer's Homasote 12—4′ x 8′	28.00	12.00	25.00
Roofing, 4 squares	28.00	7.00	21.00
Miscellaneous	6.00	2.50	4.00
	$105.00	$32.00	$88.00
MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS: Door floor frame, door, and hardware	15.00		16.00
Windows (8)	65.00		16.00
Trim and miscellaneous items	25.00	5.00	20.00
	$105.00	$5.00	$52.00

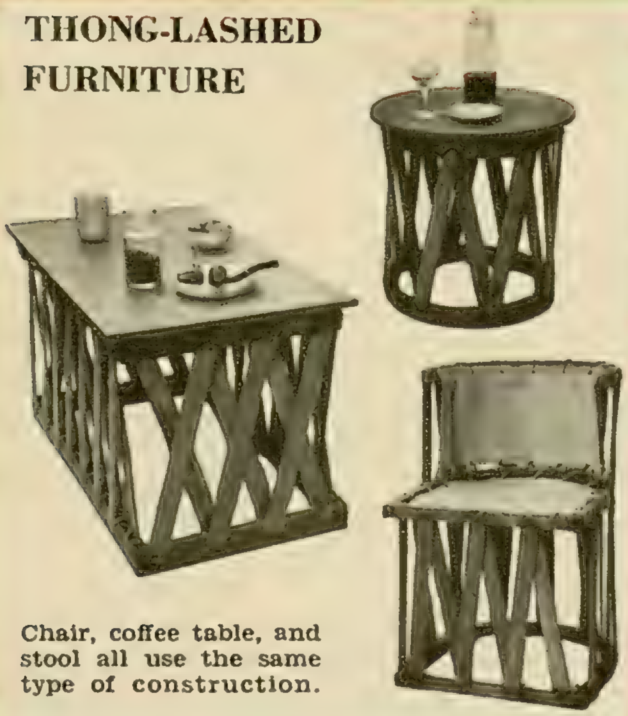
MAKE YOUR OWN FURNITURE

By WALTER IAN FISCHMAN

That vacation home can be made even more definitely yours if you make the furniture. And you can do it with rawhide thongs and cypress

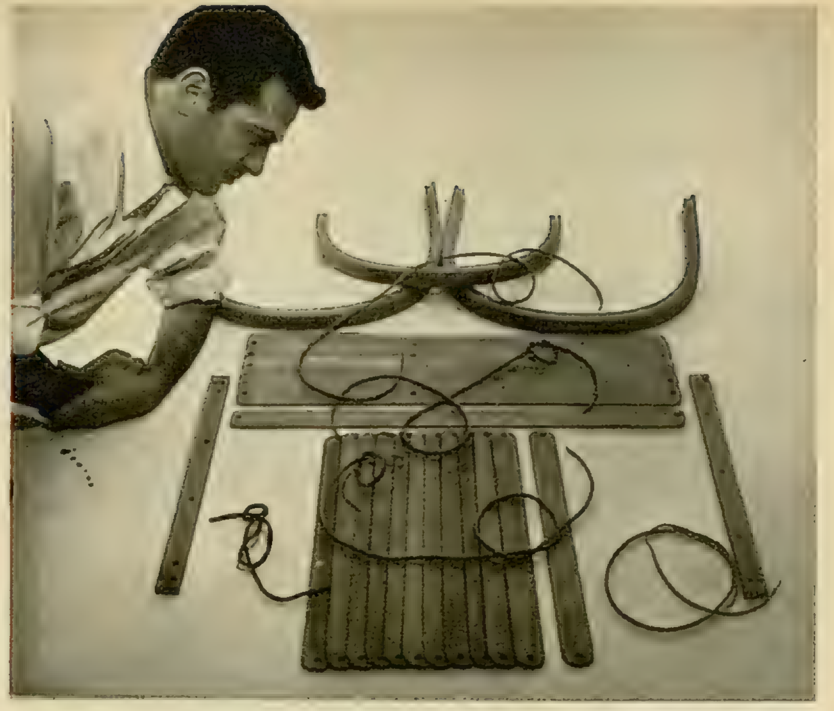
◆ This thong-lashed furniture uses no nuts, bolts, or screws to hold the parts together. The wood slats, irregularly stained to simulate rough wood, are lashed in place with leather. The thongs are soaked in water until they are pliable, laced through holes in the ends of the pieces, and then drawn tight and knotted. When the leather dries, it contracts to make the finished fastening drum-tight. An adaptation of an old Mexican pattern, the light and compact design of the furniture makes it ideal for porch or outdoor use, as it can be easily moved from place to place. The stain-wax finish means that most dents and scratches won't even show on the surface. To facilitate assembly, all parts are cut to proper size, holes drilled, and surfaces sanded by lumber mill. ◆ ◆

THONG-LASHED FURNITURE

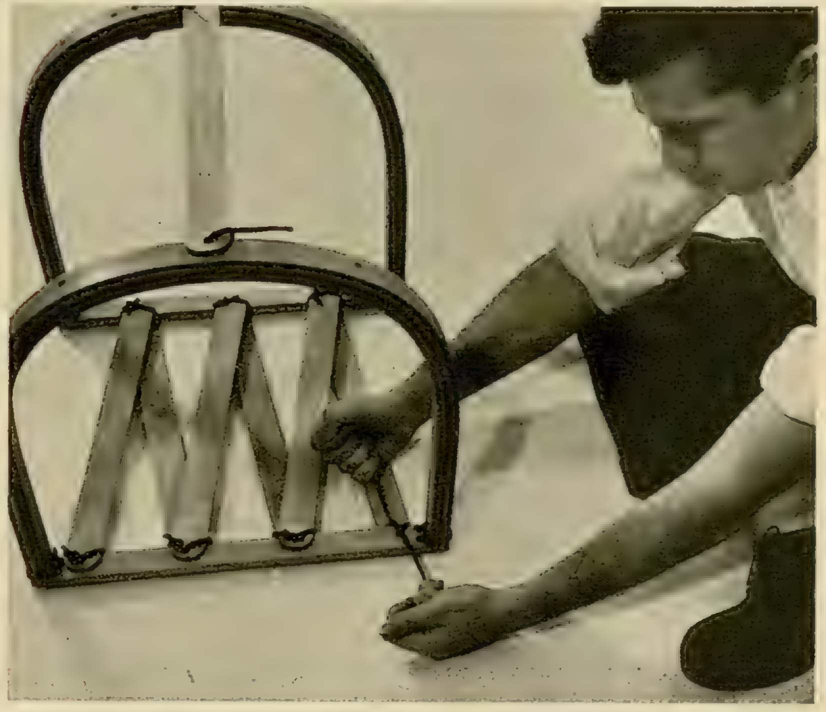


Chair, coffee table, and stool all use the same type of construction.

Photos by Walter Fischman



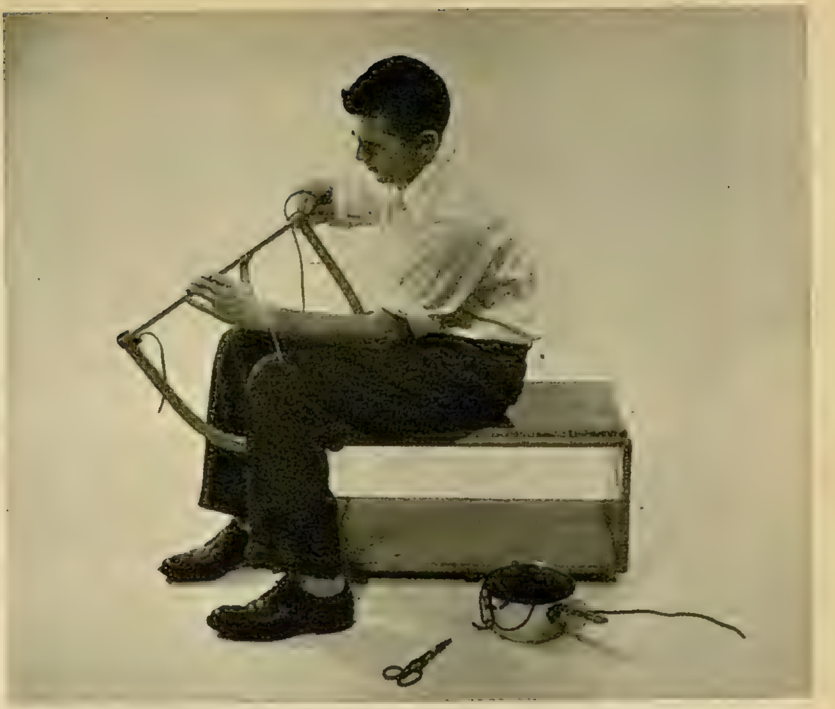
Materials include three semicircles of laminated veneer wood strips plus the wood bars that form the chair front. Thongs are degreased leather a quarter inch wide.



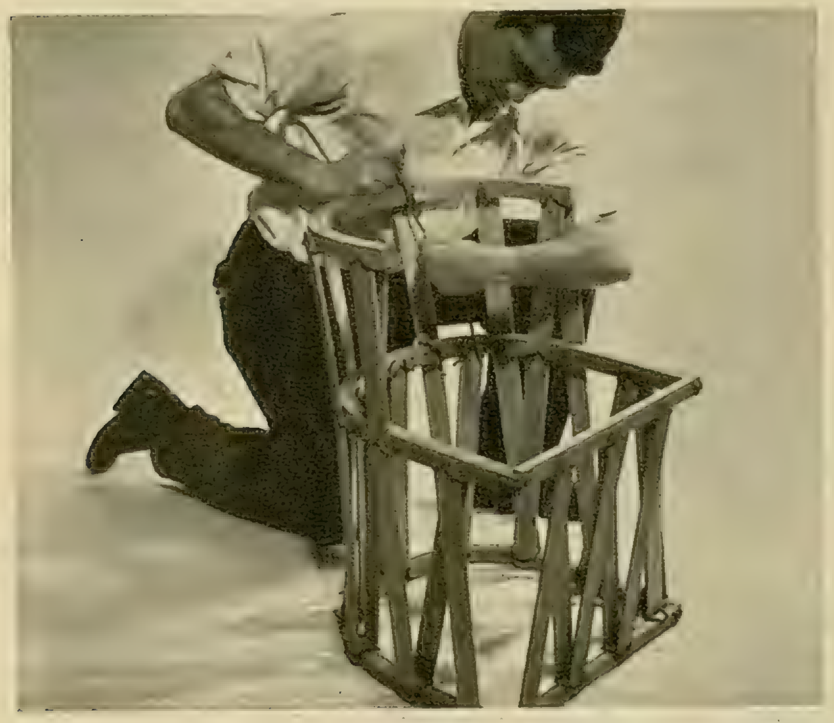
Short wood strips are lashed in position on the two front bars. The curved sections are held in place during this operation with an extra strip on the opposite side.

After the furniture is assembled, both thongs and wood are given a protective coating of clear paste wax. When it has dried, the surface is polished with a dry cloth.

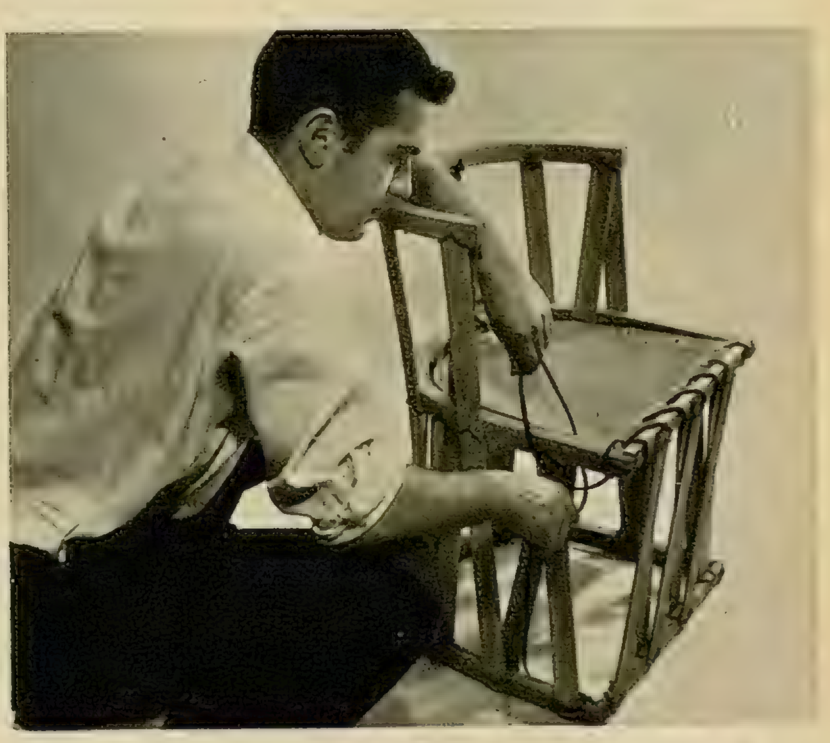
Prior to assembly the wood pieces are given two coats of liquid stain wax. The wax is liberally applied, allowed to penetrate, then the excess on the surface wiped off.



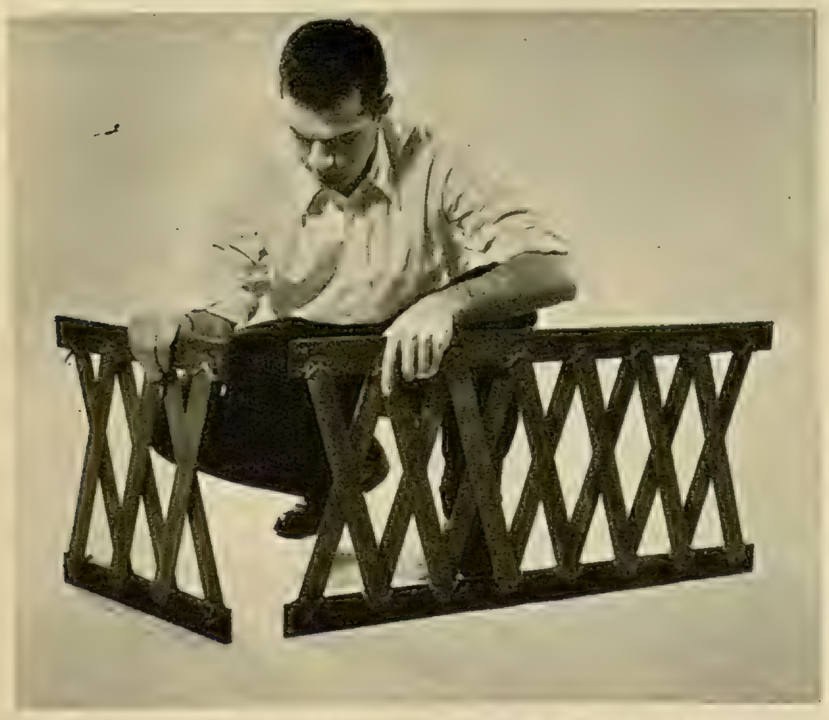
The front bars are lashed to the two semicircles that form the seat and bottom supports. Wet thongs are run through holes in the pieces, pulled tight, and knotted.



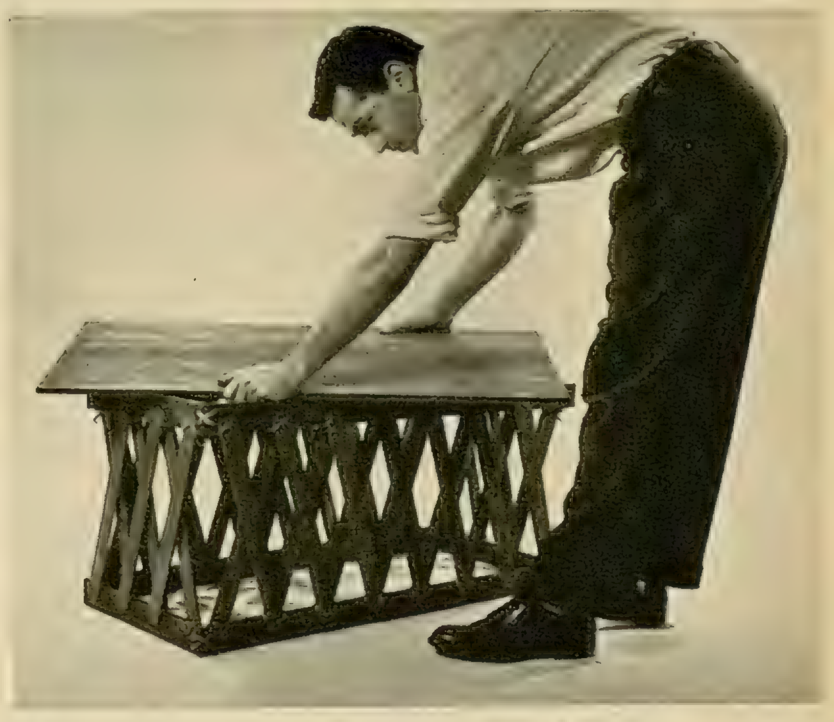
The rest of the chair framework is assembled in the same manner, with lashed strips attached to the three curved wood pieces. Here the last knots are being tightened.



The seat and back of sailmaker's canvas have brass grommets around the rim. A long thong is run through the eyelets and pulled taut around the curved frame of the chair.



The four sides that make up the coffee table are assembled separately and then lashed together. The stool is similarly built of two rims connected with lashed strips.



Half-inch plywood forms the tops for coffee table and stool. Treated with stain wax to match the rest of the wood, they are held firmly in place with standard table hardware.

LIFE IN A BOATYARD APARTMENT

By HELEN O'BRIAN

"You'll have to excuse the way the apartment looks," a Manhattan housewife said. "We're building a boat here." She wasn't kidding

◆ We've just finished building a boat in the living room of our New York apartment. I say "we" because, without a doubt, that recipe begins: "Take one patient wife . . ." My husband and son did all of the work except for a few occasions when I answered an explosive yell for help.

I have to admit that I found the project fascinating and a slight rest from housekeeping. There is something incontrovertible, indisputable in the statement, "You'll have to excuse the way the apartment looks. We're building a boat in here."

Sometimes I fretted a little about the neighbors downstairs, because it is a little like beating on a drum with a hammer to work on the upside-down shell of a boat. I could hear them saying, "What's going on upstairs? With all that noise, you'd think they were building a boat or something." However, that phase of the construction only lasted about a day.

The whole idea for the project got its start last winter when my husband and 17-year-old son, as usual, attended the Boat Show. I was a little relieved when they came home with such a modest and inexpensive venture in mind. Usually they want to sell our seaworthy little 20-foot sloop and invest in a costly yacht. So I gave them wholehearted encouragement on the purchase of this "put-it-together-yourself" little pram, dinghy, rowboat, or whatever it is.

They brought it home and went to work.

Several companies make boat packages similar to a boy's airplane or boat kit: all parts cut out, with screws of various sizes and jars of glue.

After the building frame had been assembled and secured to the floor, Bill was surprised to see how much space it took up. What surprised me was to see the apartment-house variety of boatbuilder at work with his knees resting on one of our best sofa pillows.

As news of this project got around among our friends, we found ourselves besieged by callers. One was a little disappointed. He had heard that we were building a 30-foot sailboat. One objectionable visitor told several tales of people he knew who had built similar boats and they all "leaked like sieves."

When it came time to screw the sides on, I was called in from my homely kitchen chores to hold one end of the plywood at the bow while the other was bent to fit the stern. It would have made just as much sense to ask me to hold a full-grown alligator. A little nonplused by this turn of circumstance, Bill phoned a friend who had built our sloop.

"I wouldn't attempt that job without clamps," the friend advised. "I'll bring some over."

We were happy when our friend gave the opinion of a professional boatbuilder on our project. He considered the design excellent and estimated that the wood alone was worth about $17. On his advice, we also bought some plastic resin glue, which he considered stronger than the glue supplied with the kit, and applied this to the various pieces before they were screwed together.

This glue, which is about the consistency of blackstrap molasses and a million times as tenacious, got mixed up in a few ash trays, left finger marks on a number of glasses, and came off the floor only with the aid of turpentine and elbow grease. Our expert also suggested the use of a ratchet screw driver, which was a good idea since the boat contained about 400 screws when completed. No nails were used. The screw holes were drilled and countersunk first. Each screw head was later covered with trowel cement to make a flush surface.

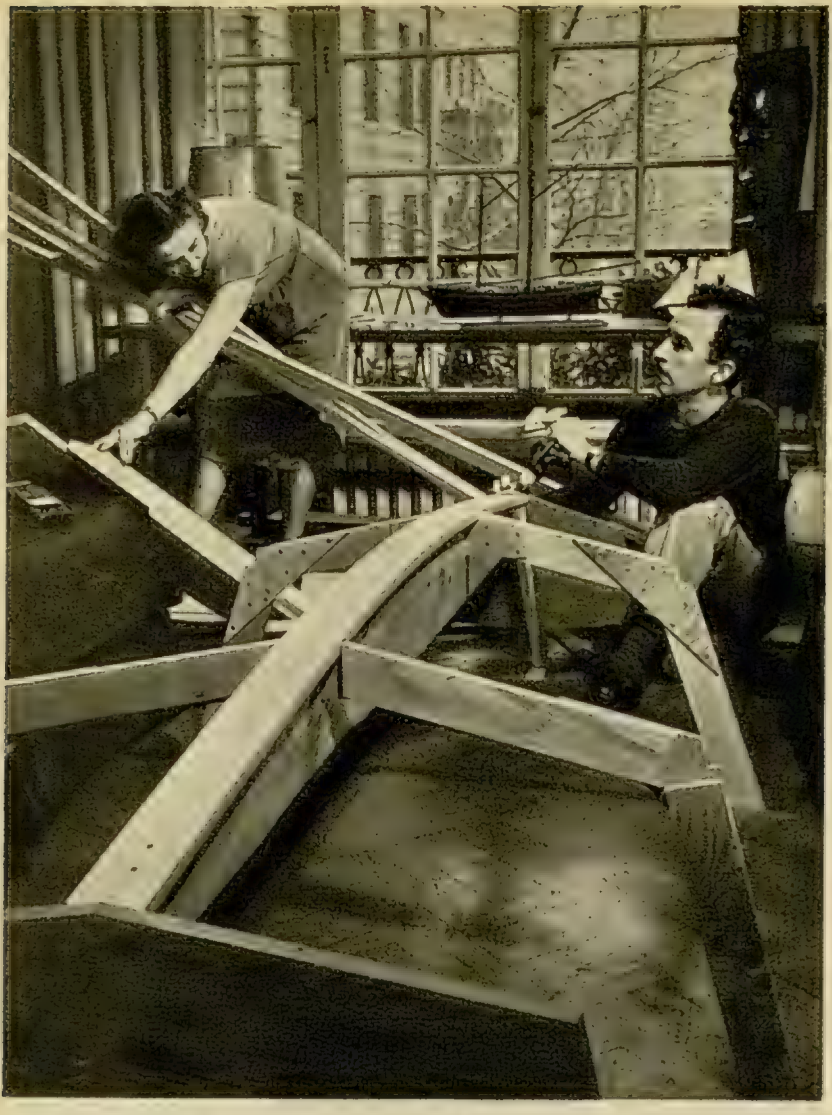
Step by step, the construction proceeds along these lines: First the temporary framework is assembled and secured to the floor. The inner keel is attached to this, then the bow and stern transoms (end pieces). Then the chines are installed in the chine slots. Then the outer keel is fastened on. The sides go on next, then the bottom. The boat is now taken off the framework and the seats are installed, the rails fastened on the sides and the oarlocks attached. All the edges are finished flush before sanding. We painted the boat after we got it to the boatyard. Before painting, seam compound was applied to all seams. White topside paint was used on the bottom and sides, green deck paint inside. Three coats of paint were applied.

My husband, an artist and sculptor, and my son, who aspires to be a professional boatbuilder, regarded the whole project as uncomplicated. They had to stop work on the boat to go to school and earn a living, so it took them about a week to build. They are convinced they could build another one in a day. ◆ ◆

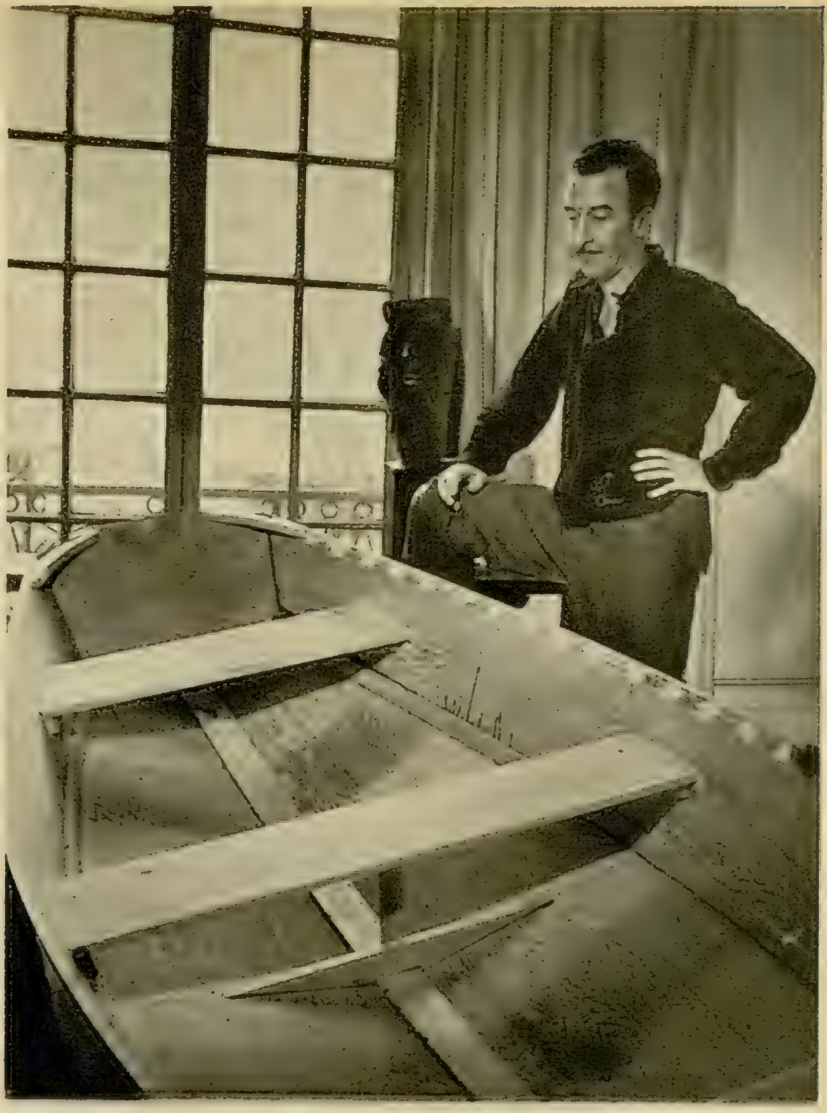
Photos by Ernest Palinkas-Pix

These kits run from about $35 (which is what this cost) to $99.50. The expensive ones include a sail and mast.

▶



The first thing I did was to take up the rug, since the building form, or frame, had to be nailed to the floor. (Note to landlord: every nail hole has been removed.)



Our boat, when finished, was eight feet long and would comfortably seat four. It is all plywood except the seats and keel. Painting took place at the boatyard.

The most persistent question was: "Are you sure you'll be able to get it out of here?" One friend suggested that we wait for a flood and launch it from a window.

Our strictly-from-a-Manhattan-apartment dinghy will have a glorified egg-beater (a three-quarter-horsepower outboard motor) for purposes of sloop-to-shore transportation.

A NEW CARPET

Continued from page 37

a look at the million new homes built last year; at the million going up this year. They've studied the type of homes you build, the size of rooms, the furniture you buy, and the colors you ask for in paint, draperies, and upholstery. Best of all, they're realistic about prices.

The headline news is design. Provincial patterns, which you seem to like equally well with colonial, provincial, and modern furniture, are abundant—in smallish all-over patterns, tweedy mixtures, or brilliantly colored carpets. Modern designs are woven in abstracts, geometrics, irregular stripes and checks; in delicate wavy lines or mass blocks of colors. And there are many of your favorite floral and leaf patterns, but they've been simplified, given fewer and fresher colors. In general, patterns are less definite, more restful, and less apt to clash with the rest of your room—and yet retain individuality.

In solid-color rugs you'll find some surprises. Rose in cinnamon or coppery tones, gray, and green are still popular; but beige is coming up, since it blends with so many color schemes. Taupe shades—not the dull colors prevalent 30 years ago, but warm ambers, mochas, beavers, and chocolate brown—give plenty of competition.

Twisted-pile rugs, always notable for faithful service, have new rough textures. Watch for variations in the height of pile; mixtures of cut, twist, and looped fibers; and the highlights added by Moresque yarns (yarns with a number of shades of one color). Interwoven metallic or vinyl plastic threads give intriguing effects. At slightly higher prices are the stunning carved and sculptured Wilton carpets.

To combat the increasing price of imported wool (most of the wool we use in rugs is imported, because, it seems, our native sheep don't lead a rugged enough life to develop really tough wool), the industry is experimenting with other fibers. Nylon has been successful, especially for heavy-duty installations in hotels, but its price is still astronomical. We've mentioned the vinyl fibers; other companies are working with rayon and different man-made fibers in an effort to lower prices and improve quality.

SIGNIFICANT

FIFTY-FOUR American towns and villages are named for "liberty"—the idea, not LIBERTY magazine. For, besides twenty-two communities called Liberty, there are Liberty Corner, Liberty Grove, Liberty Mills, Liberty Square, Libertytown, Mount Liberty, South Liberty, two East Libertys, three Liberty Hills, three Liberty Centers, three Libertyvilles, four New Libertys, four North Libertys, and six West Libertys. Apparently Americans regard "liberty" as a mighty significant word.—*C. A. Tilghman.*

When you're doing preliminary scouting in the stores, keep in mind that colors "gray down" after a few weeks, and select a color a bit more intense than the final effect you're seeking. If your living room draperies or upholstery are striped or flowered, if wallpaper is figured, go easy on pattern in your floor-covering. Too much design in a room is confusing. A figured carpet is practical for a dining room, which probably has less pattern in fabrics than your living room. A wall-to-wall carpet seems to increase the size of a small room; a solid color ties an oddly shaped room together.

The service you get from a wool carpet depends on tightness of weave and thickness of pile, so finger the material and examine the back closely. And prolong the carpet's life by adding a pad underneath, to absorb punishment by distributing pressure and preventing friction. Rubber-foam mats are newest for this. The pad will make your carpet seem luxuriously deep.

Avoid the postage-stamp look that spoils a room when the rug is too small. Six to eight inches of floor should peep around the edges of the rug in a small room; in a larger room the margin can run eight to twelve inches. Investigate 27-inch carpeting. With ingenious new methods of interlocking and seaming, the joins are well-nigh invisible, and you'll save dollars. If the carpet budget won't stretch through the house, spend the major portion on heavy-traffic areas—living room and halls, and economize on the dining and bed rooms. ◆ ◆

DREAM HOUSE

Continued from page 47

tion is completed, the floor beams, the sills, and the rough plywood flooring are laid and nailed into place.

The framing job in this house is simple. With no broken areas, the studs may be nailed to the sill in one straight line. The door and window frames are installed at this time.

The roof construction consists simply of 2-by-4 joists across the plate on 16-inch centers. The roof rafters may be cut on the ground, nailed together, and then raised into position on top of the ceiling joist.

The rafters are then covered with weatherproof insulation board, furring, and 210-pound asphalt shingles, or perhaps roll roofing will be preferred.

The outside walls are completed by using a waterproof insulation board that permits painting in whatever is your favorite color scheme.

Trim and molding are added to complete the house.

If you plan to use this house the year round, finishing of interior walls is essential; but if it is intended for summer use only, the inside walls can be left unfinished.

PLANS AVAILABLE

Plans for the LIBERTY Summer Dream House are available for one dollar and include variations in foundation construction, details for kitchen cabinets and built-in bunks, in addition to standard architectural blueprints for the three units. Also included for the same price is a booklet describing the step-by-step procedure on how to build the house, as well as a list of materials to aid the buyer in purchasing his requirements.

COMMERCIAL SNEEZES

Continued from page 11

osol. Nobody knows how many of the 35 million "bug bombs" supplied the armed forces during the war were used for this unintended purpose.

The self-same wartime insecticidal aerosols were the first to reach civilians.

Right after the insect killers came the odor destroyers, and then the many and various types of plastic sprays to protect artwork, leather, file cards, and metals from smudging, wearing, or tarnishing.

But the heavy bomblike containers necessary to hold under control the great pressures within often cost as much or more than their contents. Actually, widespread distribution came only when aerosols were packaged in something that successfully held a liquid product exerting considerable pressure: the familiar beer can.

Sales skyrocketed from 12 million units in 1948 to double that number in 1949.

Now you can buy aerosols in streamlined fancy containers from 39 cents up—in gas filling stations, in drug, hardware, grocery, seed and feed and department stores.

Nation-wide surveys show that seven out of ten people like them, and certainly that's nothing to be sneezed at. ◆ ◆

YOU CAN'T WIN WITHOUT 'EM

By ARCH MURRAY and HY TURKIN

Nearly every great ball team in history has had a rookie in its front ranks. That's why 16 major-league managers are fine-tooth-combing their rosters this spring for new faces who can make the difference in the 1950 pennant chase

READING TIME 10 MINUTES Casey Stengel sat in front of his locker, draped in nothing but a towel. Around him, in the gloomy, steamy confines of the visitors' clubhouse at Ebbets Field, his Yankee players were dressing in a grim and hurried silence. They had just lost their third straight exhibition game to the Dodgers. Two days later they were going into the 1949 American League race, and in these final games of spring training they never looked less ready.

Joe DiMaggio's ailing heel had just undergone further surgery, and there was no telling when he would play again. Bob Porterfield, the brilliant young right-hander, had torn a muscle in his elbow that afternoon. Against Brooklyn, the Yanks had looked woefully bumbling and inept.

Yet Casey Stengel was surprisingly cheerful. He knew that upstairs in the press box they were pounding out grim dirges about the end of a Yankee era. He knew, too, that he was on a large and ominous managerial spot left by the unpopular firing of Bucky Harris the fall before. But in that heavily wrinkled face his eyes were twinkling, and there was a brave smile on his lips as he told a stray reporter:

"I saw something I liked out there this weekend, something that could make a lot of difference in our club. That kid, Gerry Coleman, showed he is quite a ballplayer—a lot better than I'd had any idea he was. He'll give me the infield protection I need."

Stengel didn't know then that he was being far more prophetic than the gloomy pundits upstairs in the press coop. He had no idea that just a little less than six months later he would be back in that same clubhouse, whooping it up in the wake of the Yankees' twelfth world championship, after one of the greatest pennant runs any club ever made in the face of 71 crippling injuries plus the constant menace of the dynamiting Red Sox. But he did see the promise in young Coleman, who was to prove a focal figure in the flag fight.

Coleman went on to win the second-base job from veteran Snuffy Stirnweiss. His slick fielding, punctured by only 12 errors all season, fashioned the finest defensive average in the league. His timely hitting won crucial pennant games and made the Series headlines. As a fitting climax, Gerry was acclaimed Rookie of the Year in the annual nationwide poll by the Associated Press. He proved all over again an old axiom of the game: "You can't win without 'em," meaning the rookies who each spring bring new life blood to our national game.

No wonder 16 major-league managers are scanning their rosters this spring for the new faces who can make the difference in the current flag chase! It was no rarity for a fresh-faced kid like Coleman to mean the pennant for the Yankees, their sixteenth in the last 29 years. Rookies nearly always mean the margin between first place and an also-ran. Practically every great team in the history of baseball has had a rookie in its front ranks.

Just look at the last three campaigns. Back in 1947, the pennant-winning Dodgers got their lift from the daring, speeding, slugging play of the first Negro player in the history of modern major-league baseball, rookie-of-the-year Jackie Robinson. Over in the Junior Circuit that year, top honors went to the Yankees, paced by a brash freckle-faced freshman, a fast-talking, hard-throwing Irish rookie named Frank Shea, who posted the best winning percentage in the league.

In 1948 the Braves and Indians came out of nowhere to thrill the pennant-starved fans of Boston and Cleveland. It was no coincidence that these clubs boasted the two players who ran off with top rookie honors in their leagues. For Boston, a speedy shortstop from the bayous of Louisiana slugged .322, so there was no belittling the role Alvin Dark played in ending the Braves' flag famine of 34 years. For Cleveland, the hero was a handsome rookie left-hander named Gene Bearden, who won 20 games, including the only play-off in American League history.

Last year the triumphant Yanks and Dodgers were loaded with rookies. Besides Coleman, there were such invaluable Bronx fledglings as Hank Bauer, Gene Woodling, Cliff Mapes, and Charlie Silvera. Top frosh honors in the N.L. went to Don Newcombe, without whose strong right arm and 17 decisions the Dodgers couldn't possibly have won. In the final day of the season, it was another raw recruit, Jack Banta, who finally stemmed the rampant Phils to clinch the pennant. Banta won 10 games over the season and saved four others in relief.

Remember the "Murderers' Row" Yankee dynasty of 1926-28? That was founded on a 1925 team that had finished seventh! Manager Miller Huggins decided in the spring of 1926 to place a large load on the brand-new keystone pair of Mark Koenig and Tony Lazzeri, and they didn't fail.

Only one club in the history of baseball ever won four straight pennants and the World Series, the Yanks of 1936-39. You tend to think of that era as a static reign, but a study of the rosters bears out the old saw that teams just don't win without good rookies. In 1936 the Yanks brought up Joe DiMaggio; next year, Tommy Henrich and Spud Chandler. Joe Gordon was the fresh new *(Continued on page 74)*

◀ "Wizard" Stengel's crystal baseball says: It's rookies that count.

Associated Press Wire Photo

In Ottawa, the gray-stoned Peace Tower of the Legislature Building rises like a giant spike from a vast green lawn. Ontario is the most populous of Canada's provinces and the most industrialized.

Mount Robson towers above Emperor Falls in British Columbia, the province which adjoins our State of Washington. It's a country of snow-capped mountains and a coastline of fiords.

LIBERTY VACATIONS - IN CANADA

There's no red tape about getting in and out of Canada, and a U. S. dollar these days is worth 110 Canadian cents

By CAROL PATRICK

READING TIME 8 MINUTES For almost 3,000 miles along the top of these United States is the international boundary that separates us from Canada. For more than 135 years this boundary has been patrolled without the use of troops. The millions of Americans and Canadians who have traveled back and forth across the border can tell you of the absence of restrictions and the friendly helpfulness of the immigration and customs officials of both nations.

You can get a big buy for your money if you visit Canada this year. Your American dollar is worth 110 Canadian cents and can be used for purchases anywhere in the Dominion. There are dozens of routes by which Americans can go to Canada, and it isn't necessary to return by the same gateway at which you entered. The charms of eastern Canada are so varied that it is difficult to do more than just mention the high spots.

Montreal is the largest city in Canada and is the Canadian commercial, industrial, and financial metropolis. It is the second largest French city in the world, is second only to New York as America's leading seaport, and is the world's chief wheat-exporting center. There is an atmosphere of sophistication in Montreal which appeals to travelers seeking a little night life. So splendid, smart, and modern are the shops along St. Catherine Street that they are mentioned with respect in every city of the world. If you spend a few hours here, you might find yourself bringing home a warm Hudson Bay blanket, exquisite table linen, or perhaps an imported tweed overcoat or suit.

From Montreal you will probably journey, through dozens of little country villages, to fabulous Quebec. In Quebec, the only walled city left in North America, the Old World meets the New. The New could not be better represented than by the Chateau Frontenac, the lordly hostelry built upon the site chosen by Samuel de Champlain, in 1620, for his center of government. Not far from the Chateau are the Plains of Abraham, scene of the battle which

Photos by Canadian National Railways; Department of Mines and Natural Resources

Whiteshell Provincial Park in Manitoba offers all the delights of unspoiled nature—magnificent lakes like Brereton with excellent camp sites, unlimited fishing and wild animals plus unsurpassed scenery.

YOUR DOLLAR GOES FURTHER

brought Canada under British rule. There is the Citadel, now an echo of a fort with the tunnels closed and the cannons silent; but still a sentry guards the great door. Below the high plateau where the Chateau stands is the old city—endearingly quaint with its huddled small houses—and the aged Notre Dame des Victoires. Olden days live again as a visitor drives in a bumbling two-wheeled *calèche* through the gates of the city, or walks the narrow Breakneck Stairs and Little Champlain Street. Bordering the streets that seem to wander aimlessly are small inviting shops filled with *habitant* handiwork. On a clear night the band plays on Dufferin Terrace, high above the old town.

If you have come as far as Quebec, you will certainly want to go along the shores of the St. Lawrence, past the Baie des Chaleurs, to the Gaspé Peninsula. You will be charmed by its antiquity. The descendants of early traders from France live virtually as did their forebears hundreds of years ago.

Be sure to include a cruise from Montreal down the St. Lawrence to the Saguenay River. You'll find this one of the most delightful water trips anywhere in the world. As your steamer follows the north shore of the St. Lawrence, you'll be moving along in the shadow of the Laurentians—the oldest mountain range in America. At Tadoussac, where the Saguenay joins the St. Lawrence, you will be on the spot where North American civilization began. Here the first French colonists set up their base and signed a treaty with the Huron Indians. Here they built the first Christian church in North America.

New Brunswick is full of interesting and unusual sights such as the "Magnetic Hill" where cars appear to coast uphill without power. "The Rocks" at Hopewell Cape are strange red-sandstone cliffs sculptured by the Bay of Fundy into innumerable weird forms. If you are driving, you will find New Brunswick's highways offer countless spots of intriguing beauty. And if you like to spend your vacation at a large summer resort, investigate the opportunities at St. Andrews-by-the-Sea.

All up and down the coast of Nova Scotia, wide warm-water beaches are interspersed with rugged cliffs and snug harbors like Lunenburg, home port of the famous Bluenose and the post where the fishermen's reunion is held each September. If you're a seasoned fisherman out after blue-fin tuna, you'll get all the large ones you want in Nova Scotian waters.

The scenic loveliness of the Bras d'Or Lakes and Margaree Valley in Cape Breton is matched only by the pastoral beauty of *(Continued on page 78)*

Liberty's Movie

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES

FATHER OF THE BRIDE (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) is a delightful and very funny comedy about a wedding. It is timed perfectly, what with Elizabeth Taylor, one of its stars, marching off to the altar in real life. Spencer Tracy, the harassed father, gets all the heartaches and—the bills. And Joan Bennett plays the mother who is determined that her daughter will have all the wedding trimmings. Don Taylor is the bridegroom, and Billie Burke and Moroni Olsen his parents, who get off mighty easy in this marriage business, says the bride's father.

THE DAMNED DON'T CRY (Warner Brothers) stars Joan Crawford in a highly exciting melodrama based on one of Los Angeles' famous gangster murders of a couple of years ago. Joan plays an ambitious dame who runs out on her field-worker husband (Richard Egan), and via the modeling route meets the polished leader of an international crime syndicate. David Brian is superb as the dapper gangster. He makes a lady of Joan and gives her an unlimited bank account. But Joan, on a check-up trip, falls in love, and the double-cross is on.

THE WINSLOW BOY (Eagle Lion-London Films) is the screen version of the well-liked stage drama which was taken right out of the British law files. Robert Donat portrays the famous political lawyer who defends "the Winslow boy" in this very British film. Neil North gets expelled from the Royal Naval College when he is accused of theft. Sir Cedric Hardwicke believes that his son is innocent, and fights the case right up to the House of Commons. It costs him the little money that he has saved and breaks up his daughter's (Margaret Leighton) engagement.

ROCK ISLAND TRAIL (Republic) is the exciting, lusty story of the Rock Island Railroad. Forrest Tucker plays the idealistic but tough engineer who fights the elements, the Indians, and the river-boat monopolies before he succeeds in bridging the Mississippi. Romance is supplied by Adele Mara and Adrian Booth. Bruce Cabot is the villain. In an outstanding sequence, Jeff Corey portrays Abraham Lincoln, who, as an Illinois attorney, at one time defended the Rock Island in a lawsuit. The antique railroad equipment was loaned by the Rock Island.

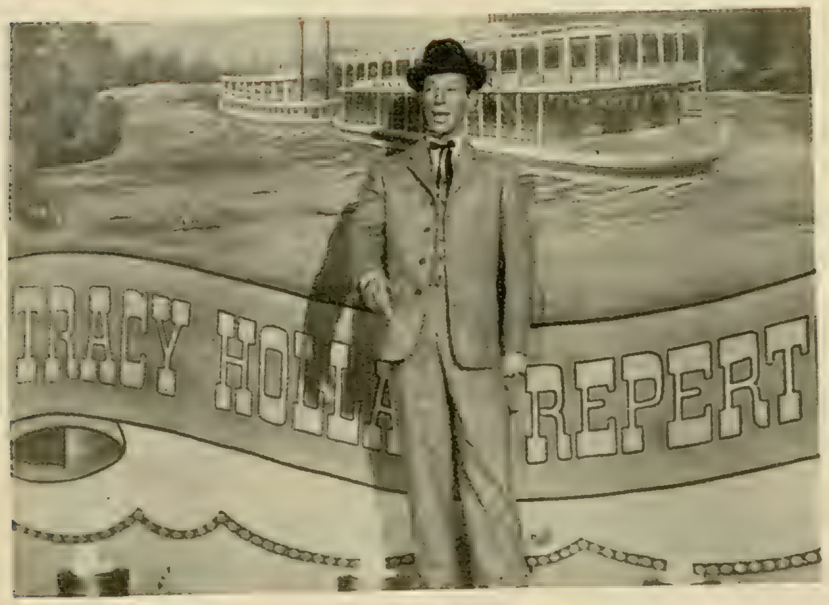
Reviews

Top film fare: a traditional American story.

Liberty suggests: a film solely for adults.

We recommend you take the children, too.

BY ELIZABETH WILSON



CURTAIN CALL AT CACTUS CREEK (Universal-International) is a Western backstage comedy that is funny enough to make you forget all bombs, hydrogen and otherwise. Donald O'Connor, the kid who is loaded with talent, is the advance man for Vincent Price, as hammy a ham as ever trod the livery-stable boards of Cactus Creek in 1890. In his company are Eve Arden, wonderful as a fading prima donna, and her niece (Gale Storm), who wants to marry Donald. Walter Brennan, a notorious bank robber, has a crush on Eve. It's all in Technicolor.

IN A LONELY PLACE (Columbia) stars grim-visaged Humphrey Bogart in one of the best murder-mystery dramas of the year. Bogart plays a Hollywood writer, on the downbeat, who takes a young hat-check girl (Martha Stewart) home with him one night to help with a book. The next day she is found murdered in the hills. Bogart is suspected. His police record of temper, violence, and drinking doesn't help him any. Even the girl across the bungalow court who loves him (Gloria Grahame) begins to wonder. Here's the screen's most exciting climax.

THE BIG LIFT (Twentieth Century-Fox) stars two of Hollywood's most popular actors: Montgomery Clift and Paul Douglas. Monty and Paul play a couple of soldiers whose job it is to help run the air lift which must deliver coal and food to Berlin daily. Monty falls in love with a young German widow (Cornell Borchers) who schemes to have him marry her so that she can join her lover in America. Paul has better luck. Though he hates the Krauts, he finally falls for a nice German girl who wants to stay in Germany to work for a right kind of country.

TWILIGHT IN THE SIERRAS (Republic) takes the king of the cowboys, Roy Rogers, and his horse, Trigger, through all the excitement of the Western range, including a mountain-lion hunt and a gang of mean shootin' counterfeiters. Those of you who are Roy's regular fans will recognize Dale Evans, as a sheriff's daughter, and Pat Brady, playing a veterinarian this time. At one point, Trigger is wounded, but right wins out amid good old cowboy music. It's all in soft Trucolor. If you've never met Roy, here's your chance to see what all the shouting's about.

Dr. Friedrich discusses the Nativity scene with the cast. Nelson Leigh (left) is a noted Shakespearean actor and Virginia Wave (seated) is Dr. Friedrich's secretary offscreen.

SCRIPT
SUPERVISOR

Each working day at Cathedral Films begins and ends with a prayer. Dr. Friedrich never lets anyone forget that his work is to teach the word of God in a vivid, memorable way.

HIS PULPIT IS A MOVIE SCREEN

By JESSYCA RUSSELL GAVER

The head of Cathedral Films, largest maker of religious motion pictures, is proving that visual aids can be as successful when applied to churchgoing as to other forms of education

Rev. J. K. Friedrich.

READING TIME 12 MINUTES Ten years ago James K. Friedrich, an ordained Episcopal minister from Red Wing, Minnesota, went with his family to Hollywood, and there sank an entire legacy of $100,000 into the making of a feature-length Bible film, The Great Commandment. After desperately trying to sell it to some major movie studio, he received the great news: Twentieth Century-Fox had decided to pay $170,000 for the film. For months the Rev. Friedrich waited for signs of the grand première of the film, only to learn why it would never be shown: It had been relegated to the studio morgue shelf.

Upset by this blow, he determined that private motion-picture interests would never again interfere with his work. Today this man whom Hollywood tried to discourage is the head of Cathedral Films, an organization which is the largest maker of religious motion pictures in the country, and the pioneer of all standards by which religious movies are now made.

If you ask Dr. Friedrich what he would have done if he hadn't at least gotten back the money invested in The Great Commandment, he shrugs his shoulders and says mildly:

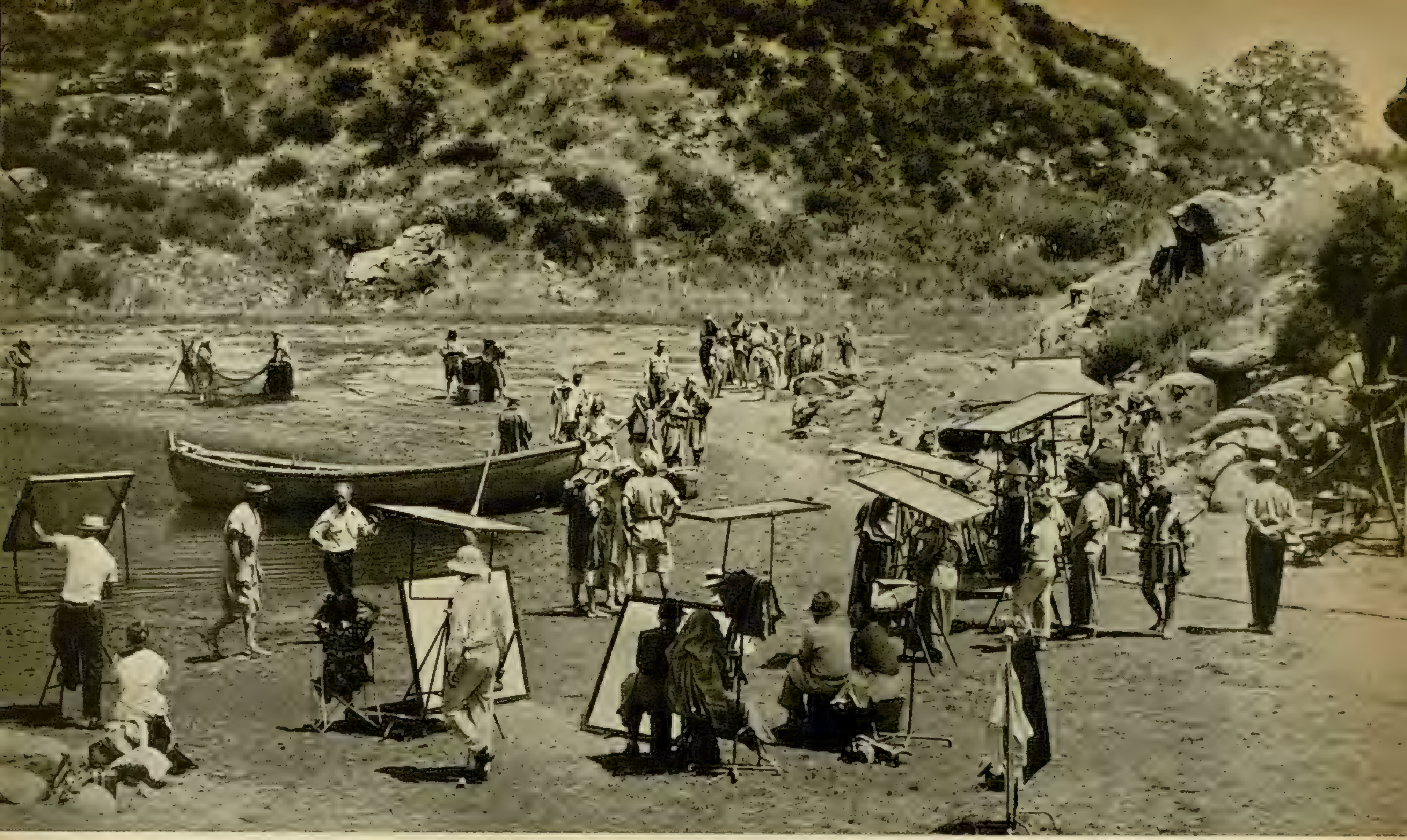
"I'd have gone back to Minnesota and become a parish priest, I guess."

Now his congregation is far greater than any he could find in Minnesota, since more than 25 million people see each Cathedral film. He's also proved that religious films no longer need be the amateurish specimens they were a decade ago, and that visual aids can be applied to churchgoing as well as to other forms of education.

Although John T. Coyle is the director of pictures made by Cathedral, you'd find that Dr. Friedrich—a pleasant-faced, balding, heavy-set man of medium height—is the expediter of Cathedral. The company works according to union rules.

Wearing a clerical collar but no somber ministerial demeanor, Dr. Friedrich expresses a keen interest in everything, from the reason for an unhappy expression to inquiries about the current financial or emotional (*Continued on page 79*)

Photos by United Lutheran Church in America



The reservoir at Chatsworth, a Los Angeles suburb, became the Sea of Galilee when Dr. Friedrich produced Simon Peter, Fisherman—the story of Christ calling Peter, Andrew, James, and John to become His disciples. The set was amazingly authentic.

Biblical pictures like the Calling of Matthew take from two days to a week to shoot. There's no profanity, no loud arguments during production, and the cast is relaxed and happy.

Dr. Friedrich is the jack-of-all-trades of Cathedral Films. He can talk authoritatively about any aspect of production, is a wizard with a camera, and co-authors many of the scripts.

Continued from page 22

looked at the gun in his hand. It was a thirty-eight and it was fully loaded.

"Who the hell are you?" he asked. "And what do you want—that is apart from giving me this little present?"

She shook her head. "It's not a present. You must give it back to me later on. I need it. I only wanted to put you at ease. I'm Mary Ward, and I work at the Summerfield factory. Secretary. Mr. Halloran, how long will it take you to get about thirty men together for an investigation of the factory?"

He began to laugh. "That all you want? And may I ask what on earth for?"

"It isn't enough, I know," said the girl. "But even a hundred wouldn't be enough, and you can't get that many together in time. They must be there at the latest at seven o'clock in the morning. It's half past twelve now, so you have about six hours."

"But why?" asked Halloran. Several thoughts were fighting one another in his mind, still a little clouded with sleep. He dismissed the idea that he was still dreaming; he left the question whether the girl was mad or hysterical dangling in mid-air; and he took in the timbre of her voice, deep and husky like the voices of those sultry dames in the pictures. He thought—even then—that he would never be able to tell this to anyone and be believed.

"If you don't get an investigation under way at once, it may be too late," said the girl. "Tell your men to look into the C-building. That's what matters most, the C-building."

"What's in it?"

"I don't know for certain. But if it is what I think it is, there is no greater danger in the world."

She is crazy, after all, thought Bill Halloran.

"I am not crazy," said the girl quietly.

"I didn't say you were."

"You have a very expressive face, Mr. Halloran."

His eyes narrowed. "Why come to me? Why not go to the police?"

"Because it's not a police matter. They wouldn't even know what I'm talking about. And I couldn't very well go to your field office. It's closed at night and I can't get away in daytime. Besides, I mustn't be seen anywhere near there. We're all carefully watched."

He reached for his cigarette case. "Have one?"

"Thanks." Over the flame of the match she gave him a searching look and sighed a little. "Very well," she said wearily. "I see that you have dropped the suspicion that I'm crazy. But now you suspect that I'm not just a secretary and that means that I shall have to tell you more. It'll take a lot of precious time, but I suppose it's inevitable."

He lit his own cigarette. "What makes you think that I suspect that?" he asked casually.

She laughed. "Because I know what precautions must be taken in such a case and because I carry a gun and because I was able to find you. Security measures in this country are not what they are in Britain or France, but even here you don't have a brass plate on your door: 'William Halloran, F.B.I.' "

He was wide awake now. "Elementary, my dear Watson," he said with a passably good Oxford accent. "You're English, aren't you?"

"Yes," said the girl calmly.

He got up and slipped into a dark-blue dressing gown. He walked over to his desk. She could hear him fill two glasses.

"Soda?" he asked.

"Yes, please. But don't drown it."

He grinned. "Not my habit. Here's to crime. I mean—cheerio!" He began to enjoy himself. "Now then, miss—what's the story?"

"Does the name of Grosjean mean anything to you?"

He shook his head.

"I was afraid of that," nodded the girl. "Well, does the name of Crutch mean anything to you? Helen Crutch?"

"Crutch? Crutch. Helen Crutch—there was a girl in the War Office in London—"

"Go on," said the girl. "You're doing fine."

"She sold the new British AA gun to the Russians, was arrested, and committed suicide in her cell."

"I'm Helen Crutch," said the girl.

He grinned hugely. "I don't believe in ghosts," he said.

She gave a twisted little smile. "Be glad that you don't have to, Mr. Halloran. I'm sorry that all this must seem utterly fantastic to you—and it's going to get worse before it gets better. I can't help it. I never thought that I would have to tell this story to anybody. But as it is, I must tell it to you. It's my only chance and I am up against time. Fortunately I know enough about you—"

"How come?"

"Albert Beresford told me."

Halloran put his glass down. "Who did you say?"

"Albert Beresford, the steel industrialist."

"Where is he now?" asked Halloran casually.

She made a movement of impatience. "You know as well as I do that he was murdered the day before yesterday in his hotel in Cincinnati. That's just it, don't you see? He was my contact and he can't be replaced in time. Things are moving too fast."

He pressed out his cigarette and lit another. "Suppose you start at the beginning," he said a little hoarsely.

"Very well. There was a girl by the name of Helen Crutch working at the War house in London. She had one of the right-hand-woman positions that are sometimes given to girls from particularly reliable families. Her father was Sir Guy Crutch, K.C.B., D.S.O. Despite that fact, it was a little surprising to some people that she got that kind of job, because they knew she had had some revolutionary sympathies in her early youth. Her mother was Spanish and she had been in Spain with her in '35, and there were rumors that she had been friendly with one of the Red leaders, a man called Grosjean. Anyway she got the job. She was carefully watched, of course, and it was found out that she sometimes made one copy more than she was asked to.

"And one fine day she found herself arrested for having sold the new British AA gun to the Russians. She was taken to Holloway Gaol. Her trial was due in a few weeks' time, when she was found in her cell in a state of unconsciousness. The prison authorities had strict orders to inform the War house about anything concerning her, and so they rang up. A quarter of an hour later the War house sent a special ambulance to take her away. In that ambulance she died and a certificate of death was made out by the accompanying doctor."

"Uh-huh," said Bill Halloran.

SELFISH SERVICE

Regard the super shopper
In the Super Market:
Drives his buggy past us all;
Comes at last to park it.

Picks the shortest check line,
Sees the cashier smile,
Knocks us down to get there—
She closes off the aisle.

The rest of us are smiling
As he snarls to the rear.
What joy in seeing justice
Dealt this bucking buccaneer!

—*Cindy Marcks.*

"Just go on, baby. It's a nice yarn."

"Then the ambulance drove to some place in the country—a solitary kind of house—and there the body of the girl was unloaded and taken into the cellar. And the body sat up and asked for a large brandy. Neat?"

"Lovely," said Bill Halloran. "Have another?"

"No, thanks. I haven't died this time. The doctor who made out the death certificate was really a surgeon, a very good one too, with a special hobby: plastic surgery. He performed his skill on the living corpse and changed Helen Crutch into Mary Ward."

"I wonder what you looked like before the operation," said Halloran. "Was it for better or for worse?"

"For worse," said the girl with a tinge of sadness in her husky voice. "I used to like my face. Anyway, I had become accustomed to it, I suppose. It was a good face. It had character. Now I look like a stupid, pale doll. I used to have a straight nose and he took away some cartilage and pushed up the tip."

"There's a lot to be said for a turned-up nose like yours, baby. Looks kind o' cute."

"That wasn't all he did to me," said the girl bitterly. "My lips had a different form and my ears and my eyebrows. He was very thorough, damn him. I passed by my own father in Kensington High Street and he looked me full in the face and didn't recognize me. And from a distance of fifty yards he can see that one button on the coat of a man that isn't brassoed as it ought to be."

"I begin to suspect," said Halloran, "that the Russians didn't exactly buy A-1 goods off you, baby."

She smiled. "They didn't get our *best* AA gun, if that's what you mean, Mr. Halloran."

"That," nodded Halloran, "is what I mean. But why the change of personality?"

"Poor little Helen Crutch," said Mary Ward. "Her value to her country consisted only in one thing: in the fact that she knew Grosjean. But there was one drawback: Grosjean knew her. The change of personality removed that drawback."

"And who is that Grosjean? You said he was a Red leader in the Spanish civil war."

"Grosjean—"

He saw her hands twitch, open and close.

"Grosjean is the most dangerous man in the world."

"Is that all?" asked Halloran dryly.

She did not seem to pay the slightest attention to his irony.

"I met him in '35, in Madrid," she said. "A big, hulking man, with an enormous forehead and eyes, and I've never seen eyes like that again. Everybody obeyed him at once. He was a scientist—physics and biochemistry. But he knew something about military matters too. And about poetry. And literature. He told the Communist leaders that they were fools and they cheered him. He made a speech in which he quoted several passages from Marx and they howled with enthusiasm. Later on he told me that the passages were really from Shakespeare. Even Mother couldn't help liking him, although he told her that she was a remnant of feudalism. She regarded it rather as a compliment, especially as he added, 'and a very elegant one.' Two hours later he shot down an Italian plane with a light machine gun."

KISSESS #1 EACH
Jeanne Keller
LIBERTY

"She didn't have change for that fifty."

"I know the type," said Halloran.

"Oh, no, you don't," said Mary Ward. "He isn't a type. He—he is a thing by himself. A force. A power. They made him the chief of the Asturian miners. Do you know what that means? He, an intellectual, the chief of those savages who fought with dynamite sticks. They obeyed him like lambs. But, then, I've seen what happened to anybody who didn't. He killed one of them with his bare fist—for insubordination."

"You say you have *seen* that?"

"Yes." She was looking past him. "I was with him all the time," she added quietly. "He was my lover."

There was a pause.

Halloran cleared his throat. "And your mother?" he asked a little lamely.

"Mother was dead by then. She had caught a fever—lots of people did at that time—and it was all over in three days. So I joined him. I would have joined him in any case. I had to travel pretty far to reach him, and twice I only just escaped being shot as a spy. I learned a good deal on that journey through Spain. I was with him when he was wounded and I looked after him. It—it wasn't only his personality, you know. His thoughts, his ideas—"

He nodded. "Most intellectuals are going through some kind of Communist stage nowadays, I suppose," he said. "The main thing is that they come out on the other side of the tunnel."

"He never was a Communist," said the girl, "and he hated and despised Marx and Engels and all the rest of them. He was an anarchist."

"Have a heart," pleaded Bill Halloran. "You're talking to a dumb guy now. What's the difference between a Communist and an anarchist?"

"Communism believes in the supremacy of the state, at least Stalinism does. Anarchism believes in absolute freedom. It denies the necessity of any form of government."

"But surely that would mean the rule of the jungle?"

"Anarchists believe that the present state of affairs is the rule of the jungle. Look here, I cannot possibly give you a lecture on anarchism. We just haven't got the time. Read Max Stirner, if you want to know more about it. What matters is that it preaches absolute freedom of the individual from any kind of interference by any kind of society. In order to bring it about, the present social order must be eliminated. Any kind of order must be eliminated. And as long as there are only a few enlightened people who believe in this ideal, they must make use of other political ideas to bring about their real aim. That is why Grosjean was fighting with the Reds. I know that he hoped the Spanish war would lead to a world war. He said so many a time. He was deeply disappointed when it ended before it could infect the rest of the world. We both were." She gave a bitter little laugh.

"You both were?"

"I was in love with him. I shared his opinions. It is quite incredible

“Oh, yes, *now* I see the diamond!”

LIBERTY

how stupid women are when they are in love.”

He waited cautiously, but she did not say anything. He finished his drink and poured himself another one. “And then?” he asked.

“I knew, of course, that he was totally unscrupulous,” she said. “But — but — there are limits — at least to me there are limits. He—he sent a six-year-old girl to the mayor of San Miguel, with a bunch of flowers and a small time bomb hidden in it. I knew the little girl. She was sweet. When he told me what he had done, I hit him. Then I raced after her. I was too late. She was dead—torn to pieces. The mayor was dead too, and half a dozen bystanders. Then German planes came over and killed some more. I wished they’d kill me too. It seemed all so senseless. Give me another cigarette, please.”

He did and lit it for her. She blew a thin stream of smoke through her nostrils. It was quite true, the surgeon had given her the face of a doll, but he hadn’t been able to change her eyes. There was a peculiar kind of attractiveness about that doll’s face with its serious eyes.

“I shall never forget that day,” said Mary Ward slowly. “San Miguel was all ruin and corpses. Only a few pigs remained alive somehow, and they—never mind. But San Miguel was the world, you see, as Grosjean wanted it to be so that he could start his wonderful new world. I suppose that cured me. Later in the day someone took a pot shot at me and I saw who it was: Luiz, Grosjean’s right-hand man. Grosjean wanted to get rid of me. So I fled. It took me six weeks to get back to England. Then the war broke out and I drove an ambulance, first in France, then at home.”

He nodded. “I know,” he said. “It was mentioned in the papers at the time you were arrested. You were decorated for bravery, I believe. Got a child out of a burning house—”

“Everybody did that sort of thing then. Anyway, when the war was over, they offered me a job in the War house. They knew exactly what they were doing, of course, and so did I. They knew that I had rediscovered my country and the things it stood for, and that I was through with extremist ideologies of any kind. They told me that Grosjean had grown in stature, and that he was well in with Moscow. They wanted me to shadow him. That was why Helen Crutch had to die. And I shadowed him.”

“Where?” asked Halloran. “Here in America?”

Again that twisted little smile. “In eight countries so far. He was behind the coal strike in the north of France. He was behind the new ‘No-name’ party in western Germany. He drew up the plans for a revolution in Italy with Palmiro Togliatti. I know him under eleven different names. But within the last two years he has become eminently respectable. He has got powerful friends, too.”

“Wouldn’t be surprised. But where does little old America come in? At least I suppose he is in this country now?”

“He is.”

“Under what name?”

“Warren Summerfield.”

Halloran fairly jumped. “You don’t mean it! Why, the man’s a millionaire. He’s the head of the Summerfield works. You’re crazy.”

Mary Ward shrugged her shoulders. “Grosjean will be a millionaire whenever it pleases him to be one,” she said contemptuously. “I’ve heard him say so himself. All one needs to become a millionaire is the capacity to outwork the others, a sense of money, an open eye for changing circumstances, and complete unscrupulousness. Grosjean has got all that in his little finger. He took over the factory from the Saunders Brothers three years ago. His real activity started about a year later.”

“But the Summerfield works are producing planes—planes for Uncle Sam. It’s only a minor factory, but they are producing all right. Why should that guy work for us? Maybe he’s changed his mind. Maybe he’s become respectable. He wouldn’t be the first revolutionary who stopped talking revolution when he had got himself a real good bank account.”

She gave a short laugh. “Is it really so difficult to conceive that not every man will be happy and contented as soon as he has got a couple of million dollars? Grosjean was very rich, and had been rich for years, when he decided to lead the Asturian miners, risking his life every day for a cause he despised, just because he hoped that it would lead in the long run to what he really wanted.”

Halloran whistled softly. “So you think he hasn’t given up the old scheme? Sounds crazy to me, possibly even crazy enough to be true. All right. Warren Summerfield is your Grosjean. He’s making planes for the United States government and he’s dreaming of a world revolution and the end of organized society. I’ll buy it. But where does this nocturnal conference of ours come in? What’s up? No—wait! You are still shadowing him. You’ve got yourself a secretarial position in the factory for that purpose. Has he recognized you?”

She shivered. “Of course not. I wouldn’t be alive if he had. I’m not his private secretary; just one of the girls. But I did find out a few things, and passed them on to Beresford. My last message to him went three days ago, and I mentioned the C-building. Then Beresford was murdered.”

He looked at her sharply. “There have been no arrests so far in connection with that murder, I believe,” he said slowly.

“There never will be, unless they find what in this country they call a fall guy. Grosjean leaves no traces.”

“What makes you think that Grosjean is behind it?”

“Beresford planned an investigation of the Summerfield factory and was waiting for me to give him the sign.”

Again Halloran whistled softly. Then he said, “Beresford was working for Britain, wasn’t he?”

“He was a good American,” said Mary Ward quietly. “There is a level —high up—where our countries are working together, Mr. Halloran.”

He grunted something and lit another cigarette. “If he polished off Beresford, you may be the next on the list,” he said slowly.

“Perhaps, but I doubt it. Beresford was a very cautious man. It’s

(*Continued on page 66*)

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(*Continued from page 64*)

not likely that he left my message lying around. Still, I may go tonight or tomorrow. Grosjean is very quick. But the thing that matters is that he knows that he is under some kind of suspicion and that he must hurry up with his plan. He knows that much, and I know that he's planning something for tomorrow morning at dawn. That's why I'm here."

"But what can it be? What is the guy up to? He may be a genius or anything you like, but he's still only one man. All right. He's got a factory with, say, twelve hundred workers. That's all very nice, but it's not enough to start real trouble, is it?"

"I'm not worried about the workers. There are Communists among them, but not many. That's not where the trouble will come from. It's the C-building. I don't know what's in it. Very few people are allowed in there. But I did catch a few words—no more than three—that made me suspicious."

"What are the words?"

"'Isotopes' and 'gamma rays.' Ah, I see you don't like those words either, Mr. Halloran."

"No, I don't, Miss Ward. Of course he may be making top secret experiments for Uncle Sam."

"He is Grosjean," said the girl, "and Beresford has been murdered." She rose. "I've told you all I know, Mr. Halloran. Now I must go. May I have my gun back?"

He gave it to her mechanically. "D'ye know why I believe you?" he asked. "Because I don't think anybody could invent a story like that."

She was looking at her wrist watch. "We've lost one hour," she said. "You'll have to work fast, Mr. Halloran. Good night."

Cool as a cucumber. He made three quick long steps to the door and opened it for her. "Thanks for the visit, Miss Ward," he said. "And I didn't know they breed 'em that tough in the old country. Good luck, little lady."

Once more he saw that twisted little smile. Then she was gone.

He poured himself another drink. Then he began to pace up and down the room, two, three, four times. He stopped abruptly, sat down on his bed, took the telephone and dialed a number. There was no answer. He made a wry face, put down the receiver, lifted it again and dialed another number. To the man's voice on the phone he said, "Halloran speaking. Give me Mr. Ferguson, please. Urgent. . . . I see. . . . When do you expect him back? . . . That's not much of a help. Ask him to ring me at once when he comes in. Thanks." He rang off. He lit another cigarette. Then he took the phone again and asked for long distance.

◆

Mary Ward did not take a taxi on her way home. She walked, fairly fast and keeping away as much as possible from the street lamps. It took her about twenty minutes to reach the dingy old house and another three to mount the ramshackle stairs to the fourth floor. She unlocked the door to her room and entered. The door swung back and closed, a large hand clamped down over her mouth and there was a sudden jabbing pain in her right arm. She felt herself lifted bodily—the hand did not withdraw from her mouth—and now she saw a huge leonine face, shadowy and terrible, and a deep voice said very quietly and not at all unkindly, "Good night, little Helen Crutch." Then she lost consciousness.

To be concluded in the next issue.

HOW TO SUCCEED

Continued from page 21

the larger institutions. The parents must ask themselves, "Is the college we are considering the best place to get what our child wants?"

Don't be deluded into believing that colleges are overcrowded to the extent that you don't have a choice. The pressure caused by the returning veterans in 1946 and 1947 has eased considerably.

At the present time colleges are competing for students by sending representatives to "college days" forums conducted in many high schools throughout the country. Don't be "sold" or allow your child to be "sold" on a college. Shop for what you want.

The decision to go to college should be based upon a study of the child and what his career goals are. A study of the child entails the following:

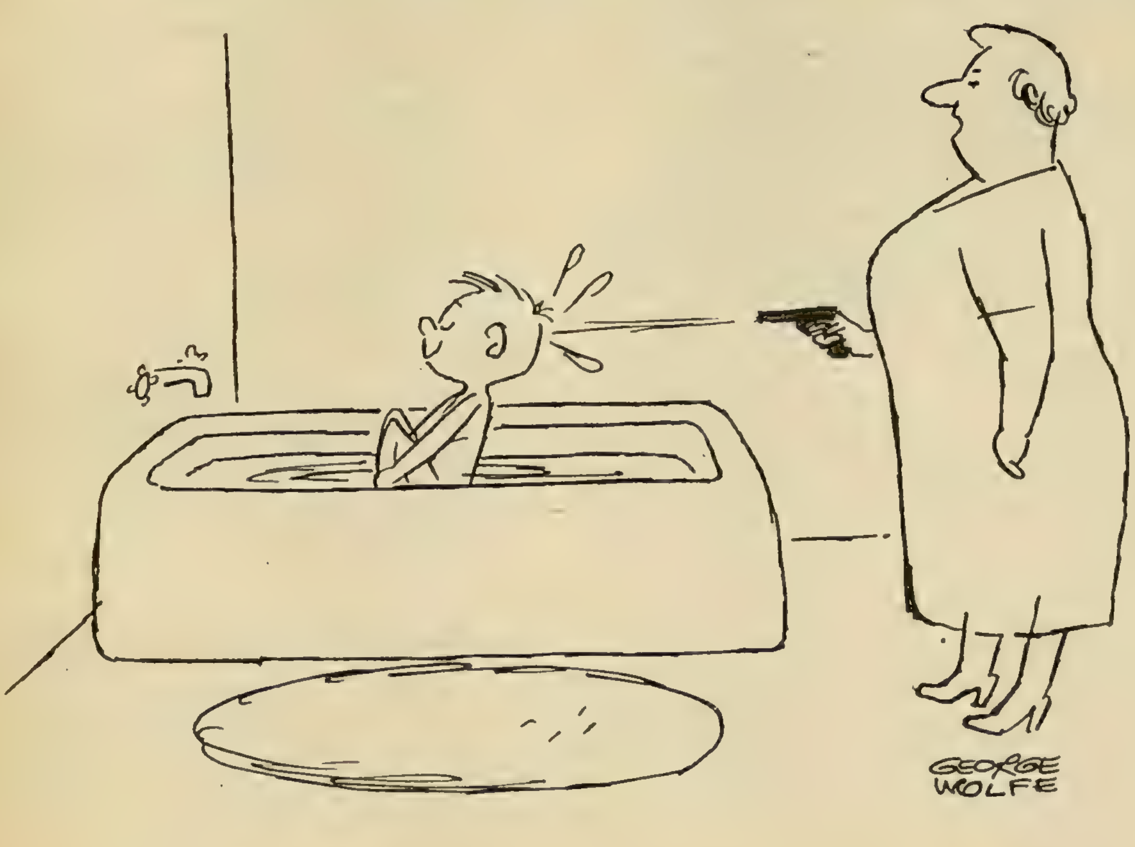
1. Does he have a good high-school record?
2. Does he have the intellectual capacity to do college work?
3. Does he like school?
4. Does he know how to study?
5. Does he have the necessary physical stamina?
6. Does he have a career plan?
7. Does he have the financial backing?

One of the first problems that must be faced is the family's financial ability to send the high-school graduate to college. There are three main types of expenses: tuition and fees, room and board or living expenses, and miscellaneous, such as travel, books, clothes, personal luxuries, and fraternities.

If the student lives at home and pays only such fees as athletic, admission, student activities, etc., required by the college, his lunches, travel, educational supplies, and spending money, he could stay within a budget of not less than $500 a year. If he resides at a college, perhaps a state university, a minimum of $1,000 yearly should be provided. In private institutions, the total annual costs can exceed $2,000.

An individual who is planning to attend a specific institution should contact an enrolled student or the student-relations officer of the college for help in planning a budget.

The most adequate single measure of ability to perform satisfactorily in college can be shown by the College Entrance Board Examinations, conducted at various centers throughout the country by the Educational Testing Service of Princeton, New Jersey. Unfortunately the scores on these tests are revealed only to colleges, and the college must not reveal the scores



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"Hold still while I get you behind the ears!"

to the individual, even though the individual pays a small fee for taking the tests. However, it is advisable for a student contemplating college to take the College Entrance Board Examinations in any case. Should the chosen college refuse admission based on the test scores, it can be safely assumed that the chances for successfully completing college work are rather low.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that with the exception of tax-supported city colleges and state universities, most colleges are private corporations. They select their student body and establish their own requirements for admission. The applicant for admission must meet these requirements. Academic standing in high school, health, and character are common standards. There is only one way of determining the specific admission requirements of any college—write to the college admissions officer or dean of the college and ask.

The best place to learn about a college is its catalogue. You cannot, however, expect to read 1,500 catalogues. The first step is to determine which institutions offer the kind of training you want. There are three main sources of information that are published and found in most libraries: American Colleges and Universities, published by the American Council on Education; Lovejoy's Guide to American Colleges and Universities, by Clarence E. Lovejoy; and a Guide to Colleges, Universities and Professional Schools in the United States, by Carter V. Good. The Department of Education or Public Instruction in your state probably publishes a pamphlet about higher education under its supervision.

Having selected the institutions that offer the type of training you want, the second step is determining whether the training received will be valid. Is the institution actually what it is supposed to be? This is most generally shown by accreditation. It is difficult to say that one college is a class A school and another a class B. Who is there to judge?

A school may be accredited by the Department of Education in the state where it is located, or by one or more of the associations to which it belongs. Professional schools and universities are accredited by the Association of American Universities. Colleges generally belong to a regional association such as the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Memberships in such organizations as the American Council on Education, the Association of American Colleges, the National Education Association identify schools that are fully accredited. Professional schools are also examined by the professional societies to which they belong. The American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education,

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Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

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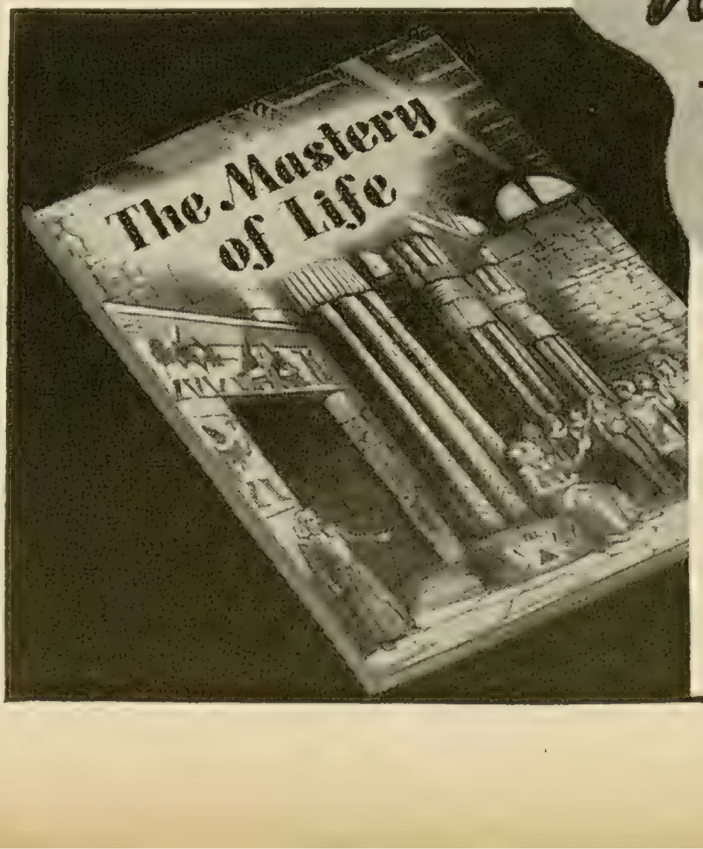

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for example, is the agency that certifies teacher-training schools.

One of the dangers in attending a non-accredited school is that in the case of transfer or desire to continue into graduate study, recognition may not be given for the work done at the non-accredited institution.

Every person selecting a college has a number of personal preferences and needs that the college should meet. A shy, timid person would be likely to have a more difficult time adjusting to a large, impersonal university in a great city than to a small, friendly school in a village or town.

A boy who was captain of the high-school football team and had earned four letters in his senior year would probably miss those activities were they not a part of his college training program.

Students have various reasons for their choice of a college. To assist in making a wise choice, 20 items are listed below. Each item has some influence on the choice of a college. There is no order of importance, because any combination of items, perhaps any two, may outweigh all other considerations.

Item	*Important To You*		*The College Offers It*	
1. Specialized professional courses	yes	no	yes	no
2. Accreditation	yes	no	yes	no
3. Eminent faculty	yes	no	yes	no
4. High admission requirements	yes	no	yes	no
5. Small enrollment	yes	no	yes	no
6. Large library	yes	no	yes	no
7. Honorary and social fraternities	yes	no	yes	no
8. Flexible curriculum	yes	no	yes	no
9. Loans or financial aid	yes	no	yes	no
10. Location near home	yes	no	yes	no
11. Residence dormitories	yes	no	yes	no
12. Low costs	yes	no	yes	no
13. Selective student body	yes	no	yes	no
14. Coeducation	yes	no	yes	no
15. Historic or family tradition	yes	no	yes	no
16. Social prestige	yes	no	yes	no
17. Athletic prestige	yes	no	yes	no
18. Low student-instructor ratio	yes	no	yes	no
19. No racial discrimination	yes	no	yes	no
20. Wide extracurricular program	yes	no	yes	no

There should be harmony between the importance of an item to you and its possession by the college in more than half the list before deciding that the college meets your needs.

◆ ◆

FABULOUS COFFEE VENDORS

Continued from page 27

neared $1 million. A new plant was built in North Philadelphia to take care of the rapidly growing business.

About 2,700 Kwik-Kafé machines are now in operation in the United States and several Caribbean countries. That total includes the new dual dispenser, added to the Rudd-Melikian line in 1948, which serves cold drinks and coffee. Current production at the Philadelphia plant, which now has 100 employees, is 110 to 120 units monthly.

Kwik-Kafé dual machines serve you a hot or cold drink in five seconds. Each cup of coffee is made individually. When your nickel trips off the electronically operated valves, a paper cup drops into the mixing well. Simultaneously, boiling hot water and liquid coffee concentrate are piped into a funnel above the paper cup. The swirling water and liquid coffee are blended in three seconds. Then, if desired, a push-button selector adds cream and sugar.

With their standard coffee dispensers dominating the U. S. market, the Kwik-Kafé owners began looking about for other sales sources. ("We try to stay two years ahead of our competition.") Restaurants, where vast quantities of coffee are served daily, seemed a natural market. Result: a counter dispenser. Push-button operated (not by coins), the counter model not only speeds up restaurant coffee service but insures uniform quality in every cup. That's due to its completely automatic coffee-making process—no margin of error left for human variations in contents and brewing time.

Early this year the Kwik-Kafé firm added two new products to its line. One is a 100-cup bantam coffee dispenser, much smaller than the earlier commercial models which had a 450-cup capacity and were two to three feet higher. A large Eastern railroad is now trip-testing the Kwik-Kafé bantam machines for use in its chair coaches. That will give train passengers round-the-clock coffee service.

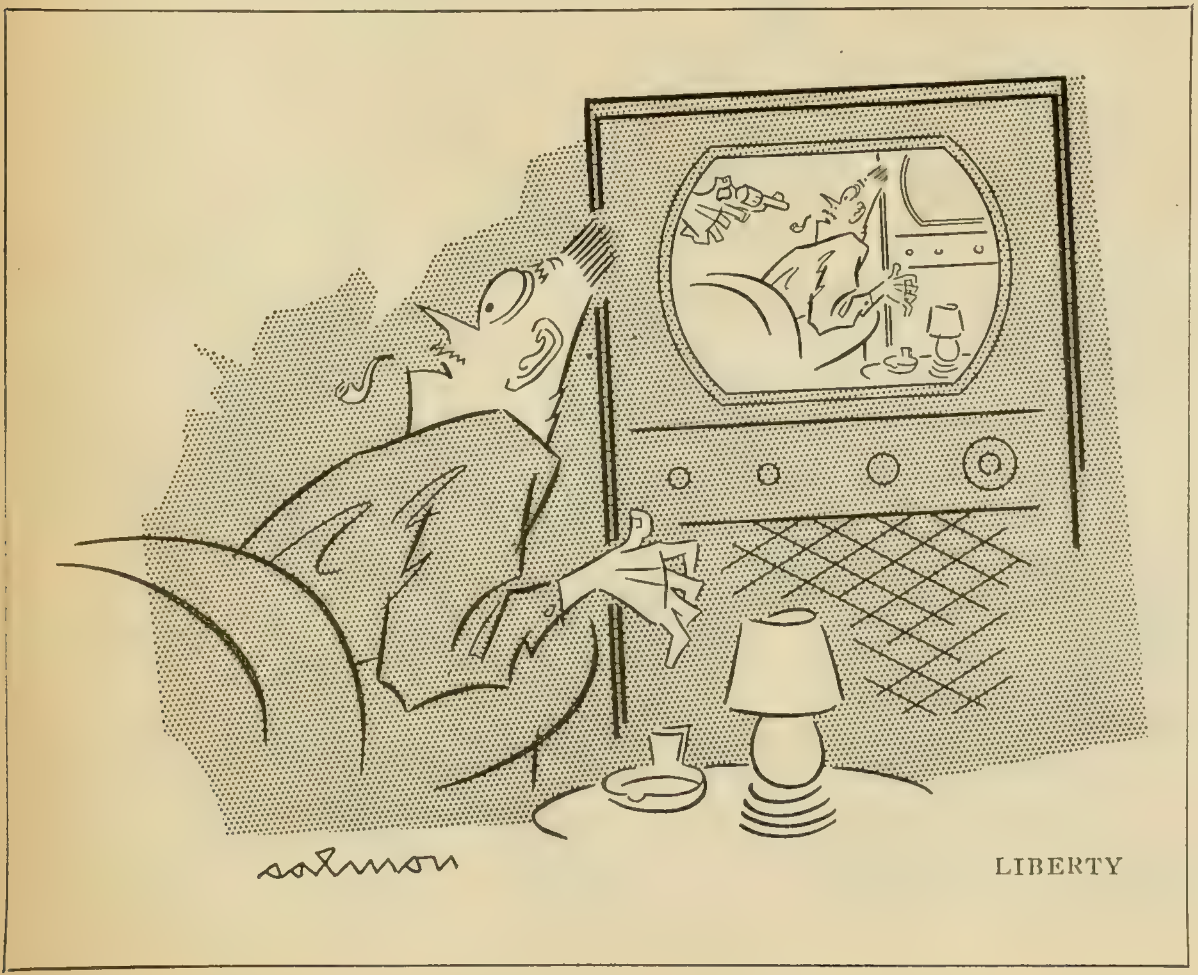
"There are two million potential locations for our bantam coffee machines," Rudd says. "Places like gas stations, grocery stores, laundromats, barbershops—any place where folks have to wait a few minutes. They're always prospects for a cup of coffee."

The Philadelphia firm's other 1950 product is its frozen coffee concentrate, now available for retail sale in four-ounce jars. It is the same blend used in Kwik-Kafé machines.

"We started as machine makers," Melikian says, "but soon realized the consumer product—coffee—was the most vital part of our business. To insure proper quality control, we had to make it ourselves. So we're in the coffee business now."

Kwik-Kafé now has a plant in Philadelphia devoted solely to roasting, extracting, and quick-freezing its own brand of coffee for general household use.

Another Rudd-Melikian by-product made the nation's front pages last year, much to its owners' surprise. As a good-will gimmick at a



national vending-machine convention, they unveiled their own "mechanical bartender." It was a push-button highball mixer which whipped up a neat Scotch-and-soda in a jiffy.

The automatic bartender stole the show. Unsolicited orders came in from swank stores in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles. For the first time in their business careers, Rudd and Melikian were caught short. They had no plans for marketing the highball mixer; it was just a convention gag. But they did have patents on it. A limited number may be produced next year. Meanwhile the partners have a potent pinch hitter in case the bottom falls out of the coffee market.

Serious and technical minded, the slim bespectacled 135-pound Rudd handles most of the firm's engineering problems. Five days younger than Melikian, he was a mechanical engineering student at U.C.L.A. who worked his way through college as a night-shift tool designer at Douglas Aircraft. In 1942, his senior year, he quit to enter the army.

Three weeks later he was on a Pacific-bound troopship. He served with an engineers' mapping unit. Shipped back Stateside for OSC training, he was commissioned in late 1943 and assigned to Wright Field. There he met Melikian, a sergeant in the engineering laboratory.

Cy had been a B-17 flight engineer. Injured in a mid-air plane crash, he was sent to Wright Field for duty in the designing laboratory. Prior to the war he had been an aircraft engineer, working on navy Avengers and Autogiros.

Easy-going and affable, the 200-pound Melikian handles the Kwik-Kafé firm's customer-contact work.

Needless to say, the Kwik-Kafé machine is always full at Rudd-Melikian, Inc. ◆ ◆

CORSAGE FOR A SOBBING LADY

Continued from page 30

door, Diane nodded. "Yes. There will be some coffee."

They found a pot on the stove, the potion in it still fit for drinking. Diane brought cookies on a plate from the breadbox. Jones found himself watching her.

He said, "Ever spend a summer in a cannery village before?"

"No." The blue eyes were level. "I came north last winter."

Jones said, "I should think Anchorage, or some place like that—I mean, I don't see the point in coming here."

She said, "Well, why did you?"

"I like the work. And the pay."

"That will do for me." Quite suddenly her face wore a mask.

Jones said, "For a woman, there is more money in Anchorage."

The mask made her look younger and defenseless, although Jones doubted that it was so intended. "Not for weighing fish."

It was very curious to Jones that thereafter he could think of almost nothing to say to this tiny girl. Even more curious that for nearly half an hour she seemed content only to sip her coffee, without conversation, listening when another tender captain came in and talked to Jones about the weather up the inlet.

When he walked with her back to the hotel, she still had only a few sentences to say—about the rain and the wind. In the lobby he looked at a small table where they might have played cribbage, but Diane shook her head. "Standing on my feet all day," she said, "still makes me awfully tired. I'll get used to it; but tonight, if you don't mind—"

At the foot of the stairs she hesitated and turned her face up to him. There was no doubt that she expected to be kissed, and Jones kissed her. There was no resistance, and no response from her lips. Her eyes were wide open, but only for a second. Jones was fairly sure he had seen the first small indications of more tears. He let her go halfway up the stairs before his confusion settled into anger. "Girls who don't want to be kissed," he said coldly, "should keep their faces down, then they would not have to bawl about it."

Diane stopped with her hand on the railing. "Let it ride," she said. "Forget it. I've been kissed by a lot of men. I expected it." Suddenly she seemed to be looking past him at something he could not see. When her eyes shifted back to him, something new was in them, almost like surprise. "I think," she said, "I even wanted you to kiss me. I just hoped you wouldn't want to. That doesn't make much sense, but that is how it was." She smiled. "Good night, Mr. Jones."

Jones went to the Augustine Cocktail Lounge, stumbling in the duskiness which the proprietor used to disguise the fact that this was only another saloon, with sawdust on the floor. The engineer from the Turnagin made room for him at a table in a rear corner, but he stayed only for two short drinks. Then he

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walked through the rain once more, back to the hotel and up the stairs, remembering small and very proper girls in Tulsa and Los Angeles and Ketchikan, the very small relationship between the proper things they said, the proper way they looked, and the limits of their conduct. At the door of the room next to his own he knocked once.

Diane was wearing the rumpled robe again; but this time it was belted, as if she had been sitting in it, perhaps waiting. She opened the door without even taking the precaution of hanging onto the knob. The small face was sober. She said, "I'm sorry, Gordon, but you've figured it wrong. You've figured me wrong from the beginning."

She was still standing at her door when Jones unlocked his own. He thought he heard her say, a second time, "I'm sorry, Gordon."

◆

The dining room was half empty when he went in to breakfast on Saturday, and Long John explained. "Nobody had any luck yesterday," he said, "so they all went in early for the weekend. We'll only run the line a couple of hours. It's hardly worth calling a crew."

The motor block, Long John said, was on the plane coming down from Anchorage. "I'll put the cannery machinists on the job with your engineer and they should have you ready to run by night. You can catch the tide down to English Bay if you get out at six o'clock."

"English Bay," Jones said, "I can hardly wait to see."

"I don't give a damn whether you can see the shore line or just a fog down there," Long John said. "What I want is a mess of fish from those creek robbers working down that way."

Jones rowed out to the tender for a thermos bottle, rowed back to praise the cannery cook's roast—and to steal half a dozen slices from it for sandwiches. His praise was successful enough so that the cook found two hoarded apples and part of a cake, and put them with the sandwiches and coffee in a musette bag.

When Diane punched the cannery time clock and started toward the hotel a little before noon, Jones fell into step beside her. "There may not be another sunshiny day all summer when we don't have to work," he said, "and it's only a couple of miles up to the lake. I'll wait while you get some walking shoes."

What she said was, "All right. I'll only be a minute." But there was a disappointing flatness to her tone, agreement without enthusiasm; and as Jones waited, some of his own enthusiasm faded. After all, the girl had been definite at the door of her room; and with only half a day to go, there was not much reason—

Diane came down then and followed Jones around the hotel to a path which wound past native houses and almost immediately began to climb in earnest, straight up the ridge. They reached the first crest and halted to look back down at the sprawling village below. When her breathing quieted, Diane said, "I didn't expect to see you—I mean, I hardly thought you would be looking me up today."

He said, "I never did like to hike alone."

He led the way through an alder flat, and up again. Stunted pines grew here, with a tangle of wild berry bushes in each open space. Beginning to feel the air in his own lungs now, he slowed his pace, thinking of the small girl. When he heard a quick slapping behind him, he paused a second time to pass her a bottle of mosquito repellent. She also accepted a head net and slipped it over her heavy hair so that it hung down to protect both her face and the back of her neck. The two of them made the only sounds in the forest except the occasional call of a bird.

They climbed around a beaver dam to reach the lake and stopped where moss made a carpet down to the water's edge. Jones built a small fire to windward, while the girl spread out the lunch from the musette bag. They ate so quietly that an aged beaver once stuck his head out of reeds near the rounded roof of his house, observing them with bright eyes, unable to decide whether they constituted a major menace. Diane touched Jones' arm, without moving her head. Only when the beaver had disappeared, she turned and smiled. "I never saw one before except in a zoo," she said. "A moose, either." The words were nothing, but Jones felt warmth and interest behind them for the first time.

The sun was hot now, the whole lake murmuring with the warmth and laziness. Diane tossed a bit of her sandwich half a dozen feet away and lay back against the moss. Jones rolled the musette bag and she lifted her head when he offered it as a pillow. He himself leaned back on an elbow, smoking a cigarette, conscious of the girl beside him, the heavy hair, the curve of arms and thighs not at all concealed by the masculine white shirt and slacks she wore. The two top buttons of the shirt had been left unfastened and the third hastily buttoned. As she shifted her position on the moss, this button, too, came open. Jones looked across the lake. But his attention was focused beside him and remained so, through an interval of timelessness.

When he touched her, except for an indrawn breath, Diane did not move, and silence was the answer he required. He did not know why he was compelled to meet her eyes at that moment—blue eyes, wide open, looking at him.

There was no fright in the eyes, and no resistance. Only something else, strange and withdrawn, as if she were once again looking somewhere beyond him, at something he could not see.

Very slowly, his fingers awkward, Jones refastened the third button. His fingers were still unsteady when he sat up and lighted a second cigarette from the glowing stub of the first. He said, "Why were you crying in your room?"

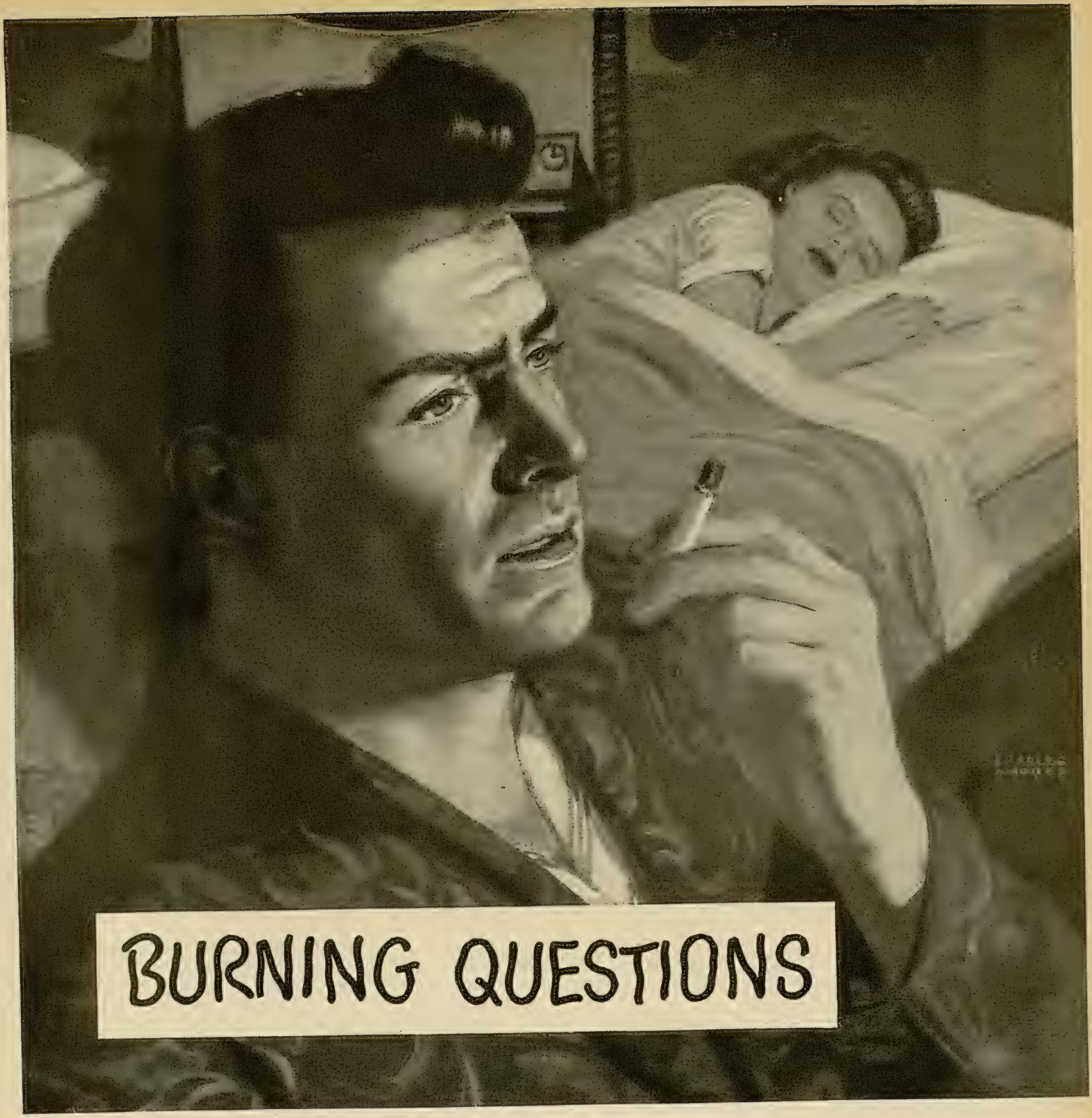
"I grew up in a small town," she said, after a long time. "A town called Centerville. Not many young people stayed there after they finished high school. There never were enough boys to go around."

Jones waited.

"There isn't anything too tragic about not being popular," the girl said. "After I got out of school, I worked for an insurance company, typing out policies, taking in premiums." She paused. "There was a man. It would be more dramatic if I had been wildly in love with him, but I wasn't. It was just that after he married somebody else, all of a sudden there weren't any other men. I looked all around and there weren't any others—not even any others I might be in love with, ever. I guess something like that happens to a lot of girls in small towns. You don't even have to decide whether you're going to be virtuous. There isn't much choice."

Diane sat up and accepted a ciga-

(*Continued on page 72*)



Late at night, some men do their hardest worrying. Each thought glimmers and glows like the burning end of a cigarette. Chain-thoughts like these:

"How am I doing my job? Have I already reached my top? Are my best earning years numbered?

"And how will that affect my other job—as husband, father, family provider? Will I be able to do the things we've planned? What about college for the children? And our home—will I always be able to meet payments?"

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SHANANAGRAMS

An Anagramatical Cockeyed Quizword

By TED SHANE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8						
9					■	
10			■	11	12	
13		■	14			
15		16				
■	17					■
18						19
20				■	21	
22			■	23		
	■	24	25			
26	27					
28						

ACROSS

1 Russia got mad spot?
8 I is real, world!
9 Note to Sam: Joe's may be phonies
10 Napoleon's no-man
11 Grieg, I-VIII, Rickenbacker (abbr.)
13 You can give this the double owe
14 Normandy town famed for its fromage
15 Sir, step out with the pixies
17 Sadie has helpers
18 Ted yakataed a true faceful
20 What they did to make the mare wild
21 Il est un non-Communist Chinese weight
22 Gur revreserp
23 Biggest fathead in Iowa
24 Le Sou makes a Frenchman crawl
26 Sir Tree hangs up his sock and buskin
28 One toss is superlatively p.d.q.

DOWN

1 O bangs! O pains! O beaten black and blues!
2 When they paste you, you should shoot!
3 The kind of weight Helen carried wherever she went
4 Uncle of the Marshall Plan
5 He hid in red trees
6 Name the world's most famous Smith
7 The mess is the pigtailed ones'
12 I see slides backward by the RR. unless it modernises its forward progress
14 Ed bid and sat back
16 12,989 feet of trail up Colorado's Sangre de Cristos—too much, eh?
18 Shushers with their Sh! removed
19 Gisted reading matter
23 Prue as driven snow
25 No, I engage in gainful work in Greenpernt
27 What kind of hippus does a horse have?

U	L	S	T	E	R	S
N	I	N	E	V	E	H
I	T	E	M	I	S	E
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E	E	R	■	C	A	P
D	R	S	■	E	L	S
N	■	■	■	■	■	H
A	T	A	■	R	O	E
T	I	L	■	E	R	A
I	P	L	■	M	A	R
O	P	E	R	A	T	E
N	E	G	A	T	O	R
S	T	E	W	E	R	S

March Answer

(*Continued from page 70*)

rette. The old beaver, bolder now, climbed on top of his mud house, scratching himself in the warm sun.

"I was lucky," Diane said. "There wasn't any reason I had to stay in Centerville, anybody depending on me. One day last fall there was an ad in the paper about jobs for stenographers in Alaska. I never was beautiful, Gordon," she looked at him, "but I have just as many genes or hormones or whatever they are as the next. I mean, a lady would have to say coming to Alaska appealed to her as an adventure. I just didn't want to miss all my chances of getting a man.

"I worked in Anchorage. At first I couldn't believe it was really happening to me. I had a date with a nice lieutenant from the air base the first night. He came into the office where I worked and asked me before he'd been there five minutes. I had a date every night and a lot more invitations than I could accept. I danced until my feet were about to fall off, ate four-dollar dinners. One construction man tried to give me a mink coat."

Jones said, "I'll believe you were a great success." He regretted the annoyance in his voice. The girl noticed it.

"I had," she said, "two proposals in the first week."

He said, "What stopped you?"

"It isn't that many men lie. They mean what they say, or think they do. I made one bad mistake, Gordon, but it wasn't because of lies. For months before, the man thought he loved me—and so did I. It was a long time before I began to realize it wasn't me—it was just a woman. I'd have been popular in Anchorage if I'd had the mind of a five-year-old. Anybody who doesn't have two heads could be popular there."

Jones tossed a pebble at the old beaver.

"I'd always thought it would be nice to be wanted," she said. "I didn't know it could make you feel like an animal."

He said, "How does Augustine village fit in?"

"After a few months in Anchorage, I just couldn't stand it any more. I thought if I spent a summer in a cannery, working—" She shrugged. "But the other night that checker offered to lend me a book. I walked up to his place with him; and on the way back, he proposed to me. I never saw the man before that morning and I wasn't even sure about his name. I went on into the hotel and made a fool of myself, crying. I never was so lonesome in my life."

He said, "So because you're lonesome, you put up a big touch-me-not sign and expect people to read it. When they don't, you bawl."

Diane drew in her breath sharply.

"The trouble with you," he said, "is that you've never grown up. What the hell do you expect a man to do—admire the beautiful mind and never look at the casing?" He was himself surprised at the anger in his voice. "You've come to the wrong country. People are busy up here. A man has to learn to make up his mind in a hurry here. He assumes a woman can do the same thing." He looked at his watch and kicked out the last of the dying smudge fire. "That checker meant it. He was in love with you, in less than a day. And it would have had just about as much chance of lasting as if he'd taken six months to make up his mind about it."

Diane put the thermos into the musette bag and stood up with him in the soft moss. She said, "In love with me, or with arms and legs and hair—any woman?"

He said, "It could be either way, Diane. People follow both roads. But time hasn't anything to do with it." Some of the brightest pictures in his mind were of women he had seen for a few hours; some of the dullest those he had known for years. He said, "We'll have to go. I have a tide to catch tonight."

The small girl went ahead of him down the trail. Halfway back to the village, he said, "Wait!" She stopped and watched as he left the path for a tiny meadow grown over with waist-high flowers. While a cloud of mosquitoes rose from the roots, he picked an armload of wild iris, picking the stems long, and a few ferns to mask the delicate blooms against the sun. Diane took them without speaking and turned down the trail again, not slackening her pace until they reached the native cottages and went past them, with a corporal's guard of shaggy dogs, to the back door of the hotel lobby. Diane paused at the stairs.

She said, "Thanks for the flowers, Gordon. It was a nice afternoon."

"Look at them fast. They'll wilt in a couple of hours, even in water."

"How long will you be gone?"

"A week," he said. "More than that before I have any time ashore again. It depends on the fish."

"Then you were foolish to pick flowers for me," she said. "You couldn't have had any reason—"

"Maybe it was to keep you from doing any more sniffling."

The girl was searching his face, and the smile was definite, although not large. It left again before she spoke. "Or," she said, "it could have been the third time you cared what I thought—once after you kissed me, once when you buttoned my shirt, once now."

Jones said, "Don't jump to conclusions. Nothing like that follows."

◆

The Turnagin was against the dock, her exhaust gurgling, the extra oil drums lashed on her foredeck, her after hold open and ready for the night's salmon cargo. Jones went aboard after a ten-minute conference with Long John. Taking the wheel himself, he backed the tender away from the dock, the rails scraping against barnacled pilings, then let the little ship drift as soon as they were clear, while one of his two seamen climbed the ladder to the pilot house to relieve him.

He had not known he was looking for a small figure on the dock until he saw it, hurrying between piled crates of salmon, once almost tripping over a coiled rope. Diane came to the edge of the dock and stood there, her hands in the pockets of a coat thrown hurriedly over the white shirt. The fact that she did not make any gesture was somehow more expressive than if she had waved wildly when the Turnagin swung away. Jones had no evidence that she would be there again when the Turnagin came back, or that her quiet mind had reached a definite decision. Neither did he have any doubt.

He picked up the speaking tube. When the engineer's voice answered, Jones said, "Try to get some speed out of that boiler this trip, Freddie. We don't want to be away all summer." ◆ ◆

THE MIRACLE OF AARONSBURG

Continued from page 16

somewhere along the line in my own family. Who ever heard of a Pennsylvania Dutchman named Jim Shannon?"

"Got anybody in mind?" asked Paul Zimmerman.

"No," said Shannon. "Have you?"

"Yeah—General 'Wild Bill' Donovan. My nephew served with him. Says he's a wonderful guy."

"All right, we'll get him," said Shannon. "Now we need a prominent Negro."

"How about Dr. Bunche? He did a good job in Palestine," said Al Mingle.

"He's our man. Any suggestions for a Jewish speaker?"

"I heard Felix Frankfurter once—pretty good," said another member.

"O.K.," replied Shannon. "Let's ask him. I think that ought to do it."

Invitations were sent out. Everybody accepted.

"The only faith we forgot," Jim said later, "was the Protestant. But we remedied that by asking Dan Poling, editor of the Christian Herald. Dan had a pretty heavy schedule for October 23, but he flew in from Boston; spent an hour with us, then flew right back again."

◆ Word of the coming event spread. Pastors of the other two Aaronsburg churches asked to take a hand. Residents of near-by villages offered their help. The Pennsylvania State College, located 15 miles away, asked Shannon what part it could play.

Claude Aikens, publisher of the only daily newspaper in the county, offered his services. Dr. J. W. Claudy, superintendent of near-by Western Penitentiary, told the committee he'd be glad to keep his "guests" busy doing clerical work. Ward Gramley, a local banker, agreed to act as chairman of the contributions committee and to accept no funds from anybody beyond the borders of Centre County.

But the big problem was the pageant. Everybody wanted a part in it. Bill Gordon, professor of drama at the college, who wrote the script, found that instead of a cast of 100, as originally planned, he had to write parts for more than 1,500.

He needed a narrator. Somebody suggested Cornel Wilde, whose views on religious tolerance were known. A phone call was made to the actor. Mr. Wilde would be happy to accept; furnish his own transportation and pay his own expenses. And he wanted *no* publicity.

For a pageant site, speakers' platform, and parking lot, 40 acres of land adjacent to the church were cleared. Charlie Garrett, a native of Aaronsburg who used to build tabernacles for Billy Sunday, supervised.

Every day Shannon's committee faced innumerable problems. Food was one. Distinguished guests were to be given a catered luncheon. But the feeding of the multitude was undertaken by the ladies of all three of Aaronsburg's churches. They made thousands upon thousands of sandwiches and brewed enough coffee to float the Missouri.

Other difficulties arose. For example, how many one-, two-, and three-holers do you have to build to accommodate thousands of persons on a brisk October day?

The executive committee, which consisted of practically everybody in Aaronsburg, was a bit dubious about the habits of the working press; there were grave doubts about methods of controlling the actions and libidos of reporters.

The solution was a stroke of genius. Press headquarters was set up in the nursery room of the Lutheran church. Typewriters were placed on the tables and paper and pencils supplied. But all the props remained, including a bundle of wood beside the huge pot-bellied stove, kindergarten chairs, the infant nursery honor roll, and a picture of the Child Jesus.

The stories sent out reflected an atmosphere in which nobody smoked, nobody drank, nobody profaned, and everybody felt hallowed. The one factor over which the Rev. Shannon's committee had little or no control was the weather. If it rained, the whole affair would be a washout. Every Farmer's Almanac predicted a downpour for October 23.

But, as Jim Shannon remarked, "If prayer and rain insurance don't help, nothing else will."

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RUM
David Pascal

LIBERTY

"Yeah—he was here—'bout six feet tall, heavy build, black hair, bushy beard, wearin' a fur cap and checkered mackinaw—"

was a cold driving rain and high wind. Much of the pageant decorations were blown down. All that night hundreds of villagers worked under floodlights, rebuilding the scenery. When dawn broke, they were happy. The day was going to be beautiful.

Long before the sun rose over Nittany Mountain, a steady stream of automobiles poured into Aaronsburg. By 9 A.M., when Rabbi Philip Bernstein, vice-president of the Conference of American Rabbis, mounted the pulpit of the Salem Lutheran Church to open the day's ceremonies with a plea for world understanding, an estimated crowd of 20,000 persons had gathered to hear his remarks carried over a public-address system.

By ten o'clock, when planes began to land and discharge their prominent passengers, 50,000 people were assembled.

The pageant and the "brotherhood meetings" which preceded and followed it were a tremendous success. Radio networks carried impassioned messages of tolerance to all the listening world. Our State Department recorded for the Voice of America a complete transcription of the broadcast. News cameramen flitted in and out of the crowds all day. Resultant publicity went beyond the expectations of everybody — even Jim Shannon. Telephone calls and telegrams from all over the world jammed rural communications facilities.

Since October 23, Aaronsburg isn't quite the town it used to be. Men and women of all colors and creeds keep making pilgrimages there. Notes of praise have been received from far-away places, even from behind the Iron Curtain. Jim Shannon and the town council (there is no mayor) keep getting requests for advice from all over the civilized world.

"Ought to invite Joe Stalin next year," a man told Shannon. ◆ ◆

YOU CAN'T WIN WITHOUT 'EM

Continued from page 55

face of '38. And even in their fourth year on the throne, 1939, the Yanks were wise enough to bring up more freshmen phenoms: Charlie Keller, Atley Donald, and Babe Dahlgren.

Similarly the Card dynasty of four winners in the five-year span of 1942-46 always received springtime infusions of fresh baseball blood. Let's call the roll: 1942, the St. Louis blues were dispelled by rookies Stan Musial, Howie Pollet, Johnny Beazley, Whitey Kurowski, Ray Sanders, Murry Dickson, and Harry Walker; 1943, infielder Lou Klein and mound reliables Harry Brecheen, Al Brazle, and Red Munger; 1944, relief bulwark Ted Wilks and infield wizard Emil Verban; and 1946, Joe Garagiola and Erv Dusak.

That's the way it's been over the years, and it's significant that the clubs that don't come up with star rookies finish far in the ruck season after season. Take the case of the once mighty Cubs and Giants. In the first 38 years of this century they won 22 pennants between them. In the last 11 years they won just one—a wartime pennant by the Cubs of 1945.

Why the complete Cub-Giant flipflop? Their well of man power simply ran dry. In olden days these two clubs were the wealthy monarchs of the league, and they could always reach out and buy the talent they needed to replace worn-out parts. The Giants' John McGraw was particularly noted for this. But with the growing popularity of the farm system, clubs are less prone to depend on sales or trades. The Cubs and Giants have never been too successful in developing their own prospects, so their trail has been almost all downhill for more than a decade.

"Rookies mean pennants," says Fresco Thompson, top aide to Branch Rickey, Jr., at the head of the Dodgers' far-flung farm system. "That's why, when you see a club like the current Phillies coming up with such polished youngsters as Gran Hamner, Willie Jones, Stan Lopata, Robin Roberts, Richie Ashburn, and Del Ennis within a few short years, you begin to worry. If they keep 'em coming like that, the first Philly pennant since World War I is not very far away.

"Rookies help with more than their mechanical talent. They prod new hustle into veterans who see them as threats to their jobs. They're a lean and hungry and ambitious lot, who serve as insurance against mass complacency. I've been thinking of those tremendous Red Sox clubs of the last two years, and how they blew the pennant on the last day.

"I feel those Sox didn't have enough good kids on the bench to make the veterans fret about their jobs. The regulars knew they were good and that their jobs were safe."

Thompson's words recall a conversation one of the writers had with Leo Durocher last summer. It was June 1, and Leo's Giants were riding in second place, just a game off the pace. Asked how long he expected to stay up there, the Giant boss murmured, "Talking off the record, we're headed downward, not up. I've never given up on a ball club of mine and I never will. But the way I see this club, we have too many old guys in key spots. Not enough good kids. We didn't come up with one standout rookie this spring. This team of mine is aging by the hour, and unless we make some changes, we're not going anywhere."

Durocher seemed a prophet of gloom headed for refutation when the Giants took four of their next five games, to gain first place. But the downswing started immediately afterward, and the Giants finished fifth, 22 games off the pace. In defiance of club owner Horace Stoneham, who still cherishes the jolting power of the 1947 Giants who set an all-time major-league record of 221 home runs, Durocher started a rebuilding program, sacrificing aging power for speedy youth. Leo knows he's gambling his managerial life on the flock of youngsters coming into the Polo Grounds this spring. Unless they bring the Giants into the first division to make Stoneham forget the halcyon days of Walker Cooper, Johnny Mize, Sid Gordon, Willard Marshall, and similar old fence busters, Leo's days as a Giant are numbered.

"Well, this is it," said Leo last December, after the headline-making four-for-two trade with Boston. "They've given me what I've wanted, so I'll have no excuses this time. I still know I was right in insisting on this deal. We were on an elevator going down, with all those old guys. Now the marker says 'up.'"

Durocher was merely echoing the eternal cry for youth, which has grown especially loud in the flourishing postwar seasons. As evidence of the bitter race for fresh talent, of the 682 players who went to spring training in the first postwar season of 1946, only 116 were still wearing major-league uniforms when the call to spikes echoed across the land last March 1. That's a turnover of 83 per cent within just four short years! To go back a bit further, the Browns don't have a single survivor of their pennant-winning team in 1944, and in their new rebuilding plan they've announced plans of selling or trading all players over the age of 28!

A splendid crop of rookies moved to the big time to stick last year. Altogether, 34 American Leaguers and 27 National Leaguers won their spurs. From the point of minor-league records and background, this year's spring harvest is even more impressive. But the intriguing part of the rookie business is that there is no certain method of picking sure shots. First-year players are the biggest gamble in baseball.

The rookie cynosure of all eyes in the American League is a gigantic Negro named Luscious Luke Easter. He's the latest protégé of Indians' general manager Hank Greenberg, and Hank, who only a few years ago developed Ralph Kiner into the National League's greatest home-run hitter, says of Luke, "All signs point to Easter's becoming the slugging sensation of the American League."

Another vital base in our rookie roll call is Boston. Brightest hope of 18 freshmen in the Wigwam is Sammy Jethroe, feather-footed fly chaser who set a new International League record last year by stealing 89 bases. Brooklyn collected over $250,000 in cash and players for Jethroe and Bob Addis, another Dodger-chain promising outfielder, but Jethroe was the lure.

There are hundreds of other hopefuls. Study them well, for somewhere lurks the man who will fire his club to the championship:

American League

Yanks: Don Johnson, right-handed young relief ace from the Coast; infielder Billy Martin, labeled sure-fire by crafty old Chuck Dressen; slugging Jackie Jensen, former All-America footballer, said to be still a year from stardom.

Red Sox: Outfielder Tom Wright, American Association batting king; George Copeland, curve-ball relief

(*Continued on page 76*)

Who Knows How to Soak Oaks?

By GERARD MOSLER

◆ The object of this word test is to complete the sentences below by finding the missing words in the following way: The second word of each pair (*a*)-(*b*) and (*c*)-(*d*) can be obtained simply by moving the first letters of the (*a*)-(*c*) words to their ends and thus get the (*b*)-(*d*) words as a result. Example: (*a*) *W*HO-(*b*) HO*W*; (*c*) SOAK-(*d*) OAKS. How many sentences can you complete in this way? A score of 15 or more words found correctly is excellent.

1. The corpulent (a) ---- got the general's (b) ---- fast when he, himself a very (c) ---- man, dropped a (d) ---- about morning exercises.
2. Even if the boss had had a (a) ----- day at the office, he (b) ----- not to turn the (c) ------ on the (d) ------ of his partners.
3. After the storm was reported on the (a) ---- it started (b) ---- and the (c) ------ of the tide was not expected until the (d) ------ hour of the following day.
4. When Orpheus tried to regain Eurydice, every (a) ----- in (b) ----- wished he would not (c) ---- his songs, which were considered (d) ---- by dead and alive alike.
5. (a) ---- the place where he used to (b) ---- his living the man was (c) ------ by two colliding (d) ------.
6. The (a) ----- of every lover on (b) ----- beats faster when he sees the moonbeams (c) ---- (d) ---- the treetops.
7. The robber had an (a) ---- and (b) ---- (c) ---- on his face when he wrested the (d) ---- from the victim's finger.
8. As even (a) ---- slight movement made the (b) ---- of the wounded man worse, the nurse helped him to drink some (c) --- and (d) --- something.
9. When the farmer heard that his renewed (a) ---- not to (b) ---- over the fences of his (c) ----- was ignored again, he was full of (d) -----.
10. The lawyer asked the next of (a) --- for some (b) --- and then put his (c) ---- on the document, uttering a hearty (d) ----, thereby closing the case.

(Answers will be found on page 79)

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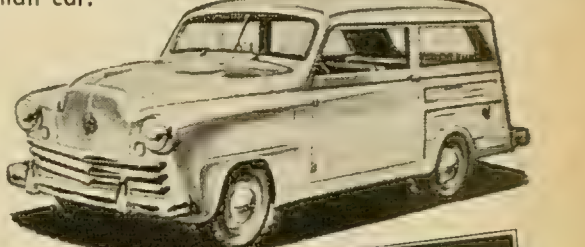

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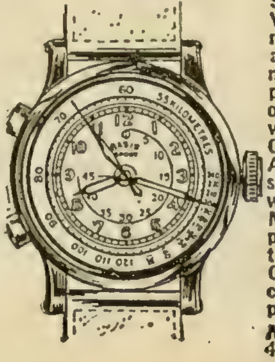

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(*Continued from page 75*)

artist, picked up from Rochester at the bargain waiver price of $10,000.

Indians: Luke Easter; Herbert Conyers; pitcher Harold Saltzman, leading winner on the Coast who cost $100,000; Al Rosen, long overdue for third-base stardom.

Tigers: Saul Rogovin, who helped pitch Buffalo to the I.L. pennant.

Athletics: Bob Hooper, native Canadian who won 19 and lost only 3 at Buffalo; second-sacker Gene Markland, who drove in 90 runs and walloped 25 homers from Buffalo's lead-off spot.

White Sox: Shortstop Alfonso Carrasquel, the Venezuelan who showed enough in the Texas League to merit a $50,000 purchase, and is slated to succeed Luke Appling.

Senators: Outfielder Irving Noren, slugging Hollywood star; and two of his Pacific Coast League compatriots, southpaw Steve Nagy and catcher Mickey Grasso.

Browns: Outfielder Ken Wood, who hit 32 homers at Baltimore and had 28 assists; pitcher Sid Schacht, Bronx boy who burned up the Eastern League last year.

National League

Dodgers: Bobby Morgan, infielder; Negro pitcher Dan Bankhead, certain to star somewhere in the majors; catcher Steve Lembo, to stick only if Bruce Edwards is traded; Cal Abrams, ready for a do-or-die crack at a regular outfield job after stage-fright flop last spring; right-handed hitting outfielder Bill Antonello, signed by a Dodger scout who ran across him in a downtown sporting-goods shop; Clem Labine, relief prospect from St. Paul.

Cards: First-baseman Steve Bilko, International League RBI king, whose build and stance and power are a throwback to Johnny Mize; Cloyd Boyer, Rochester speed-baller whom the scouts tab as ready for promotion; outfielder Bill Howerton, Columbus slugger.

Braves: Sammy Jethroe, Bob Addis; Roy Hartsfield, A.A. star called "spunkier, scrappier, and speedier than Eddie Stanky"; 21-year-old Norman Roy, precocious right-hander with guts.

Phillies: Outfielder Ed Sanicki, brought up in the final weeks of 1949 in time to beat the Cards in a key game; strike-out star Bob Miller, big and fast; southpaw Jocko Thompson, another Card killer.

Giants: First baseman Jack Harshman, fine fielder whose batting average may improve against the short-fenced Polo Grounds target; Don Mueller, hard-hitting but poor-fielding outfielder; lefty Roger Bowman, Jersey City product with plenty of stuff, though just a wee bit too wild.

Pirates: Dan O'Connell, 20-year-old American Association prodigy who, according to Al Lopez' advice, "will solve Pittsburgh's third-base problem for the next ten years."

Reds: Top prospect is 21-year-old right-hander Frank Smith, work horse of the Texas League, where he posted an earned-run average of 2.39 and won 17 games; Harry Perkowski, southpaw who indicated he was ready when he came up the last two weeks of the 1949 campaign and spun five-hitters against the Giants and Braves; first-sacker Joe Adcock, pride of L.S.U., who hits such a long ball that a spot may have to be made for him, though the first-base incumbent, Ted Kluszewski, was the team's best hitter last year.

Cubs: Two Nashville sluggers seem best—Bob Borkowski, outfielder whose .376 led the Southern Association's batters; and catcher Carl Sawatski, who was runner-up with .360. Also watch rifle-armed Bill Serena at third base.

◆ ◆

THE LAST WORD

Continued from page 34

was gun-shy, began to rear. Jim's horse prudently got out of their way and the buckboard went rattling down the trail—the wrong way, toward town.

The sheriff sawed on the reins until he got the frightened horses enough under control so he could slip his gun back into its holster. Then he forced the team to turn around.

Jim MacLean's horse still stood in the road. But Jim himself lay on the ground.

"That's funny," Sheriff Lomax declared suspiciously. "I only shot him in the shoulder of his gun arm, just enough to make him wish he hadn't started nothin'. I wouldn't kill him no more'n he would kill me. Marthy'd never forgive either of us." He pulled up the rig alongside. "Guess you'd better look at him, Doc."

Doc Reedy held up his manacled wrist.

"All right, all right." The sheriff fished out his keys from his pocket. They were on the end of a light chain. "You couldn't get away from me here anyhow." He unlocked the handcuffs.

Doc Reedy got out of the buckboard and examined the wounded man. "Hit his head on a rock, I guess, when he fell off his horse. He's unconscious." He had Jim's shirt open and was feeling inside. "The bullet struck him in the shoulder, just as you said. He's bleeding quite a lot."

"Fix him up so's he won't cash in," the sheriff ordered from his driver's seat. "I wouldn't want the ornery cuss to die out here. But hurry up. It's dark already."

"I've got to have a knife to cut away his shirt. Have you got one?"

"A bowie, yeah, but I ain't goin' to trust you with it—not the way things are." The sheriff climbed out with the reins in his hand and knelt beside the doctor. "Show me where. I'll do any cuttin' there is."

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The sheriff bent over with his knife in his hand. Then, with a gusty sigh, he fell forward across the inert body of his son-in-law.

Doc Reedy laid aside a small rounded boulder and said regretfully, "It's lucky I'm a doctor, Sheriff, and knew right where to hit you so it won't hurt much when you come out of it." Exerting all of his strength, he rolled the sheriff off MacLean and stretched them out side by side. "Sorry I have to do this, Sheriff," he said as he fastened the two men together with the handcuffs, "but I've got to make sure you won't interfere with my medical practice."

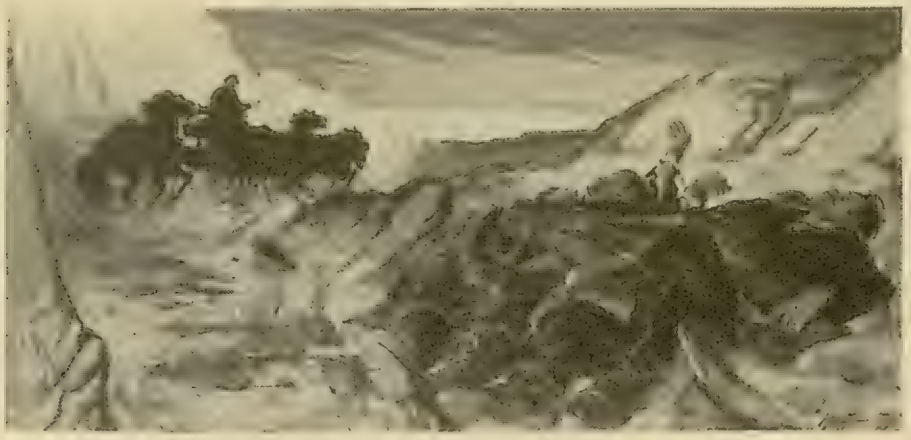
Then Doc Reedy picked up the bowie knife, slit Jim MacLean's shirt away from his shoulder, and examined the wound to find out if the bullet had gone all the way through. It had. He tore his own handkerchief into two pieces, used them as pads on either side of the shoulder, and bound them in place with strips torn from his patient's shirt.

"Drop in tomorrow and I'll put on a fresh dressing," he said professionally, and added, "if you can find me."

It seemed like a good idea to appropriate the key to the handcuffs and also the weapons of both men so they couldn't hurt each other.

As a final act of kindness Doc Reedy spread the buffalo robe from the buckboard over the unconscious companions. "Someone will come along the trail pretty soon and take you boys back to town, I hope."

He tied Jim's horse to the rear of the buckboard, took the reins of the team from the sheriff's hands and drove off, singing rather cheerfully. Something, alcohol perhaps, or the consciousness of a good deed well done, had chased the gloom from Doc Reedy's heart.



Jim MacLean was the first to regain consciousness. Maybe he hadn't entirely lost it. Anyway what he said was, "Thanks, Doc." He did not seem much surprised either, to find the wrist of his left arm fastened to his father-in-law's right.

The sheriff was surprised, though, and mad too, when he came out of it. He used a lot of explosive Confederate cavalry language to express his opinion of Doc Reedy. "He took the rig and your horse too," he added gloomily, "so we'll have to walk back to town."

"We'll have to walk all right," Jim agreed, "but not back to town. We're going to my place."

"And let that conglomerated medical jailbird get away? I got to get together a posse and chase the cuss up in the hills where he's probably went."

"We're going to my place, I said," his son-in-law reiterated positively. "Martha's like to die out there all by herself. Do you think you could drag me in any other direction?"

The sheriff hesitated.

Jim continued, "Besides, you wouldn't want to walk into town wearin' your own handcuffs, would you? You'd never hear the end of it. I've got a cold chisel in my barn I can knock off these bracelets with."

That won the argument. Sheriff Lomax knew he couldn't face the ridicule of his constituents. "All right," he grumbled, "but I won't go into the house. I said I'd never cross your doorstep and I'm not goin' to."

It was a long walk. The moon came up, making gray-purple shadows along the trail and in the canyon.

Along toward midnight they arrived in sight of Jim MacLean's ranch house. It was a tiny shedlike structure, built from the ramshackle ruins of long-abandoned gold-prospectors' shacks.

"Look, Sheriff," Jim said, a new lift in his voice. "There's a light in the window. Martha must be better. Come on."

Against his declared determination, the sheriff was dragged into the house. Jim was in no mood to argue the matter. He wanted to be with his wife.

As they entered, there was no one in sight. But there was a roaring fire in the small kitchen stove.

Then a door opposite to the entrance opened and Doc Reedy in his shirt sleeves came out hurriedly, a wooden bucket in his hand.

"Took you two a helluva long time to get here," he observed.

"You expected us?" the sheriff asked, amazement in his voice.

"I figured on it. And I certainly need your help." Doc Reedy set the pail down on the floor and took the sheriff's keys out of his pocket. After he had unlocked the handcuffs he handed the pail to the sheriff. "Empty this and draw some fresh water." And then, when the sheriff stood there uncertainly, "Move, dammit! Martha and I need a lot of help. Jim, you go and tell Martha you and her dad are here. That'll do her more good than anything else. I'll send the sheriff in as soon as he comes back."

Not entirely understanding why he obeyed, Sheriff Lomax did exactly as he was told up to and including going into the bedroom and awkwardly holding his daughter's hand.

"I knew you'd come, Daddy," she said, just like a little girl. She held his hand against her cheek for a minute. Then she sighed and let go.

When Sheriff Lomax left Jim alone with his wife again, Doc Reedy was waiting for him in the main room of the shack.

"I left the team still harnessed out in back. Drive the rig back to town and get my black visiting bag. And in the old bookcase alongside my desk there are some instruments. I wouldn't be able to describe the ones I need well enough so you could pick 'em out. Just dump the lot in a grain sack and bring 'em along. And hurry!"

The sheriff did hurry. He was back in forty minutes with practically everything in the way of equipment that Doc Reedy owned.

"Now roll up your sleeves and wash your hands like you never washed 'em before," the doctor ordered.

"What for?" the sheriff asked suspiciously.

"You're going to help me save Martha's life—if it can be done."

"Why me? Why not the Yank?"

"He's got a bullet wound in his shoulder, remember? I need a man with two hands."

"But I—"

"Look, Sheriff, if you deputized

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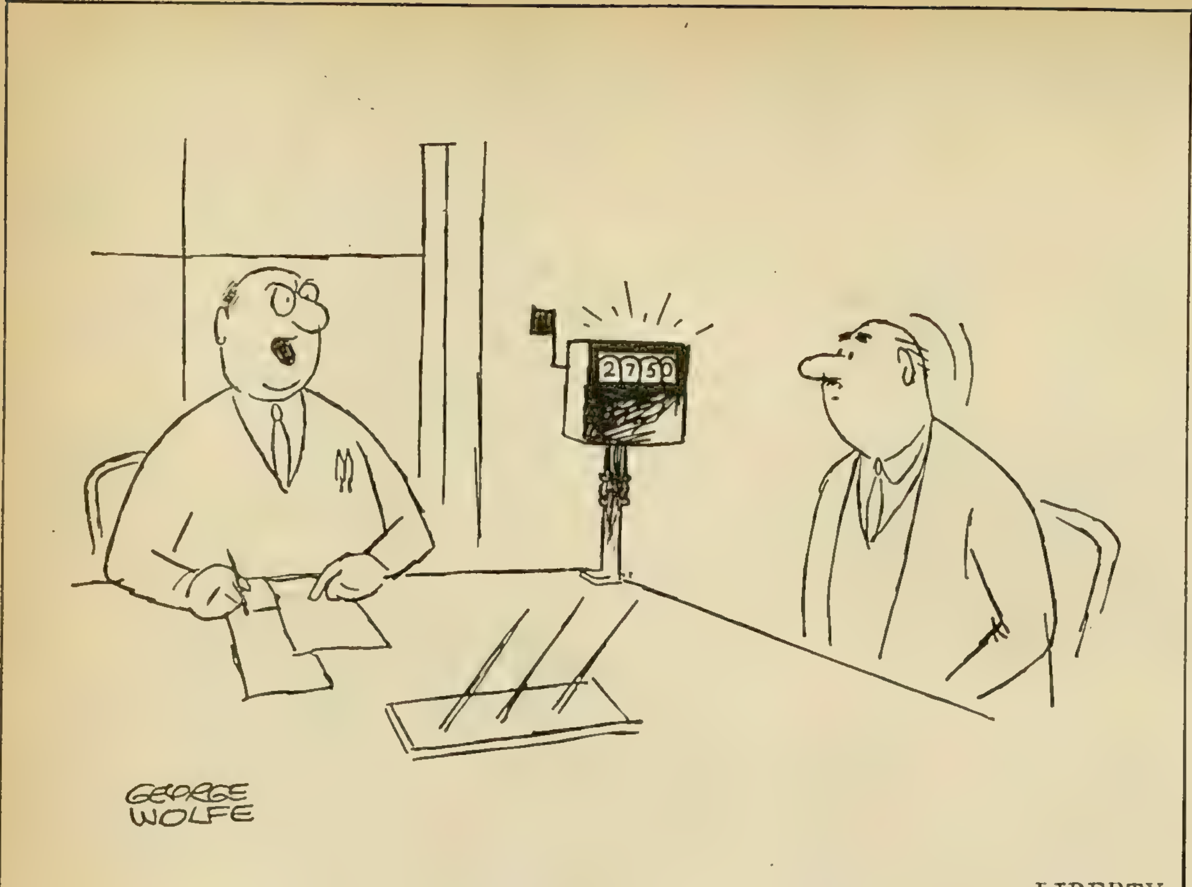

"It reminds visitors that time is money!"

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me to serve on a posse I wouldn't have any reasonable argument for refusing, would I?"

"No, I guess not."

"All right. I'm swearin' you in. Get ready. We have to hurry."

It was the longest forty-five minutes in the entire existence of Sheriff George Lomax. He had seen men killed and wounded in battle and he had even acted as orderly once for a few days in a field hospital, but that was a different sort of experience. This was his own daughter—the youngster he had carried around on his shoulder. Besides, he didn't understand the Caesarian operation, hardly anyone did, and it seemed like either a murder or a miracle.

But Sheriff Lomax, mindful of his oath to Doc Reedy, did exactly as he was told, even if his hands were not quite so steady as the doctor's. Finally he carried the boy out to the kitchen, greased him with bear's grease and dressed him in the nightgown which Martha had made from a flour sack. After that he let Jim hold him.

"What about Martha?" Jim asked fearfully.

"We don't know yet." The sheriff spoke as professionally as a full colleague of Doc Reedy. "But, by heck, she's in good hands. Doc is sure wonderful. You take good care of little George here. I gotta go back and help Doc some more."

◆ It was a long time later, perhaps an hour before dawn, that Doc Reedy ceased to hover over Martha's bed like some kind of guardian angel. "She'll live," he said with a tired sigh.

He and the sheriff joined the hollow-eyed father in the kitchen. The sheriff got breakfast for all hands. Nothing was said while they ate. Then, "You ready to go, Doc?"

"Yes."

"You ain't takin' him to jail after what he did last night?" MacLean demanded.

"I'm the sheriff of Rimfire City—" Lomax began.

"I don't care who the hell you are." His son-in-law was rising from his chair.

"It's all right, Jim," Doc Reedy told him. "Helping Martha with her baby was my business. Taking me to Los Altos is his business. We each have to do what we expect of ourselves."

He gave Jim instructions for caring for his son and his wife and wished him luck. "Come on, Sheriff. Let's roll."

Jim MacLean regarded with sullen animosity the door through which the two men had departed. With sudden determination he took down a rifle that hung over the door and started to leave. But a sudden distressed cry from the baby halted him and he turned back to his new duty.

"Whatever your name is goin' to be," he said as he picked up the youngster, "I know it ain't a-goin' to be George, not by a jugful."

◆ The sun had not been up long when the door opened and Sheriff Lomax walked in. He looked tireder than when he left.

Jim came out of the bedroom and scowled at him. "What are you doin' here? You ain't welcome in my house."

"As sheriff of this county I got a right to investigate anybody's house—especially if I ain't sure the children are bein' done right by." He went to the homemade crib and looked down critically at the baby. "Already you got the little rascal's pants on backside before."

Light began to dawn on the child's father. "You haven't drove all the way to Los Altos and back already?"

"No-o," admitted the sheriff haltingly. "As a matter of fact Doc Reedy overpowered me up the canyon a piece. Dumped me right out of the buckboard he did, and drove off like mad. I couldn't ketch him."

"And you let him take your six-gun away from you too, I see."

"Yeah. We had a terrible fight." By this time Sheriff Lomax had the baby's diaper on the way he thought was right. Anyway it was different. "I got to go back to town pretty soon and get me up a posse to go after Doc. I thought I'd stop by here and borrow your horse. My feet are tired. How about it?"

Jim MacLean said dubiously, "The critter ain't been fed yet and I got to fix the saddle. It'll take a couple of hours, I guess."

"That's all right. I wasn't aimin' to get to town until after dark. I can spend the time gettin' acquainted with this young feller here. Got any idee yet what sorta name you're fancyin' to give the little cuss?"

Jim grinned at his father-in-law. "Yeah. I just now decided. His name is George." ◆ ◆

LIBERTY VACATIONS—IN CANADA

Continued from page 57

Prince Edward Island, so aptly called "The Garden of the Gulf."

Ottawa is the city where the laws of the nation are enacted. Parliament Hill and the Houses of Parliament are gray-stoned in a setting of wide-flung lawns, marked with bronze memorials to past Canadian statesmen.

Ontario is Canada's greatest manufacturing province and the most populous, but within the boundaries of its vast area are thousands of attractive vacation spots. Northern Ontario still remains a region of virgin forests, rivers, and lakes abounding with game and fish. Toronto offers you big-city fare.

Manitoba proclaims itself to be "Inside the Rim of Adventure," and when you see its wonders, you'll know why. Whiteshell Provincial Park is a glorious chunk of unspoiled nature about 85 miles from Winnipeg over the Trans-Canada Highway, and its forest reserve offers scenery rarely found so close to prairie stretches. Its many lakes and streams invite the canoeist and promise prize catches for the angler. There are small-mouth black bass; lake, brown, and speckled trout. And you'll see moose, caribou, and deer, beaver, muskrat, and fox roaming the park in large numbers.

The magnificent Rocky Mountain National Parks of Alberta—Jasper, Banff, and Waterton Lakes among them—have won world acclaim. Their natural beauty and wildlife enthrall the most blasé visitor. One of the thrilling wonders of the Canadian west begins east of Banff, at Calgary, in the foothills of the Rockies. Here, in July, the descendants of pioneers stage the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede.

On the farthest western side of the Dominion, British Columbia adjoins our Pacific-coast State of Washington. There are mountains everywhere — snow - capped peaks which shoulder their way westward to a glorious fiorded coastline. Vancouver, with its pretty land-locked harbor and its busy water front, is Canada's western gateway to the rest of the world. It is one of the continent's great ports, and ships of every flag can be seen at its piers. Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, is one of the most attractive cities in North America.

Wherever you go in Canada, or by whatever means, you need fear no lack of comfort. Trains are air-conditioned, motor highways are well kept, and the hotels are as luxurious as any of the best in the country. Even the out-of-the-way places offer adequate, homelike accommodations. Your own local Travel Agent will be glad to help you prepare your trip to Canada. Or drop a note to LIBERTY's Travel Department, telling us what part of Canada you are most interested in and we will send free descriptive folders.

◆ ◆

HIS PULPIT IS A MOVIE SCREEN

Continued from page 60 • • • • •

status in a family. He can talk authoritatively about any aspect of production and he's been known to take a camera apart and put it together again, since he works his own projector at home during private showings for his family. In one picture, The Difference, a scene with an assembly line of electrical motors was being set up—with the Rev. Friedrich directing where the equipment should go and how it should be adjusted. After years of tinkering with a complete miniature railroad he constructed himself, a factory assembly line was peanuts to him!

In his effort to save expenses on props, a lot of the material for sets is often borrowed, and half the time Dr. Friedrich uses his own clothes or equipment from his own church, St. Michael's and All-Angels Episcopalian Church in Sherman Oaks, California, of which he is associate. He prefers that to the active parish responsibility, because it leaves more time for Cathedral films and his Sunday-school work.

Although Cathedral has no contract with crew members except for each individual picture, and commercial movie makers could probably outbid it on salary increases, most of the personnel asks to come back to work on new productions. A shooting day usually starts at 8 A.M. and ends about 7 P.M. Although that means running into overtime pay, it often saves an extra half-day lost by restarting cold the next day. Nights, the company watches the rushes from the previous day. Regular Hollywoodites express great surprise that the script, usually only a bare outline during shooting, turns into well-integrated dialogue and action on film.

The most interesting thing about a Cathedral production is that it begins and ends with a special prayer service conducted by the Rev. Friedrich. Each day before work there is also a brief service. He never permits anyone to forget that this work is not for profit, not for fun, but to teach the word of God in a manner in which it will not be easily forgotten.

Most of the Bible films run from 20 to 40 minutes each, taking from two days to a week to shoot. Only one two-parter has been filmed—Queen Esther. The only serial produced so far is The Life of St. Paul, of which seven installments have been completed, with seven more yet to be done. Each film is complete in itself, and the idea is a revised version of Dr. Friedrich's seminary thesis—a movie script on the life of St. Paul.

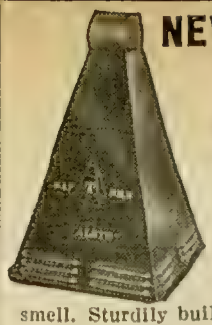
In 1939 few churches were equipped with projectors, screens, or movie equipment, and the Rev. Friedrich had either to persuade dealers to rent their projectors at a nominal rate, or coax churches to purchase such equipment outright. Today more than 50,000 churches have projectors or access to one, and this number is constantly growing.

The films are made available in the United States and many foreign

(Continued on page 80)

Answers to WHO KNOWS HOW TO SOAK OAKS? on Page 75

1-a. Aide	1-b. Idea	1-c. Thin	1-d. Hint
2-a. Tough	2-b. Ought	2-c. Tables	2-d. Ablest
3-a. Wane	3-b. Anew	3-c. Height	3-d. Eighth
4-a. Shade	4-b. Hades	4-c. Stop	4-d. Tops
5-a. Near	5-b. Earn	5-c. Struck	5-d. Trucks
6-a. Heart	6-b. Earth	6-c. Rove	6-d. Over
7-a. Evil	7-b. Vile	7-c. Grin	7-d. Ring
8-a. Each	8-b. Ache	8-c. Tea	8-d. Eat
9-a. Plea	9-b. Leap	9-c. Range	9-d. Anger
10-a. Kin	10-b. Ink	10-c. Name	10-d. Amen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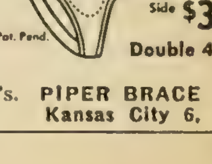
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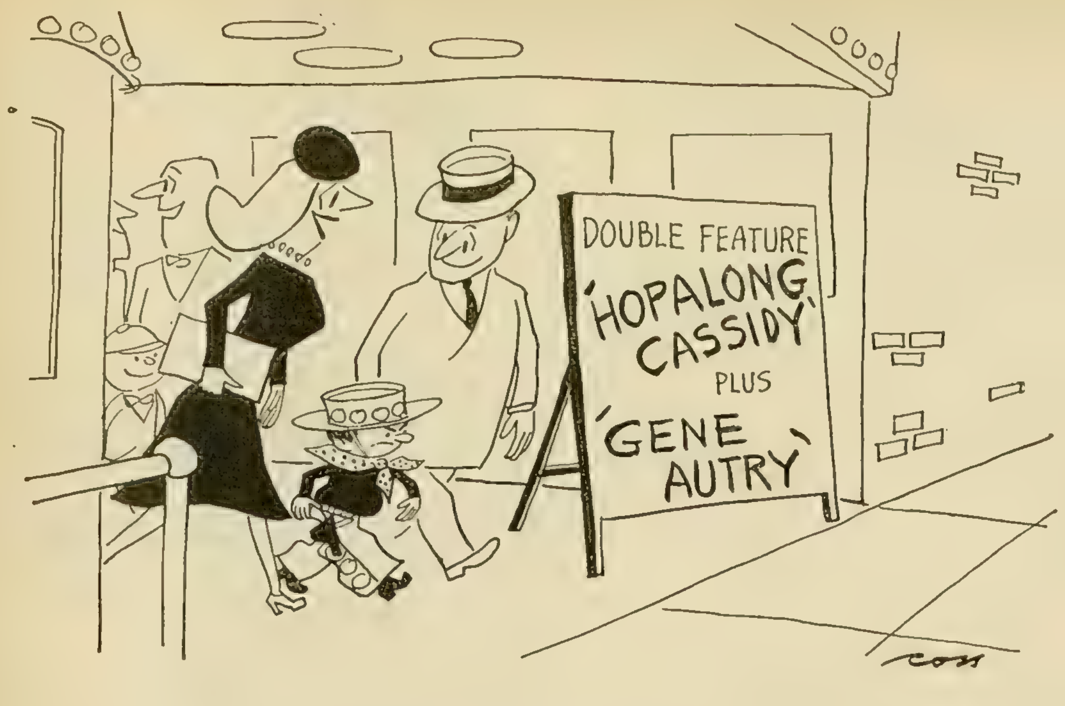

LIBERTY

"Now he's Hopalong Autry!"

countries such as New Zealand and Australia through a network of more than 300 distributors, including the denominational bookstores, the Religious Film Association, the Y.M.C.A. libraries. Many commercial photo shops and dealers also handle religious films. In fact, many clubs and individuals rent such religious films for private use as often as cartoons or Westerns or 16-millimeter versions of the latest Hollywood feature.

When a film made for a religious group is rented, half the rental goes to the agency or library, 30 per cent of the balance to Cathedral, and the remainder to the religious group owning the film. Both Cathedral and other such groups operate on a nonprofit basis, using fee earnings to make more films.

The rental rates of Cathedral films in 16-millimeter black-and-white are: one reel, $3 a day; 2 reels, $6; 3 reels, $8, and 4 reels, $10 or $12, with color films twice the price. The rate for a special film may fluctuate a dollar or so, but at these low prices no group need be denied the use of the films for economic reasons, and quick turnover of the films from one organization to another guarantees the return of a film's cost within a comparatively short time. The financial set-up now is a lot different from Cathedral's youth, when it was months before enough money came back to produce a new film.

That was during the period when nobody believed in the future of Cathedral Films—nobody, that is, except James Friedrich and his patient wife, Elaine. Like many ministers' wives, she had always felt that whatever her husband wished to do, *she* wished to do. The day his first short film was completed, she persuaded him to try out his design for Sunday-school teaching on their oldest daughter, then four, and three of the little girl's friends. Today children from all sections of the San Fernando Valley come to the "motion-picture Sunday school," duplicating what is happening in Sunday schools everywhere.

The Rev. Friedrich's first experience with visual aids, like that of most people, began with his own attendance at Sunday school, when the teacher ended each lesson by giving the pupils brightly colored pictures of a Bible story. He can still remember some of them distinctly, but at that time had no idea they would affect him so deeply.

Born in Red Wing, Minnesota, on August 22, 1903, the young Jim Friedrich wanted nothing more than to stay out of a rut. He had no wish to be part of his father's wholesale grocery business. By 1931 he had a $100,000 legacy from his father and an urge to be doing something constructive. That was when he met the Rev. Earle B. Jewell, the Red Wing parish rector.

"At that time," the Rev. Jewell now recalls, "James was a very energetic young man—he had a car, a Chris-Craft motorboat on the river; he had just come back from a trip to Honolulu, and he was vitally interested in railroads. I felt that if all his energy could be harnessed and directed toward a set purpose, Jim Friedrich would accomplish great things."

The Rev. Jewell didn't realize then how greatly *he* was to influence and guide that energy. Within the next six years James Friedrich graduated from a seminary in Virginia, spent some time assisting the Rev. Jewell in Red Wing, and finally persuaded his bishop to have him transferred to Hollywood to serve as an assistant there while he experimented with his ideas on religious films. He assured the bishop that even if he lost the whole $100,000, there was still a trust fund on which he and his growing family could live. If he didn't lose the money, it would go into Cathedral Films anyway, and his family could still live on the trust fund. Which is the way things turned out.

After the debacle of The Great Commandment, Cathedral Films laid stress upon one thing—"The only business of the motion picture in the church is to teach." And the four men whom Dr. Friedrich has gathered around him to form Cathedral's board have helped fulfill this policy to the letter. Besides film director John T. Coyle, there are Charles Wayne, the business manager; Brunon Motley, an Indianapolis distributor with a partner who tends to business at home while Mr. Motley and his wife travel in a trailer handling Cathedral's field distribution; and Ralph Merriam, a lawyer who works part time for Cathedral. This board meets once a week, deciding on future films and settling the business details of current ones. To date, more than 50 films have been produced under Cathedral's supervision.

The matter of making films for other religious groups started about six years ago when the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church asked Cathedral to make We Too Receive. Actually, this started a new type of religious fund-raising film, because it set the impetus for that group's Every Member Canvass, the period when pledges are taken for the annual budget. That year, several million extra dollars came from churches all over the nation. The film told of a young American flyer who had been shot down by the Japanese over New Guinea, was rescued and hidden by a group of natives who carried him over dangerous mountain trails. When nearly exhausted, they were inspired to continue by the native leader who started them singing Onward, Christian Soldiers. The party arrived safely at a U. S. Army hospital.

While completely fictitious, this story was factual to a great many people, because months later letters still were arriving stating that the very same thing had happened to friends of the writers.

To the average nonreligious moviegoer such plots as this might sound like pure "corn," but to churchgoers, with their faith in God, the simplicity of the story is its very appeal. It was because of this that the United Lutherans decided to have Cathedral Films work with them too, and the most recent Lutheran film—a 45-minute, 4½-reel story, The Difference—dramatically tells the difference between

(*Continued on page 82*)

RECENT RULINGS

By HAROLD HELFER

Washington, D. C.: A husband can't leave his wife just because she won't cook for him.—*Judge Alexander Holtzoff.*

Huntington, W. Va.: Policemen can't look with longing eyes at apples, cigars, or any such items of merchandise in local stores.—*Mayor Douglas Tomkies.*

Cleveland, Ohio: A wife has a perfect right to search her husband's trousers and remove therefrom what money she needs.—*Judge Samuel H. Silbert.*

New Orleans: A Congressman is not duty-bound to get his constituents out of jail.—*U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals.*

Detroit, Mich.: A boss who steals a kiss from an employee is guilty of assault and battery.—*Judge O. Z. Ide.*

Washington, D. C.: Bumpass Hell is not profanity but the proper and legitimate name of a town in northern California. —*U. S. Board on Geographical Names.*

Brooklyn, N. Y.: A landlord has no right to dictate how many baths a tenant may take.—*Magistrate Frances W. Liehrich.*

Christchurch, N. Z.: Women are contrary. They don't know what they want until you give them what you think they want, and then always it is something else they wanted.—*Supreme Court Justice Fleming.*

Bridgeton, N. J. Habitual tipplers will have to pay rent for their cells.—*Mayor Bertram Aitken.*

Lake George, N. Y.: It is illegal to import sharks and harness them to water skiffs.—*New York Conservation Department.*

Pittsburgh: No matter how much of an allergy a citizen may have toward paying taxes, he has no right to cuss out an employer who deducts them from his pay.—*Unemployment Compensation Board of Review.*

Raleigh, N. C.: The pigeons on the state's Capitol square are squatters and not wards of the state.—*Building Superintendent George Cherry.*

Trenton, N. J.: A punch in the face is one of the recognized risks in carrying on labor-management relations, and the person punched is entitled to benefits under the workmen's compensation act. — *New Jersey Supreme Court.*

Nottingham, England: Before a headmaster may strike a student, the headmaster must indulge in a 30-minute cooling-off period.—*Nottinghamshire County Council.*

Atlanta, Ga.: Being Santa Claus is the only duty important enough to be excused from serving on the jury. —*Judge Frank A. Hooper.*

Cadiz, Ohio: It is illegal for children to ride tricycles, wagons, or scooters on the sidewalks.—*Town Council.*

Trenton, N. J.: A car used to steal something is just as guilty as its owner and subject to confiscation. — *Federal Judge Phillip Forman.*

Montgomery, Ala.: It is against the law to operate a pinball machine in Alabama; but if you do, you've got to pay a tax.—*Attorney General Albert A. Carmichael.*

Annapolis, Md.: When you call a man a "screwball" in Maryland, it's no worse than if you called him a "souphead" in New Jersey.—*Judge Edward S. Delaplaine.*

Savannah, Ga.: It is forbidden for students to bring comic books to school.—*Principals Arthur J. Funk and Richard Arnold.*

Cedar Rapids, Iowa: Slapping a wife's backside is not necessarily "cruel and inhuman treatment" and may be nothing more than playful antics between husband and wife. —*Judge Floyd Philbrick.*

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by Mary Lasswell—

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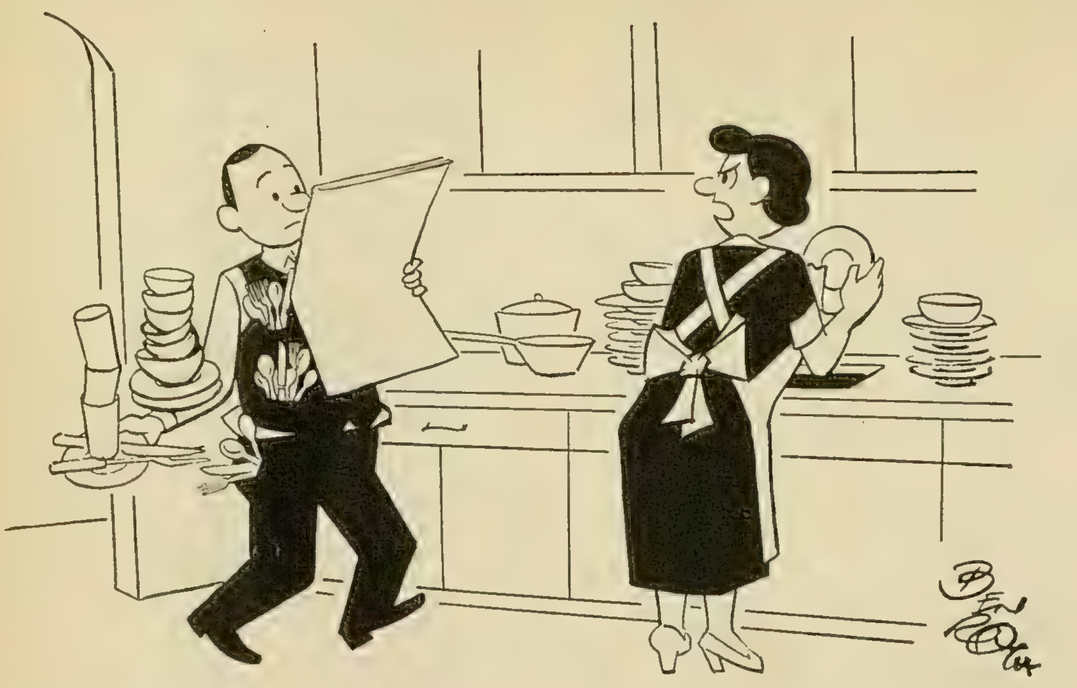


"All right, never mind helping me clear the table. Sit down and read your paper!"

(*Continued from page 80*)

church colleges and regular ones, and why young Lutherans should be sent to the former. It was produced to spearhead a campaign of the United Lutheran Church to raise $6 million for 14 church colleges and 9 seminaries in the United States and Canada. The United Lutherans show their films, usually written by their church steward, Henry Endress, to their own 4,100 congregations before releasing them through Cathedral to other denominations.

Cathedral Films never forgets that its original success was with Sunday-school use of Bible films, and stress is still laid on that work. The first showing of any Cathedral film is in Dr. Friedrich's own Sunday school. On the Sunday before the showing of the picture, he tells the children the story they are going to see. This is done so that the real values of the story may be pointed out beforehand, and they will grasp the film's full meaning as they see it on the screen. Following worship on the next Sunday, he shows the film, and on the third Sunday there is a film quiz. That is the most important Sunday of all.

The Rev. Friedrich at that time borrows Professor Quiz's technique from radio: By putting a microphone on the end of a long pole and by using the sound-motion-picture-projector amplifying unit, he calls on various children to answer questions concerning the film. They are helped in recalling scenes by still photos of the original motion picture projected on the screen. Score is kept, of course, as the boys and girls compete to answer the most questions. Film strips of still pictures and a study guide are made available on each motion picture for the purpose of such programs.

Cathedral Films was criticized by some churchgoers because an actor portrayed Jesus in some of the Bible stories. Nelson Leigh, the actor, also plays the role of Christ in the Passion plays in the Pilgrimage Bowl, Hollywood.

"We're not embarrassed by such criticism," the Reverend explains, "because we believe children and even adults find Christ more real if they can actually see Him in these Bible stories."

If you get the idea from his work that the Rev. James Friedrich is some sort of saint on earth, then guess again! He's the first to admit that he's got a fast temper and blows up easily, but he calms down just as quickly.

The minister's three children—Marilyn, Martha, and Jimmy—form a private juvenile advisory board on all Cathedral's finished films. Behind their comfortable seven-room house in Sherman Oaks is the small building that houses the private projection room and miniature railroad. The children have appeared in some of Cathedral's films, but are too young to decide whether acting will be their eventual career.

Not so Dr. Friedrich's secretary, Virginia Wave, the daughter of a Methodist minister who combines secretarial work with religious movie acting. As a result, she received the religious film award as the best actress for her portrayal of Haman's wife in Queen Esther. She currently portrays a college girl in that Lutheran film, The Difference.

The Rev. Friedrich likes to feel his films are giving aspiring talent a chance, although every once in a while a recognized performer will ask for a chance to contribute his or her services to a picture. He likes to remember that Ralph Morgan, a fine actor, played the role of Dr. Hartman in And Now I See, a film on Christian stewardship produced for the United Lutheran Church.

"I don't know who was nearer to tears on that occasion," Dr. Friedrich recalls—"Mr. Morgan, for being part of the film, or we, for having him participate."

During the filming of his latest picture, the Rev. Friedrich stepped into the sound truck to listen to the dialogue as it was being recorded. Since it was dark in the truck, the sound man couldn't see who it was and, in chatting, mentioned that the boys at the laboratory were kidding him about working on a religious picture.

"I don't mind now," he confessed. "This is swell. This is the kind of movie I want my kids to see."

"And what greater reward could there be for us," the Rev. James Friedrich wants to know, "than the knowledge that making religious films is as much God's work as the pen or the printing press?" ◆ ◆

ONE ON THE HOUSE

If you can use a good laugh and a fast, heart-warming story, read the condensation of ONE ON THE HOUSE, by Mary Lasswell. Mrs. Feeley, Mrs. Rasmussen, and Miss Tinkham—remember them in HIGH TIME?—find themselves with $3.87 and the width of the United States between them and home. But they stick together and keep moving. You'd never guess where they finish, or how.

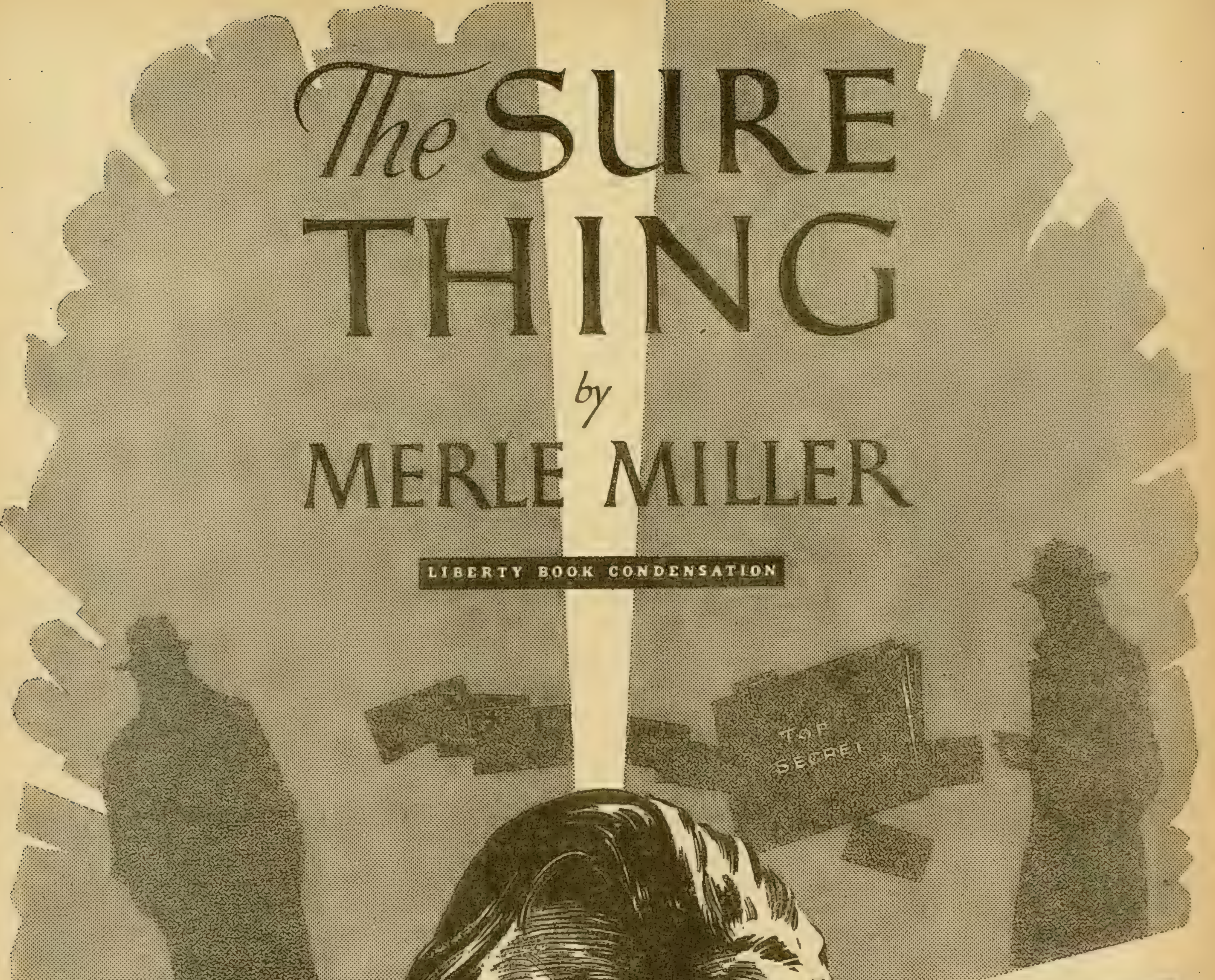
In LIBERTY Next Month

The SURE THING

by

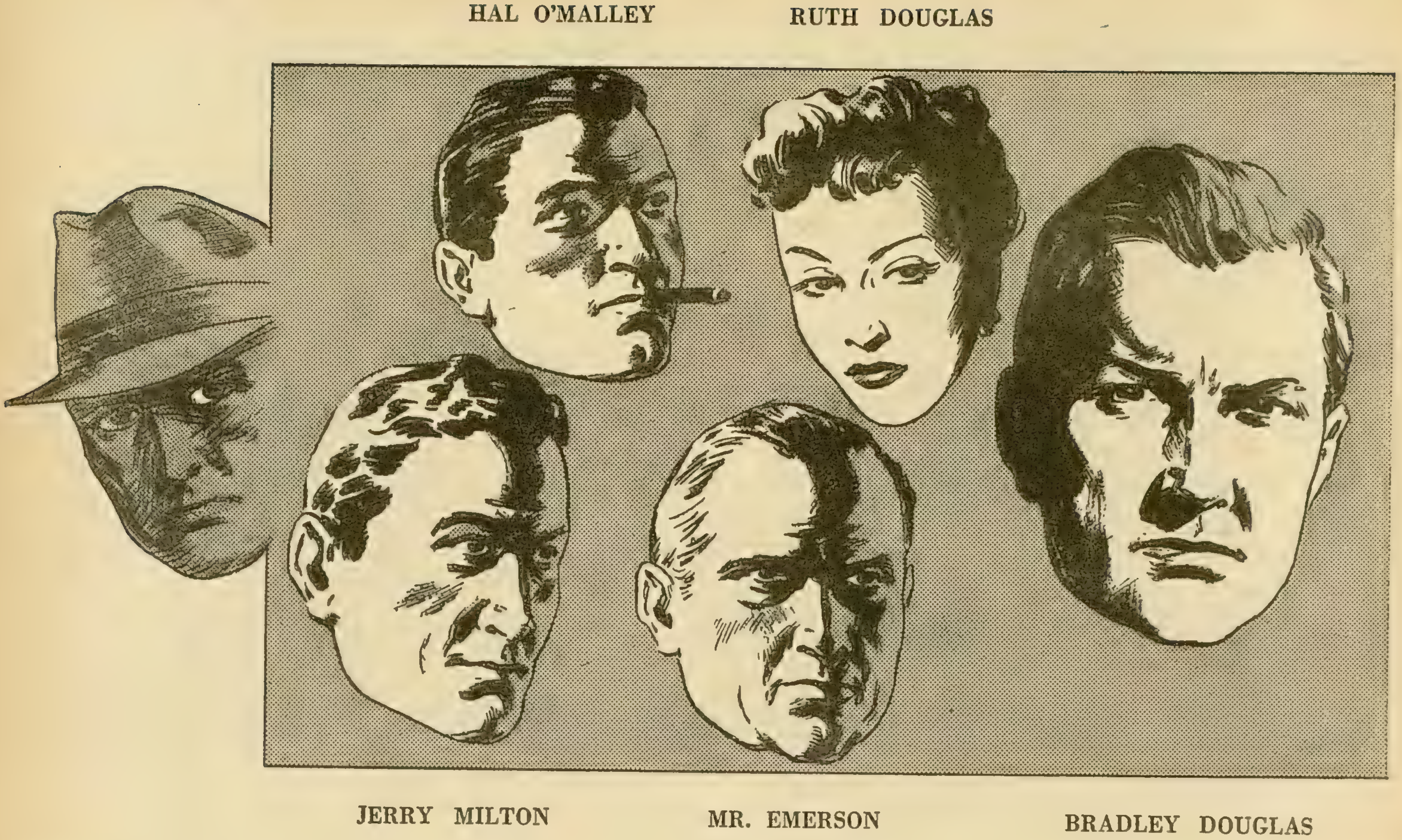
MERLE MILLER

LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION



Illustrated by Paul Orban

READING TIME ONE EVENING



LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION

WHEN the phone rang, Laurie edged up to a sitting position, forced open a single eye, looked briefly at herself in the frameless mirror across the bed, and reached over Brad for the phone.

"Yes," she said, annoyance in her voice. It was only 7:30. "Yes," she repeated, clearing her throat. There was a silence, and then a voice, half muffled, "Mr. Douglas?"

"He's asleep," said Laurie, the annoyance still there. "Can you call in about—" She had meant to say half an hour, but the phone at the other end was quietly replaced on the hook.

Laurie held her phone for a moment, as if the voice were still there. Then she reached back across Brad and returned the phone to its cradle. She lowered her lips to Brad's left ear and lightly brushed the lobe. Brad stirred.

"Whozat?" he asked, turning toward her.

"It was for you," she said. "They hung up."

"Who?"

"It was some man, and he hung up before I had a chance to ask who it was."

Brad sat up, his feet touching the floor, fumbling for his slippers.

"Who'd it sound like?" he asked, his voice faraway but not sleepy.

"I don't know," said Laurie. "It sounded funny, like talking through a filter."

By the time Brad had finished dressing, which he did very rapidly, Laurie already had the frozen orange juice on the table, plus the coffee, a little stronger than Brad liked, and much stronger than she liked. ("Next time," Brad had said, "before I pop the question I'll find out if she can make coffee. I never seem to be able to find a woman who can make coffee.")

"Good morning, Mrs. Douglas," Brad said, kissing her on the forehead.

Laurie put down the *Washington Post,* at which she had been glancing. She stared at Brad, still feeling, after all this time, that he might some morning be gone, that she must memorize every line in his face, must know that his lower lip was fuller than the upper, that the lid of one eye, the right, drooped slightly lower than the other, that when he lowered his head to read, the hint of a second chin appeared. But he's still too thin, she thought, and he looks tired. It had been almost three years since Brad had had a vacation; he had taken only two days off for a honeymoon, and he nearly always went to the office on Saturdays.

As always, he drank his orange juice in two gulps, and his first cup of coffee almost as quickly, the second a little more slowly. He rose, kissed her once on the mouth and said, "By the way, sweetie, if anybody else calls, try to find out who it is." He made the remark casually, but Laurie sensed that there was more in his voice.

"You haven't forgotten about tonight have you?" she asked.

"No," said Brad grimly.

"Goodbye, darling," she said, patting his hand. "I love you."

"Umm," said Brad. "I love you, too." And then he was gone.

◆ For the last eight days—Brad had only noticed him for the last eight days anyway—a young man had climbed on the trolley at the same time as Brad. There were a half dozen others who'd been doing just that for longer than eight days. And the young man was certainly not the only one who had to be at work at 9:00 A.M. There was no good reason for Brad to have thought, seeing him this morning, of the telephone call. But he did.

The young man sat down in the back of the trolley. His eyes were

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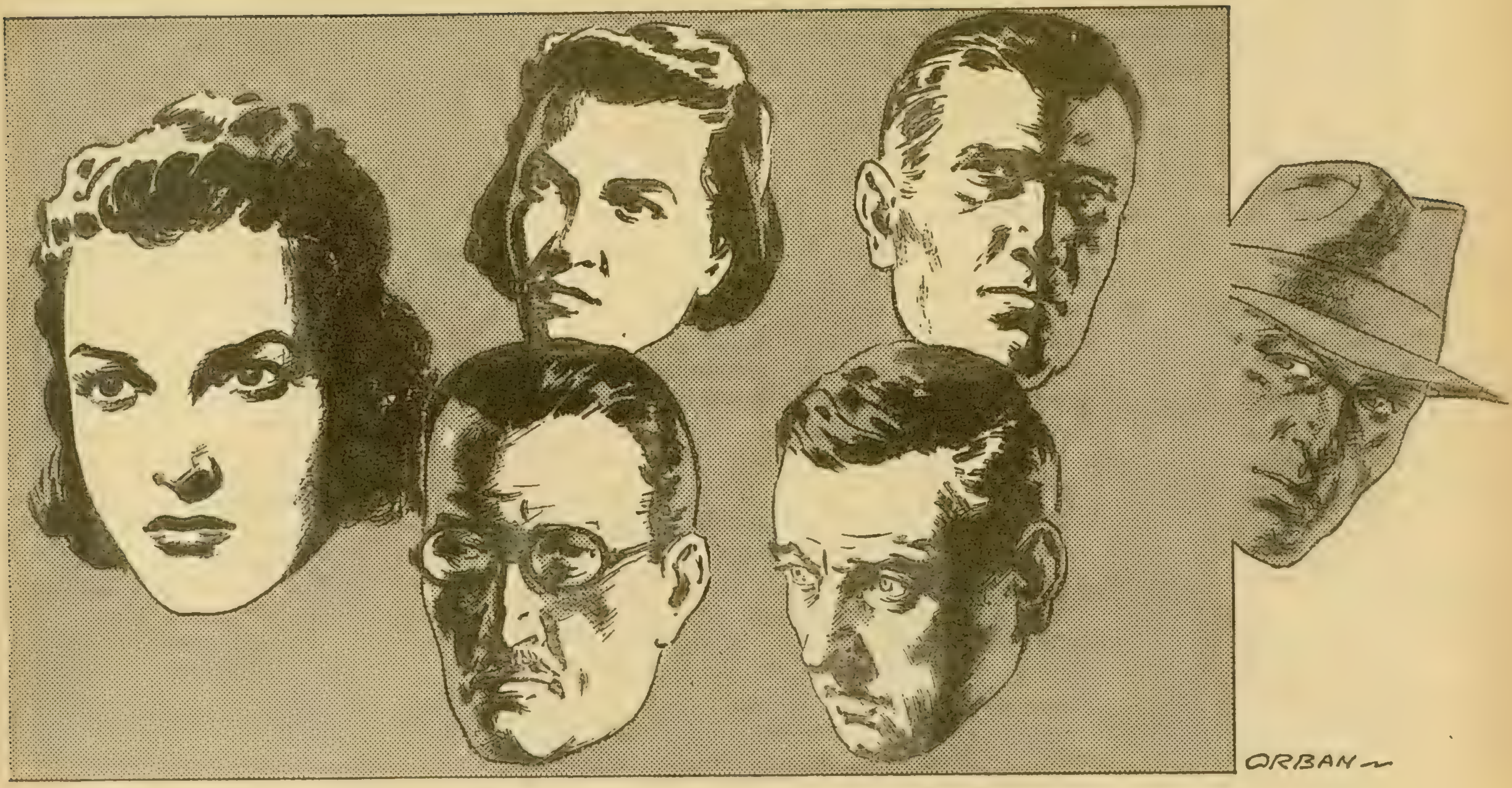


MISS EISENSTEIN GEORGE BABCOCK

LAURIE DOUGLAS MR. WATTERSON DELBERT STEVENS

blue, and his hair a dark brown. Brad noticed that he carried neither a briefcase nor a newspaper, and remembered that, during the eight days, his hands had always been free. They both got off at Lafayette Square. Brad glanced at him once as he walked across the square toward his office in the State Department building, but the young man was looking the other way—or seemed to be.

Brad was early. He was always early, something that Laurie could never understand and which clearly showed, she told him, a sense of insecurity. It meant that he had an inferiority complex. Which was silly, Laurie said.

The mail usually didn't come until 9:16, which was approximately four minutes after Miss Eisenstein arrived. If Miss Eisenstein arrived late, so did the mail; and if she was early, so, peculiarly, was the mail. She was almost terrifyingly efficient in a way which Brad neither quite admired nor understood.

When, just before he left the office the afternoon before, Mr. Emerson had called him for an appointment for this morning, Brad had asked, "Anything special?"

"Nothing too special," Mr. Emerson replied. His voice had sounded urgent, tense and nervous. Mr. Emerson seldom revealed any emotion.

"Good morning, Brad," he said, when Brad went in at eleven.

"Good morning, Mr. Emerson. What's up?" Brad asked, seating himself in the leather chair beside the desk.

"Brad," the voice soft, so soft that Brad had to strain to hear, "do you know Ed Jensen?"

"Not very well," said Brad. "A little. He's from Nebraska, and I think he used to know my grandfather."

"Yes." A pause. "He's on the appropriations committee, you know. It's probably nothing important, Brad, but he seems to dislike you. He believes, if I may quote the gentleman directly, that you are, and here I am using his precise words, a red, radical Communist."

Brad waited, the moment suspended.

"This is not a happy time," Mr. Emerson continued. "It never is after the war's end and after the illusions are gone. A kind of madness sets in. It happened after the last one, and, eventually, the madness subsided. It's happening now, and it probably won't last." He examined his nails. "But meantime, I fear some exceedingly unpretty things may occur."

Mr. Emerson rose and walked toward the window. "You have been indiscreet, Brad. I suppose there is good reason for that. You have been honest, and honest men are able to afford indiscretion."

He wiped the back of his hands with a clean handkerchief. "You know, of course, what may be said about you." He replaced the handkerchief in his trouser pocket.

"I can imagine," said Brad.

"You can imagine," said Mr. Emerson, "and I can predict what will be said, almost to the precise words. You see, Brad, your entire life is recorded, each teacher against whom you in your early youth rebelled, every question which would indicate that you suspected that ours is not the best of all possible worlds, all of these are written down some place in a file marked *Douglas, Bradley,* dominated by the ravings of each of the many enemies a forthright man must make, distorted and colored and not pretty to see.

"And so Mr. Ed Jensen, congressman from your native state, has seen the distortions and feels that he knows everything about you, more than I know about you, which is a great deal. But while my reactions have almost invariably been favorable, Mr. Jensen's have been quite the opposite."

"Look—" Brad began.

"Allow me to talk for one moment, Brad. There also seems to be the matter of Miss Sarah Eisenstein, about whom you have spoken to me. Your suspicions have been justified. Miss Eisenstein is believed to be the same young woman who in the files of the Communist Party in New York is known as Sarah Eisen."

Mr. Emerson returned to his desk. "And then there is Edwin Gilbert Emerson, aged sixty-four, native of Boston, Massachusetts. He comes from an eminently respectable family, it would appear; he is a registered Republican, though he has of late voted the Democratic ticket. He is without question in his dotage. That is the only possible explanation for the fact that he has affixed his signature to certain petitions of doubtful origin and backing."

Mr. Emerson looked older than Brad ever remembered seeing him look. Then he smiled, and his face was young again.

"It's going to be a bad time, Brad," he said. "I'm not sure I want to go through with it."

"Do you want me to resign?" Brad asked quietly.

Mr. Emerson smiled again. "No, Brad; we'll fight. We may lose, but we'll fight."

◆

"Mrs. Douglas called," Miss Eisenstein told Brad when he returned.

"Get her for me, will you?"

"I mean the first Mrs. Douglas," she said. "She's at the Park Lane."

"Get her for me, will you?" he said quietly.

Then there was Ruth's voice, cool and low, the way it had always been.

"How are you?" And, not waiting for an answer, "This is Ruth. Of course you know that, don't you? I'm in town for a couple of days, and I thought we might be able to have a drink or something."

"Sure, sure. When?"

"Almost any time, Brad. I'm just here for a conference." She laughed softly. "On home and the family. And I thought you might have a few minutes. David's well, and he insisted that— Brad," a lift in her voice, "when'll you be free?"

"What're you doing for lunch today?" Brad asked.

"You're not actually free, Brad. You're never free for lunch."

"I am today. Suppose I meet you in half an hour at Donaldson's."

"If you're sure it's all right."

"It's all right," said Brad.

"In half an hour, then."

Brad held the phone in his hand a minute that seemed longer.

"I'm going out now," Miss Eisenstein said, standing in the doorway and looking at him. "If anybody important calls and wants to know where you are, what'll I tell them?"

"You can tell them," said Brad, "that you asked me and I said it was none of your goddam business."

"Pardon me," said Miss Eisenstein elaborately, "I'm sure."

◆

Brad liked to think that if Laurie had been alone when he got home that afternoon, he'd have casually said, "By the way, I had lunch with Ruth today." But Millicent was there.

"Darling," said Millicent when she saw Brad, "darling, darling Brad. How are you, sweet?" And Millicent put down her cup of tea, rose and kissed Brad near to but not exactly on the lips. "You look tired. Are you still working too hard?"

"How are you, Millicent?" said Brad, shaking her hand. He stooped and kissed Laurie exactly on the lips.

"Brad, darling, what do you hear about David?"

"I guess he's all right," said Brad, and that would have been the moment to mention Ruth, but Brad didn't. Millicent had had an apartment not far from Brad and Ruth's when they lived near Washington Square in New York. Millicent had always been fond of Ruth; she insisted on it; she reveled in it. But Ruth had been a little nasty to Millicent the day Millicent tried to explain to Ruth about Brad and about Laurie. Millicent could understand how Ruth felt; Ruth was still in love with Brad, as indeed who wasn't ("you're a heartbreaker, Brad darling; I could fall in love with you myself")? But for Ruth's own good, Millicent felt she should explain about how Brad felt and what a really nice girl Laurie was and, after all, Millicent knew about these things; she'd had two husbands, after all. Besides, Ruth did have David, which was a great deal.

"That David is quite a boy," Millicent said now.

"Millicent," said Laurie, "would you like a little more hot water for your tea?" Millicent had a little more hot water with her tea.

"Incidentally, Brad," she said, "I suppose you know you're being investigated again. There was a young man out to see me the other day to ask about you."

"Oh," said Brad.

"Why?" asked Laurie, her voice low and frightened. "Why do you suppose they're doing that?"

"They have to keep them busy," said Millicent. "There are so many of them. He was an extremely attractive young man. He had a kind of blue beard. I've always read about men who were so dark their beards were blue, but I never saw one before. He wanted to know if I thought you were a good security risk, and I said oh, yes, you were a good security risk. I said you were just like me, a muddleheaded liberal."

"Thanks, Millicent," said Brad.

"He asked me a lot of questions I couldn't answer," said Millicent, "especially about when we lived in the Village."

"Did he ask anything about me?" asked Laurie.

"He hardly even mentioned you," said Millicent. "He just said he understood you two had met in Berlin, and I said you had and not another word. He wasn't going to get anything out of me."

"Thanks," Brad repeated. "That was nice of you, Millicent."

"Well," said Millicent, "I guess I better get going. I've got a column to write." Millicent wrote a five-times-weekly column called "A Woman's Washington."

When Laurie returned from walking Millicent to the elevator, Brad had mixed himself a second drink.

"I'll just finish this," he said. "Why don't you take your shower first?"

"Okay, sweetie," said Laurie, and then, "You know what?"

"No," said Brad, although he did.

"I love you," and Laurie kissed him and waited.

"I love you, too," said Brad, making his voice enthusiastic and warm and thinking, It's true, of course; I do love her; I do. Saying it too hard, emphasizing the words in his mind.

Laurie dressed slowly. Brad, during one of their first evenings together, had said, not quite seriously, "I like beautiful women. I like women people look at and say, 'Ye gods, what's she see in *him*.'" And it was not until after he left her that Laurie remembered what he had said of Ruth. "Yes," he had said, "she's very handsome."

Laurie was glad that she was young and wholesome looking. Brad had told her once, "You're no Lana Turner, sweet; you look more like a nice grown-up Girl Scout, and I always liked Girl Scouts."

In the taxi on the way to Mrs. Wendell Halvorsen's party, she gripped Brad's hand. "Darling, haven't they already investigated you?"

"Too often," said Brad.

She was silent for a moment. Then, "I'm afraid."

Brad patted her hand. "There's nothing to be afraid of," and he almost succeeded in believing what he said.

"People are so peculiar these days," said Laurie. "Everybody's so suspicious."

"We've got nothing to worry about," said Brad.

"I guess not," said Laurie. "I sometimes just get kind of panicky." They kissed again, and for almost a full minute it was like Berlin and like Paris. Then the taxi was entering the Halvorsen driveway.

◆

Mrs. Halvorsen was at the door when Brad and Laurie entered. "Mr. Douglas," she said, "how nice. And Mrs. Douglas, you look beautiful. What a stunning dress." Laurie was wearing a long, low-cut red dress and her hair fell loosely about her shoulders.

There must have been a hundred people in the three rooms, and perhaps twenty of them could be recognized from their frequent pictures in the newspapers. And there were people like Brad and Laurie, people whose names you didn't know and probably never would know but who apparently were asked either to fill up the room or because there was some talk that they might some day soon be important.

Laurie and Brad each took a Manhattan from a passing tray and tried to find a place to sit. And then they saw Jerry. He was standing in a corner, trying to hold in one hand both a drink and a canapé and to manage a lighted cigarette in the other. Although he was twenty-eight, four years younger than Brad, Jerry Milton looked, and had for the past ten years looked, and for at least twenty more would probably continue to look, as if he were forty.

When Brad had interviewed Jerry for a job in the department, he had thought: A good private school and Harvard; they're all the same. He had said, "Why do you want to work for us, Mr. Milton? Surely your father must have a place in his business, and, after all, you haven't had the kind of experience—" Jerry had risen. "I might have known I'd get a son-of-a-bitch," he had said. "And, I wouldn't usually ask this, but I'd just like to know. Where were you in the war, old man?" Brad looked down at Jerry's record; a good deal came before, but it was the last item that mattered. *PW*, it said, and then, two years. "Sit down," said Brad, "I'm sorry." After the interview, they went out and had a drink together.

"The hatchet boys are out," Jerry said when Brad and Laurie reached him. "They had a little talk with me the other night. It appears I'm a poor security risk. I once sent five dollars to the Fight for Freedom, Brad. I'm a dangerous son-of-a-bitch."

"Let's get out of here," said Brad. "Let's go some place and have dinner and talk."

"No," said Jerry. "Not tonight. Tonight I want to watch. Besides, you shouldn't be talking to me. You see that little man over there in the corner?" He pointed vaguely. "He's taking mental notes. He's one of the boys."

"Call me tomorrow then," Brad said, "at the office."

"I'll call you tomorrow at home," said Jerry. "Not that it matters much. Both wires are probably tapped."

They were about to leave when Brad felt Laurie pressure his arm. He turned and followed her gaze. Ruth was in the corner of the second and smaller room, talking to a man so animatedly that Brad knew she had seen them.

After the doorman had found them a cab and they had gone a block or so in silence, Laurie said, "Darling, I do love you," and she kissed him on the forehead.

"I'm worried about Jerry," said Brad.

◆

The hall was dimly lighted, and it was not until Brad had his key out that either of them noticed the two young men, the one of the trolley and another who had a blue-black beard.

"Good evening," said the first politely. "I wonder if we could talk to you for a few minutes?"

"What—" Laurie began, her face white.

"It's all right, darling," said Brad. "They're from the FBI."

Brad let them precede him into the apartment. They took chairs, and Brad sat down beside Laurie on the love seat.

"I guess you've probably gathered," said the one of the bus, "that you're being investigated."

"It wasn't so difficult," said Brad. "Does the telephone call come with every investigation?"

"It depends," said the young man, "on who's being investigated. In your case, it was preparation for our visit. Psychological, you might say."

"You mean," said Brad, "that you wanted to frighten me."

"You might say that. You've certainly been in a lot of things," said the young man, "for your age. The American Student Union, for example. You were a member for"—he took a packet of small white cards from his coat pocket, glanced at one —"two and a half years." He paused. "And you never resigned."

"No," said Brad. "I graduated in nineteen thirty-seven. It was for students." He tried not to have an edge to his voice.

◆

"I believe," said the second young man, glancing again at his file cards, "that you're a friend of Jerry Milton?"

"He's my best friend," said Brad.

"Would you say that Mr. Milton was sympathetic to the Soviet Union?"

"No," said Brad. "I wouldn't say Jerry was sympathetic."

"Have you ever heard him criticize the foreign policy of the United States?"

O God, thought Brad; is there a man with soul so dead? "I don't remember," he said.

"That," said the young man, clearly annoyed, "is a nonresponsive answer."

"I'm sorry," said Brad quietly.

"So," said the young man, "am I." The first young man was now running his hand over the cover of a magazine on the table.

"Do you subscribe to the *Daily Worker?*"

"No," said Brad.

"Have you ever read the *Daily Worker?*"

"Yes," said Brad, "and I've also read *Social—*"

"You will please," said the young man, "answer the questions *yes* or *no* unless indicated otherwise."

"Justice," Brad completed the sentence.

"Do you subscribe to the *New Republic?*" And the hand of the first young man was in the magazine rack and happened to be resting on the cover of the current issue of the *New Republic*.

"Yes," said Brad wearily. "I've subscribed for ten years, but I don't think—"

"Facts," said the second young

man. “We're only interested in the facts. You've been married before, haven't you, Mr. Douglas?”

“Yes,” said Brad. “I have.”

“Your first wife was named—” (one of the cards was consulted) “Ruth Harrison.” No answer was expected.

“The former Mrs. Douglas is Jewish, isn't she?”

“Yes,” said Brad. “Yes, she is.”

“And you are not?”

“No,” said Brad. “I'm nothing.”

“Religiously, you mean,” said the young man, smiling to let Brad know that it was a humorous remark. “Do you still see the first Mrs. Douglas?”

“Occasionally.”

“Have you seen your former wife recently?”

Brad hesitated. “I don't think that's any of your business,” he said.

The first young man spread his lips over his teeth. “All right, Mr. Douglas,” he said. Then he turned toward Laurie, and the second young man rose, and walked to the window, looking out on the street below.

“Mrs. Douglas,” said the first young man, leaning toward Laurie, handing her what he had removed from his pocket.

“You dirty son-of-a-bitch,” Brad said when he saw what it was.

“Please,” said the first young man. “Mr. Douglas,” placatingly.

It has, thought Brad, been twenty-two and a half years since I have struck anyone. And he started to get up, but did not get up, and he was not sure, later, if he was sorry or glad.

The picture showed Ruth and Brad in front of the restaurant that noon. Brad was holding Ruth's hand, and they might merely have been saying goodbye, or hello, for that matter. The tears came to Laurie's eyes, and she started to crumple the picture, but the young man took it from her gently, and then he spoke again.

“Mrs. Douglas,” he said, his voice too smooth, too soft, “do you know what the initials Y.C.L. stand for?”

“Y.C.L.,” said Laurie as when she was young she must have repeated her catechism to the priest, “stands for the Young Communist League.”

“And you,” said the young man, “are a member.”

The second young man turned away from the window, and, although he had returned his file cards to his pocket he reached for them again. But before he removed them, Laurie, far away from Brad, said, all life gone from her now, “No. I was never a member.”

“Now, really,” said the first young man, “you attended a Young Communist camp, didn't you?”

“No,” said Laurie. “I attended a camp of the Youth League of America.”

“You knew of course that that was merely a front for the Communist Party, didn't you?”

“No,” said Laurie, “I didn't. I didn't at all.”

“Do you expect us to believe that, Mrs. Douglas?” he asked.

“Yes,” said Laurie. “It's true.”

“But you were on the Y.C.L. mailing list, weren't you? How did you get on that?”

“I don't know,” said Laurie. “When I got back from the camp, they sent me a few things. Pamphlets and things. And then they stopped.”

“When did they stop?” asked the young man.

“I don't remember.”

“You didn't know the camp you attended was run by the Communists, and they sent you pamphlets and ‘things’ ”—he made a mockery of the word—“but you don't remember when they stopped.”

“That's right,” said Laurie. “That's true.” Suddenly she stood. “Get out of my house,” she shouted, “get out of here.”

“I think you'd better go,” said Brad.

The two young men slowly rose, making it clear that they didn't need to leave if they didn't wish, but, just as a favor, and because they had completed their business anyway, they would leave.

Brad preceded them, and, as they passed the closet next to the door leading into the outer hall, the first young man opened the closet door experimentally. The light, which was supposed to go on when the door was opened, was burned out. The young man smiled indulgently. “You ought to get that light fixed,” he said. Then he opened the outer door, and they were gone.

When Brad turned around, Laurie was lying on the love seat, her face hidden.

“Darling,” said Brad. “Sweetie.” He touched her hair. “I'd like to tell you about seeing Ruth today.”

“Get out of here,” said Laurie, sitting up, the hysteria gone from her voice.

Brad went into the bedroom and sat on the bed, cold—although the night was warm—tired and old.

◆

At eight the alarm in the bedroom began ringing. Brad had set it only a few hours before, thinking that he would be able to sleep and that somehow the visit of the two men had been something he'd imagined. He rose, walked into the bedroom, and turned off the alarm, then returned to the living room. Laurie was still sleeping.

After he dressed, he shook her gently, and she opened her eyes. “Good morning, darling,” she said.

“I'm going to work now,” said Brad, kissing her forehead.

“Work?” asked Laurie. She was a little hysterical. “Work? You mean they'll let you? Do you think it's safe for them?”

She got up from the love seat, her red dress crumpled and falling off her shoulders, and no shoes. “Darling, what're we going to do?”

“I don't know,” said Brad.

“I love you,” she said. He brushed her cheek and then closed the door.

The young man with dark-brown hair and light-blue eyes was not on the trolley, but Brad noticed the man who sat two seats behind him.

Brad made his best effort at a smile. “Good morning, Mr. Watterson,” he said.

“Morning, Douglas,” said Watterson, and they walked the half block to their office building together.

Watterson said, “I'd like to see you some time this morning, Douglas.”

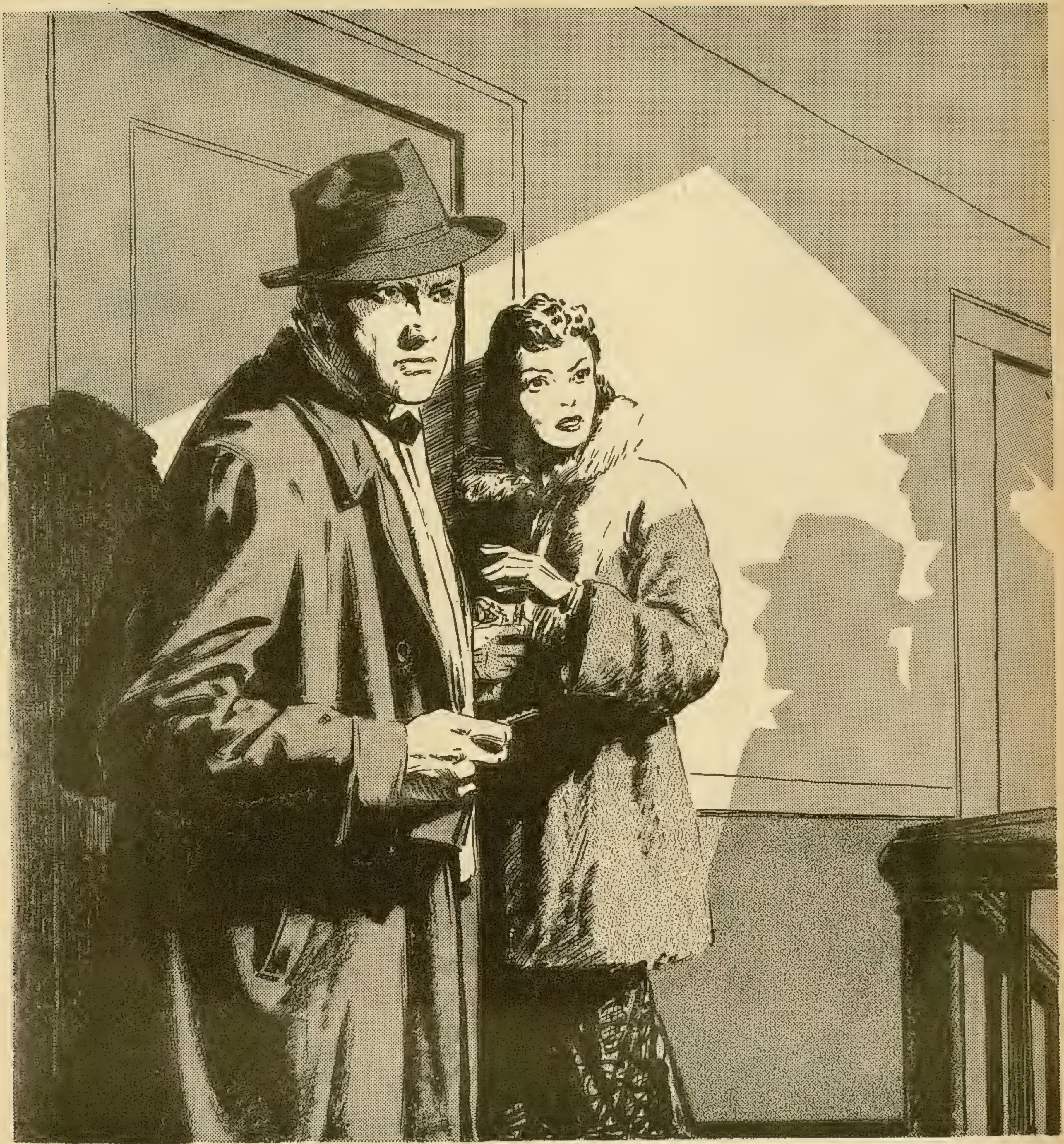
“Sure,” said Brad. “When?”

“Around eleven, say?”

“Around eleven,” Brad repeated.

There were two letters on Brad's desk, opened, studied, and, Brad thought, now filed in the memory of Miss Eisenstein. One was a form letter from an insurance man. If only Brad would talk with the insurance man, he would find his future “safe and secure,” which would, thought Brad, be the neatest trick of this or any other year. The second was from Fred Johansen, who had been one of two or three of Brad's (and Ruth's and, later, Laurie's) closest friends. Fred had, two months ago, resigned his job in the department to return to teaching economics in a small sectarian college in Minnesota. His tongue, although kind with those he loved, which included most people, was always harsh and unrelenting with those he considered “the stuffed fronts” of the State Department, of whom Henry Wakefield Watterson was one. Fred had made a bitter enemy of Watterson two years previously.

“Well, chum,” the letter began, “I thought I'd be starting in at the be-



The hall was dimly lighted and it was not until Brad had his key out that he and Laurie noticed the two men.

ginning of the term; it began three weeks after I got back here, but they asked me to wait. The new president thought I'd better wait a semester. It seems there's some question about my stability and, believe it or not, my loyalty. They'd been checking up on me in Washington, he said. I shouted like an angry bull and he said, well he was sorry, et cetera. Anyway, I went on a four-day bat in Minneapolis, and I'm at the YMCA here now, with a hangover. Damn it, Brad, what'll I do? Nobody's going to hire me now; don't kid yourself. No college, anyway, and that's all I can do."

At the bottom was the address of the YMCA, along with an apologetic postscript which said, "I hate to do this to you, and if you can't, it's okay; don't strap yourself, but could you send me fifty bucks or so? By Western Union? I'm crawling, chum."

Brad put the letter on the desk and, his hand trembling, lighted a cigarette; then he rang for Miss Eisenstein, and, while he waited for her, wrote a check for $150. "Wire this to Fred Johansen," he told her, "at this address."

"Of course," said Miss Eisenstein, "he's just one of hundreds. And there *are* funds to which you could contribute, to help them all, I mean." She slammed the door after her.

Just before eleven, Miss Eisenstein returned. "I sent it," she said. "And now I want to talk to you. It's important."

"I'm sorry," said Brad, glancing at his watch. "I've got an appointment with Watterson. It won't take long. Stick around."

◆

"Sit down, Douglas," Mr. Watterson of the State Department said. "Miss Selby, will you bring in that file, please?" And then to Brad, not looking at the file she brought, "Did you know that your friend Milton's first name is Jeremiah?"

"Yes," said Brad abruptly. "I don't think there's anything you can tell me about him that I don't already know. Or about Fred Johansen either. I also know all about him."

"Johansen?" said Mr. Watterson. "Oh, yes. I do remember him. Now this is not official, Douglas," taking some papers from the manila folder; "this is just man-to-man talk. For a moment I want you to consider Milton not as your friend but as a worker in the department." And, quickly, "Would you consider Milton a good security risk?"

"Yes," said Brad patiently, "I consider him a damn good risk, security-wise or any other way. Okay?"

"That's what I thought you'd say," said Mr. Watterson, adjusting his smile, then letting it slowly fade. "I have at times, Douglas, considered friendship an expensive luxury in this work. Especially at this particular juncture. You understand what I'm getting at?"

"I understand," said Brad, "and I don't like it."

Mr. Watterson lifted his hand. "In Milton's case, there are a great many people who don't consider him a good risk. Being a good security risk these days involves numerous problems which might not occur to the ordinary individual. Milton's a little unstable, wouldn't you say?" holding one of the papers in his hand, aware of what it said.

"No," said Brad. "I definitely would not."

"He drinks, for one thing."

"So do I," said Brad.

"Yes," Mr. Watterson said, "I believe, as you put it on one of those interminable questionnaires, 'on occasion.' That's a wise thing to have said. It is difficult to challenge and almost impossible to disprove."

"Also, and this may not have occurred to you, it's true."

"But at the moment," said Mr. Watterson, clearing his throat, "we're discussing Milton. A man who works with confidential information might perhaps drink too much on occasion. And then there are the questions about his associates."

"Jerry's associates," said Brad, "are mostly my wife and myself. And I can't remember Jerry's ever being so much in his cups that he's given us any secrets."

"Oh, I wasn't talking about Milton necessarily, but I think you must admit, Douglas, that we don't always know our friends as well as we think. Some tiny slip can be made, and, without our suspecting it, great damage has been done. And at the moment we just can't take a chance, can we?"

"A chance on what?" asked Brad. "Specifically?"

Mr. Watterson used the smile again. "I'm sure you know what I mean."

"No," said Brad. "I want you to tell me what you mean."

"I prefer," said Mr. Watterson, "not to discuss the matter further."

"Look, now," said Brad. "I like Jerry. I like Fred Johansen, too. I like a lot of people, and I trust them. As far as Jerry's concerned, I not only trust him, but I think he's damn competent. Take a look at his efficiency rating sometime. It's almost as good as Johansen's."

"A fine tribute," said Mr. Watterson. "Two fine tributes. I will make a note of both of them," and he made a note on the back of one of the sheets of paper from the folder. "I'm sure you're sorry about what's happened."

"What do you mean, what's happened?"

"Mr. Milton has resigned," said Mr. Watterson, saying it with exactly the right emphasis. "For reasons of health."

"I don't believe it," said Brad. "I saw him last night."

"Douglas, I am perfectly aware that you saw him last night. I know where you saw him and when you saw him. He resigned this morning, about an hour ago. I wanted you to be the first to know."

"Thanks," said Brad.

"When I saw you this morning, I had already anticipated Milton's resignation. I can frequently anticipate how people will react to certain circumstances."

"Is that all you want?" asked Brad.

"For the moment," said Mr. Watterson.

"It's not all I want," said Brad. "You know my wife and I had a couple of guests last night. We hadn't invited them. But they came anyway. I guess you know all about that, don't you? I guess you knew how I'd react to that, didn't you?"

"Indeed yes. I knew you had guests, and I suspected that they would not be welcome, and I rather thought that they would frighten you."

"They did," said Brad; "but mostly they made me mad. I'm mad now. Maybe you thought you were going to frighten me, too, did you?"

"I hadn't given the matter much thought," said Mr. Watterson.

"Suppose you think about it," said Brad, "now."

"I *am* sorry," said Mr. Watterson, "but at the moment I have other things on my mind. More important things. If and when I wish to discuss the matter with you, I will let you know." He rose. "There is just one more thing. I don't believe I'd see too much of Milton—while your own case is pending, that is."

"Jerry's a friend of mine," said Brad. "We see a lot of each other. We'll continue to see a lot of each other. We might want to spend all our time together now. It's just possible."

"As you wish," said Mr. Watterson. "I do think I should point out to you, however, how wise I think it was of Milton to resign. Don't you agree?"

"No," said Brad. "I think he should have fought back. I think he should have fought, if it took the rest of his life."

"Fought what?" asked Mr. Watterson, deceptively mild.

"You," said Brad. "You and your kind. I'm not going to resign."

Mr. Watterson chuckled indulgently and extended his hand, then dropped it. "You know, Douglas, there's one thing I could never understand about you, and that's what you're after."

"If I told you," said Brad, "you still wouldn't understand it," and he closed the door behind him, softly.

◆

When Brad walked into his office, Miss Eisenstein smiled at Brad, half amused.

"I thought you ought to know," she said. "I'm quitting."

"Really," said Brad, not showing his surprise. "Why?"

"I want to," she said. "Then, too, I think if I quit I'll save the department the trouble of firing me," she said.

"Is the department planning to fire you?"

"Oh, sure. Didn't you know?"

"No," said Brad, "I didn't."

"Apparently," said Miss Eisenstein, "there are a great many things you don't know." Brad waited. "Among other things, you may not recognize that you're a fool. I feel sorry for you, Mr. Douglas. My mother used to say there are some people who think with their hearts. That's no way to think. When the time comes, you'll be right square in the middle. You'll get shot three times. Once from the front and twice from the rear."

"When are you leaving?"

"Right now," she said. "I don't think they'll want me to give two weeks' notice." ("There were two men here from the FBI," her mother had written, "and they wanted to know if I had a daughter named Sarah who was a Communist, and I said I didn't have a daughter named Sarah but that if I had, she'd never be a Communist. It's all right with me if they put you in jail.")

"Well," she said, "so long, Mr. Douglas."

Brad extended his hand, but she ignored it, and Brad saw that what was in her eyes was not pity at all. She despised him.

"Goodbye," he said. And she went out.

◆

Brad lifted the phone and asked for Mr. Emerson's office, but the operator informed him that there was no answer. He looked at his wrist watch and saw that it was after noon, and he tried to call Laurie, but the line was busy. He discovered that he was without cigarettes and opened the middle drawer of his desk. A memo from Jerry, which he had put there the afternoon before, was no longer there. It was an innocuous memo, suggesting that Brad should read an article about Berlin in the current issue of a foreign-affairs magazine of a leftish but non-Communist philosophy.

He was about to close the drawer when he realized that a picture, too, was gone, a picture which showed him looking even younger than twenty-one standing defiantly in front of the camera and carrying a carelessly lettered sign which said, "We Want Peace, Not Pistols." And, in smaller letters, "Join the Peace Strike Tomorrow." In the background, two other students, a boy and a girl, were sticking out their tongues at the camera. Ruth had sent Brad the picture about six months before, along with a note saying, "I had two prints of this, and I thought it might amuse you." He had not taken it home because he knew that would involve explaining to Laurie that Ruth had sent it. The letter from Fred Johansen was still on his desk, and Brad was carefully tearing it into tiny bits when the phone rang.

When Brad lifted it, there was a click, and then a girl's voice: "Just a moment, please," and then there was another click and another voice, which Brad did not recognize.

"Douglas?" the voice asked.

"Yes," said Brad—"yes, who's this?"

"This is the guy you talked to at the Halvorsen party last night," said the voice, cracking a bit.

"Jerry," Brad said, "for God's sake, what's the idea?"

"Don't mention my name," said Jerry. "Can you have lunch with me at the Hummer Club, right away?"

"Yes, Jerry Milton," said Brad. "I will be extremely happy, Mr. Milton, to have lunch with you at the Hummer Club, Mr. Jeremiah Endicott Milton, sir."

"You damn fool," said Jerry, and rang off.

In the club bar where Brad waited for Jerry, a young man with a tanned face and a crew haircut walked toward him. "Mr. Douglas," he said, "I wonder if I could see you for a moment."

"What about?" Brad asked suspiciously.

"I'm Tad Caster," said the young man, extending his hand. "You probably know my column."

Brad nodded. "Glad to know you," he said, taking the hand.

"I wanted," said the young man, "to get your side of the story."

"My side of what story?"

Caster smiled. "Oh," he said, "you're going to play it that way. Okay, Douglas. It's all right with me. But you're going to need the help of people like me before you're through with it."

"Look," said Brad. "Who do you think—"

"Tut, tut," said Caster. "I can do without you, brother, but can you do without me?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Brad.

"I'll quote you on that," said Caster, "and a ha, and a ho."

Brad stood helpless, and the attendant spoke to him.

"Mr. Douglas," he said, "Mr. Milton had to leave. And he said to give you this." It was a small sheet of the club's stationery on which was hurriedly scribbled in pencil: "Under the circumstances, I don't think you'd better be seen talking to me. I'll get in touch with you. Affectionately, Jerry." Attached was a clipping from the *Times-Herald*—the story with Brad's picture. It was an old and unflattering picture, but the likeness was unmistakable.

◆

Mr. Watterson stood at attention beside Mr. Emerson's desk.

"Sit down," said Mr. Emerson. "You'll get tired standing there, and you'll make me tired having to look at you." Watterson sat down. "Well," said Mr. Emerson, "how's security?"

Watterson shook his head dolefully.

"That," he said, "is exactly what I wanted to talk to you about. Bradley Douglas—"

"What about him?" asked Mr. Emerson.

"You've seen the news about him," Watterson continued flatly. Mr. Emerson always made him feel a little ill at ease. "Douglas doesn't have a very savory record, does he?"

"Savory?" said Mr. Emerson. "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean," Watterson went on, "that some of his associations have been a little, shall we say, questionable."

"Meaning what?" Mr. Emerson asked belligerently.

"Meaning," said Watterson, "for one thing, his secretary."

"It may interest you to know," said Mr. Emerson, "that Douglas spoke to me about that girl more than a year ago, and he's spoken to me about her several times since. It was I who pointed out to him that she has already been cleared both by the FBI and, unless I'm greatly mistaken, by your boys as well."

"That is true," said Watterson hastily, "and, actually, it doesn't really matter, because Miss Eisenstein has resigned. I was speaking mainly of Douglas's own record."

Mr. Emerson rose, walked to the door of his office, quietly closed it, and returned to his desk. "I am familiar with Douglas's record," he said. "It seems to me an excellent record."

"I'm afraid," said Watterson, smiling, "that neither I nor the Federal Bureau of Investigation can quite agree with that."

"I believe in Douglas, and I plan to fight for him."

"Such loyalty is both touching and appealing. I must commend you."

From his pocket he took a small card and handed it to Mr. Emerson. The card was a photostatted membership of the Communist Party of the United States, and the typed name on its face was that of Bradley Douglas, and the signature at the bottom was the same, and Mr. Emerson could see it was Brad's signature. For a moment he said nothing, and then he asked, "Where'd you get this?"

"That," said Watterson, "I'm afraid I'm not at liberty to divulge."

There were two bright red spots in Mr. Emerson's cheeks, and he cleared his throat. "Well," he said, "I will speak to Douglas about this."

"I'm afraid," said Watterson, "that I must ask you not to do that."

"Why?" asked Mr. Emerson. "Why in hell not?"

"For a number of reasons," said Watterson. "Among others, I am unable to reveal the source from which this was obtained."

"I had always thought," said Mr. Emerson, "that a man has the right to be confronted with the evidence against him."

"In this case, no," said Watterson brusquely.

Mr. Emerson rose. "Is there anything else?" he asked quietly.

"If the man resigns, it will, I feel, be best for all of us. Don't you agree?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Emerson. "I don't know."

"May I suggest, then," said Watterson, "that you think it over and if you agree, and I'm sure you will agree, would you urge him to do so? I think it will be most effective, coming from you."

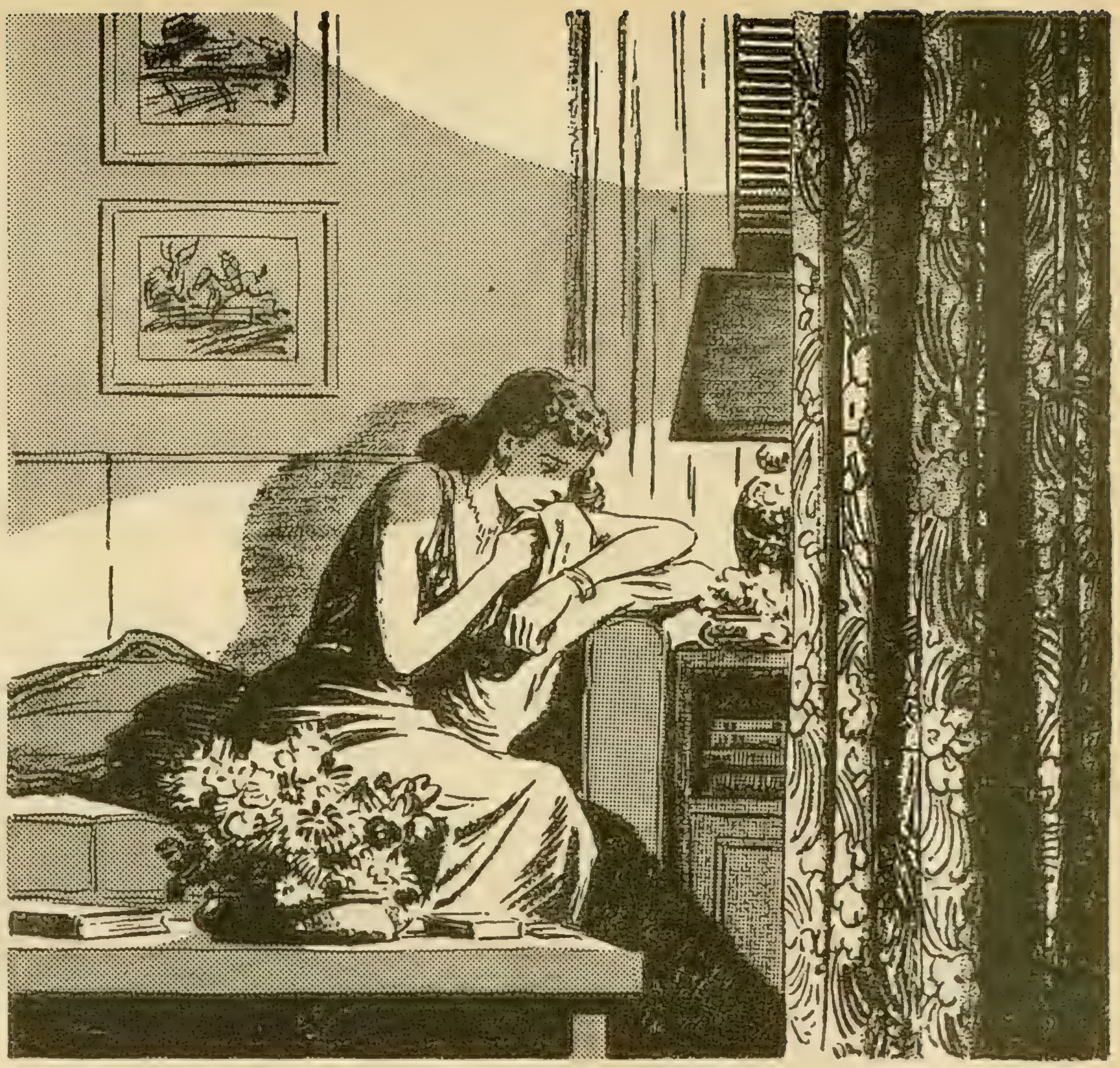
He extended his hand, but Mr. Emerson either did not see it or he ignored it, and Watterson walked to the door.

"You can call me," he said, "after you've talked to Douglas."

After he had gone, Mr. Emerson sat down behind his desk and cupped his eyes, which were moist, in his hand.

◆

Late in 1938 Hal O'Malley was convinced he would be appointed an Assistant Secretary of Commerce. There was, in his own mind, a tacit understanding that it would be his. And he was reasonably certain that he would be the youngest man ever to hold the position. When a former congressman from Texas was, a few days later, named for the position, Hal wrote his resignation that night and a few weeks later opened an office in downtown Washington with only his name on the door, in small gold letters. Two years after that Hal was making $150,000 every twelve months. His accounts were not publicized and no one seemed to know exactly what he did for them.



"Get out of here," said Laurie, the hysteria gone.

This morning Hal had finished his third cup of coffee when he saw, on the front page of the *Times-Herald*, the story about and the picture of Bradley Douglas. He had met Brad once at a party. He and Douglas had sat off in a corner of the room, discussing Germany, and Douglas had said something which showed he could not have been a Red, and, later, Douglas's wife had come and sat on the arm of his chair, saying nothing, just holding his hand.

Hal picked up his phone and got Brad.

"This is Hal O'Malley. Remember me?"

"Yes," Brad replied wearily. "I remember you."

"I see you're in a little trouble," said Hal. "You haven't got a lawyer, have you?"

"No," said Brad. "I haven't."

"You have now," said Hal. "I just appointed myself. How about being in my office in, say, half an hour?"

"Okay," said Brad, because that seemed the easiest thing to say and because all powers of resistance were gone. "Where's your office?" And Hal told him.

"Don't talk to anybody before you see me," said Hal.

"That's easy," said Brad.

◆

Brad knew that Mr. Emerson's secretary was lying. "He's tied up," she said. "He's in conference."

"Will he be free soon?" asked Brad.

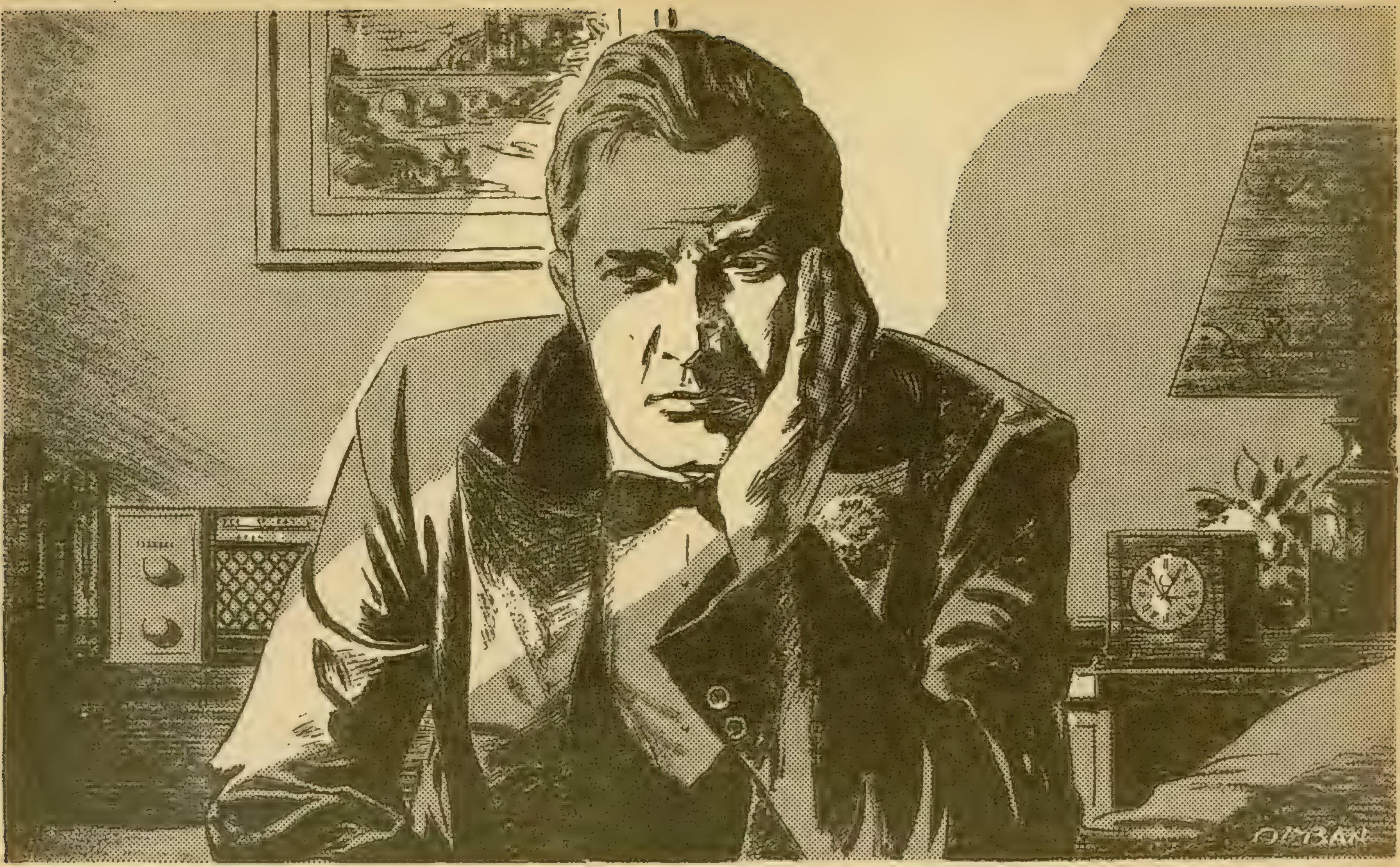
"I'm not sure," she said. "Besides, he's not feeling well. He didn't come in until after lunch, and you know how he is about getting to work on time."

"Yes," said Brad, "I know. Do you think I should wait?"

"No," she said, hesitating and embarrassed. "I wouldn't if I were you."

Brad nodded. "I get it," he said, and walked out of Mr. Emerson's office.

Brad's own office was deserted. He walked to the window. Outside, the sun was behind a cloud, and the young men and the young women were hurrying places. Brad's head throbbed, and he wished for an aspirin and realized that he should



Brad went into the bedroom and sat on the bed, cold—although the night was warm—tired and old.

go some place for a bit of lunch, but he was too tired. He tried to call Laurie, but the line was busy. He put down the phone and cradled his head in his arms, closing his eyes and trying to sleep for a moment and wishing for anger, not finding it. That was the trouble, he thought; he was never angry enough, soon enough.

He walked the four blocks to O'Malley's office, and he and Hal talked for some time. Finally Brad rose. "You're willing to defend me, then," he said. "You're sure?"

"I'm sure," said O'Malley.

"There's no money, of course," said Brad.

O'Malley extended his hand. "You'll be doing me a favor."

"Thanks," said Brad. "Thanks," he repeated, "Hal."

"We'll make them eat dirt," said O'Malley. "Every damn one of them."

"I'll call you in the morning, then," said Brad. "You going out?"

"No," said O'Malley. "Not right now. You go ahead."

In the shadows of the hall outside, Brad did not notice Melville Dickinson, but Melville Dickinson noticed Brad, and, after the elevator had reached the ground floor, Melville Dickinson rang for it to come up again. Melville Dickinson, the young man with dark brown hair and light blue eyes, who was Agent One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-six, stayed approximately half a block behind Brad, sometimes a little more, sometimes a little less, being casual about it, from long practice.

At Ninth Street Brad turned south, and he stopped in front of the Tiny Theater. He thought of Laurie as he went in, and he realized that she would be frantic with worry, and he remembered all the theories about how trouble makes people gentle, makes people unselfish, and he realized, then, that all the theories were wrong and that, even though he should call Laurie, he was not going to call her. He sat halfway down, in the center, on the aisle.

Dickinson took a seat in the last row of the theater and, as he sat down, glanced at his watch. It was only 4:10. He called his office, using the phone in the lobby.

◆

The blond chunky man rose when Laurie entered his office and smiled at her pleasantly, indicating a chair by his side.

"I'm George Babcock, Mrs. Douglas," he said. Laurie seated herself.

"I'm sorry we had to disturb you," he said. "You had an appointment, I believe." Laurie nodded. "With the first Mrs. Douglas."

"Do you read minds?" asked Laurie. She had telephoned Ruth that she had to see her.

He grinned and leaned back in the swivel chair. "Unfortunately, no. Perhaps fortunately. No, we collect facts.

"You, see, Mrs. Douglas," he continued, still not unpleasantly, "although I've never seen you before, I wrote a book about you—a long book. You may find this unpleasant news. I do myself. There's something a little indecent about it, isn't there?"

"I'm glad you recognize it," said Laurie.

"As they say," said Babcock, "it's a job."

"I don't believe you asked me here to listen to your life story," said Laurie grimly.

"No," he said. "I didn't, though it wouldn't be unpleasant—for me, that is. If you're interested," he continued, "and I imagine you are, since you're rather directly concerned, this whole thing began shortly after you and your husband returned from Berlin. Except, of course," and he smiled, "he wasn't your husband yet, was he? You returned from

Berlin separately; or, rather," and again he fumbled the papers, not looking at them, "you returned separately from Paris. You were together in Paris. At one time or another as many as five investigators have been looking into the most intricate details of your and your husband's existence. I think, Mrs. Douglas, that you could, if you would, help both us and your husband. I understand you love your husband."

"What do you want to know?" asked Laurie tensely. "Do you want to know if he's *loyal*?" making a joke of the word.

"No," he said. "No. That's the juvenile, or A, approach. I have a fairly accurate transcript of your conversation last night with Dickinson and Oliphant. They are nice young men, both of them, but not very bright. What interests me, Mrs. Douglas, is your husband's activities in the year nineteen thirty-eight. I think, you see, that your husband became a member of the Communist Party in that year. I am, in fact, almost certain of it. Aren't you?"

"No," said Laurie, her calm gone.

"Are you sure, Mrs. Douglas?" he asked. "Has he ever told you he wasn't?"

"No," said Laurie. "No."

"Has he ever told you he was?"

"No," said Laurie.

"Then how can you be sure, Mrs. Douglas? The word indicates certainty. And you're not certain, are you? You couldn't be."

"I am," said Laurie. "I am sure."

"Have you ever discussed the matter, Mrs. Douglas?"

"No, we haven't," said Laurie.

"You've never talked politics?"

"Of course we have," said Laurie, "of course."

"And the Communist Party? Have you ever talked about that?"

"We have," said Laurie, "once in a while we have." She was close to tears. "Brad doesn't like Communists."

"Why, Mrs. Douglas?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," said Laurie. "He thinks they lie. He thinks they're immoral. I don't know exactly what he thinks. Why don't you ask him?"

"We will," he said blandly. "Does he have friends who're Communists?"

"No," said Laurie. "No."

"Has he ever told you that he doesn't have friends who are Communists?"

"Yes," said Laurie. "I think so."

"Why has he told you that?" Babcock asked. "Why did the question come up?"

"I don't remember."

"I think you're lying, Mrs. Douglas," Babcock said. "I don't know that you are, but I mean to find out. Now if I were asked if Bradley Douglas were a Communist, I would say I am reasonably certain he is not. Today. This moment. I have records of what he has written and what he has said, and, to repeat, I do not think your husband is a Communist now, but I think he was in the years nineteen thirty-eight and thirty-nine. And I think you know it, Mrs. Douglas, don't you?"

"No," said Laurie. Her voice dropped and was nearly inaudible.

"I guess that's all, Mrs. Douglas," said Babcock. "You weren't much help to me, after all, and I'm sorry. I'm sorry for you."

Laurie rose, and he rose with her.

"Sometimes," she said, "late at night you must hate yourself."

"No," he said. "Not particularly. If your husband is innocent, I will be happy. If he is guilty, I will be sad. For both of you, but especially for you. Because you're beautiful, and there are so few beautiful things in the world. But, you see, Mrs. Douglas, one man's justice is another man's injustice. And I do mean to find out."

"Good luck," said Laurie. "I hope you sleep well."

He rose and opened the door for her. "We could run you home," he said, "if you'd like."

Laurie did not answer him. She did not really break down until she was outside the Justice Department building.

◆

Before the first movie ended Brad got up and walked into the lobby. Melville Dickinson did not reach him until he had opened the glass door leading into the street.

Dickinson cleared his throat ostentatiously and tapped Brad on the shoulder. Brad turned. "Well, hello," he said. "We meet again."

"Yes," said Dickinson humorlessly. "I wonder if you would mind coming with me."

"Okay," said Brad. "But where?"

"The Justice Department," said Dickinson, starting forward.

When Brad entered Babcock's office, Babcock thought, Here is a man who realizes, as I do, that the situation is faintly ridiculous, and faintly ominous as well. Babcock began by telling Brad how long they had been working on the case, a year and a half (Brad paled a little, scarcely visibly), and how infinite had been their pains. Finally he came to Congressman Jensen and his suspicions.

"I'm sorry about that," he said. "That was a coincidence, an unfortunate coincidence so far as we're concerned. I don't know how much Jensen knows about you, or even if he knows anything about you. As I told Mrs. Douglas a few minutes ago—" Brad clenched his hand, and the knuckles were tight, but still he said nothing. (That's the way to get him, then, thought Babcock; if I need to know, and I do, that's the way.)

"Yes," he said. "I talked to your wife. I told her about the remarkably thorough study we have made of your career. So let's skip all that. Let's focus for a moment on the years nineteen thirty-eight and thirty-nine. During that period most of your friends were members of the Communist Party. Larry O'Connell, for example, who was your closest friend. Your wife, your first wife, Ruth, was not.

"Now you. I may as well be honest. With some people there are certain tricks I can use, but with you that would be nonsensical. In those innumerable papers you filled out when you were hired by the State Department, you were asked, among other questions, to list *all*" (and he paused at the word) "the organizations to which you at one time or another belonged. You were asked if you had ever belonged to a subversive organization; and later, when you were questioned by State Department Security, you gave the same answer. You said, 'No.' You lied, Douglas. You were a member of the Communist Party from September, nineteen thirty-eight, until September, nineteen thirty-nine—one entire year. Isn't that right?"

Douglas half rose, and Babcock noted his remarkable calm. "Yes," he said, "I was."

Babcock leaned back in his chair and smiled, but there was no triumph in his smile, only relief. (I'm sorry, my friend, he thought. What happens from here on in is not my responsibility, and if I didn't do it, somebody else would.)

"Thank you, Mr. Douglas," he said. "That's all." Babcock extended his hand, but Brad either did not see it or did not wish to take it.

Once outside the building, Brad let himself go. He found that his hands were shaking violently and uncontrollably, and when he tried to light one cigarette with the butt of another, he dropped both. For a while he stood in the shadow of the building, unable to move.

It seemed part of another lifetime; it was a hundred years, surely; a thousand or more since Larry O'Connell returned from Spain, minus a leg. He had left the Church and joined the Communist Party at twenty-two; that was early in 1936, almost a year before he left for Spain.

Larry would say, "You ought to be a Communist. You keep talking about what you want to do with your life. Brad, believe me, there's only one way that means anything. That's with people who know where they're going."

Brad was inclined to agree. Spain had been betrayed by the democracies, and in Geneva only one man had asked for sanctions against Mussolini, and that man was Maxim Litvinov. He had joined the Party on the day after Neville Chamberlain arrived at Croydon airport and announced that at Munich he had achieved "peace in our time." Then one evening there was the headline, "Reds Agree Not to War on Reich."

"Maybe it's a mistake," said Brad.

"It's no mistake," said Larry. "They met Von Ribbentrop at the airport. The bands played."

A maid found Larry's body the next morning, attached by a necktie to a chandelier in a cheap hotel room. The next day Brad resigned from the Party. He was more angry at his own stupidity than anything else. He had simply shut off his mind for almost a year. He remembered all the times he had accepted without argument decisions over which he knew he should argue, had said to himself that it was for the greatest good to the greatest number, knowing that he was lying to himself.

In June of 1941 Brad spent three days with the Army and Navy in Washington, mainly with the doctors, and he was rejected because of a heart murmur. The next morning he had called on Mr. Emerson, whom he had once met. They had liked each other instantly, and Mr. Emerson had said, "I don't see any reason in the world why we won't be able to find a place for you." Just before Brad left, he said casually, "I don't suppose you'll have any trouble with Security, will you?"

Brad hesitated, but only momentarily. "I don't see why," he said, and the right moment was gone and never returned.

◆

His secretary handed Henry Wakefield Watterson the two neatly typed originals of the letter that would dismiss Bradley Douglas "in the interest of the United States," with four carbons of each.

"I'm sorry," he said amiably, "to have kept you here so late, Miss Selby."

Mr. Watterson carefully read the letter over again; it was an almost routine letter; he had written others, and the words changed only in minor detail. He knew that after receiving a letter like this Douglas would have a difficult time. He would, obviously, never again be able to work for the Federal Government, and he would be faced with something of a problem in finding a private job as well, as soon as any investigation was made. And Douglas didn't have any money except for his salary. He really should, Mr. Watterson thought capriciously, have stayed married to his first wife. She could have supported him.

He switched off the light, closed the door behind him, and stopped at the office next door, where young Delbert Stevens was on duty. This was Delbert's night to work late. Delbert jumped up from his chair nervously.

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Watterson. "I didn't mean to frighten you, but I wonder if you'd take care of this." He handed the letter to Delbert. "It's Bradley Douglas's dismissal," said Mr. Watterson.

"Oh," said Delbert. "I see."

"And, Delbert," said Mr. Watterson, "will you see that there's a guard at Douglas's office in the morning? He's not to be allowed to enter his office. His personal effects will be collected and sent on to him. He can leave his forwarding address with personnel."

"Yes, Mr. Watterson," said Delbert.

"Good night, Delbert," said Mr. Watterson.

"Good night, Mr. Watterson," said Delbert.

◆

Even if she had never seen her, thought Laurie, or if Brad had never shown her Ruth's picture, she would have recognized her. Ruth was sitting in a corner of the hotel lobby. She looks, thought Laurie, cool and competent and handsome and understanding, and exactly the kind of wife Brad has always needed, will always need. She looks like the mother of a stocky curly-haired boy named David who is Brad's son, Brad's only-begotten son, and she looks like a woman no man could ever forget.

"Ruth," said Laurie.

"Hello," said Ruth, smiling.

Then, suddenly, Laurie was weeping, publicly and messily.

"Come on," said Ruth, rising and taking Laurie's hand. "I haven't checked out of my room yet." In the elevator Ruth gave her a handkerchief.

As they walked down the corridor, Ruth held Laurie's hand in hers, loosely but firmly, the way she held David's hand. Laurie was trying not to weep, not successfully, the way David had tried, also not successfully, the night Brad had left for Berlin; and the night before the decree was final, when Ruth had broken down, thinking David was asleep, and she held him in her arms, and he tried not to weep, but huge sobs occasionally escaped him, shaking his whole body; and the night Brad had explained to him about the divorce, solemnly, maturely, as if he were speaking to another man, and David, equally solemn, had asked (as Ruth by then had asked herself a thousand times, a million), "Why, Dad, why? Don't you like Mom any more?"

"Yes, David," Brad had explained. "I like your mother very much. Only I'm in love with someone else, David. I can't explain it to you, Son, because I don't quite understand it myself." And David had thought the matter over for a moment seriously, and then said, "But, Dad, don't you like me?"

And Brad had taken him in his arms, weeping silently. Ruth, who was in the adjoining room, sensed rather than heard his weeping.

"I love you, David," Brad said, "and I didn't want to do this to you and your mother, but I couldn't help it." She heard David kiss his father, and then David said, "It's all right, Dad." He was comforting his father, again trying to avoid the sobs. And later, after David was asleep, Brad had said, and had wept again (in all their life together Brad had never wept before, not even when he returned from Washington, knowing that he would not be able to wear a uniform during the war that meant so much to him; not even after Larry's death), "Let's try it again, darling. For David's sake."

And she had said, knowing, then, that it was too late to go back, "No, Brad. For David's sake. My mother and father have had a marriage like that, held together for my sake. It's not a good marriage, Brad. David needs both of us; he needs you, and he needs me, but more than either of us, he needs something that's gone from us, and he'd know, now, that it's gone."

When the two women reached Ruth's room, she unlocked the door and half pushed Laurie ahead of her. "Look here," she said briskly. "Your face is dirty. You go in the bathroom there and wash."

"I'm all right," said Laurie. "Really, I'm all right now."

"That's an order, young lady," said Ruth. (She's not so much younger really.)

She heard the water running in the washbowl, and thought, as she had thought the night before when she had seen Brad and Laurie at Madge Halvorsen's, that Laurie was more beautiful than, in all probability, she realized. Ruth knew little about Laurie's previous marriage, but from the little that Brad had told her, she could piece together for herself the whole story of it, and it was not a pretty story.

◆

Now, thought Ruth, at this moment, is my chance, and I'm no plaster saint; I have a heart, and I also have a body, and I love Brad. With all the passion of which I am capable, I want Brad. And it's not too late to get him back. Don't mistake me for the patient, sacrificing sort. If I could only be sure that Brad wanted me back now, I'd fight to get him back, and if this child, this beautiful child he has married, is hurt, I'll be sorry, but my sorrow will not deter me. Except that I'm not sure. Not sure enough.

Why couldn't I have been the kind of wife Brad wanted? It took me a while to discover that men—most men, all men—need to be depended on, and I never depended on Brad. If he got a raise, he never bothered to tell me, or he told me later, or mentioned it casually, because it seemed so unimportant, another ten dollars a week, and, once, another hundred dollars a month. What were ten dollars a week to me, or a hundred dollars a month? I had a fortune, all my own. The rich Mrs. Bradley Douglas, née Ruth Harrison. When I discovered that he had found passion elsewhere, and dependence, if only I could have said I understood, as I did understand. Except I never said it, and I always realized that if it didn't happen in Berlin, it would happen somewhere else.

When Laurie emerged from the bathroom, she was completely composed; her eyes were still red, but otherwise she looks, thought Ruth, as she must have looked when Brad first saw her. The all-American girl, she thought, the good old all-American girl. Am I being catty? Yes, I'm being catty. And I ought to hate her, and, in a way, I suppose I do. But also I feel sorry for her.

"I hardly know," said Laurie, "where to begin."

"At the beginning," said Ruth. "That's usually best."

"Brad told me about your lunch yesterday," said Laurie, making nothing at all of it.

"It was a nice lunch," said Ruth. "We each had two drinks, and we talked about David."

"I know," said Laurie. "That's what Brad said."

"Brad said he was going to drop down to see David when he comes to New York next week" (he would have told her that). "But I suppose," and Ruth hesitated, "that he won't be coming now, will he?"

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about," said Laurie. "I had to see you. If this hadn't come up, maybe I wouldn't have, but I've known for a long time now that I had to see you. Brad wants to come back to you, Ruth. I know he does."

"Did Brad tell you he wants to come back to me?"

"No," said Laurie. "He doesn't have to. I've known since the beginning, I guess. He keeps thinking about you and David. All the time."

"I doubt," said Ruth firmly (how wonderful if I could only half believe that)—"I doubt if he thinks about us all the time. He probably thinks about us occasionally. He probably thinks about David quite often. He loves David very much indeed. Brad was always a good father." She paused and waited, and Laurie kept looking at her, no flicker of emotion in her face, and Ruth went on, "And there are things about our life together that he probably remembers. I hope there are. We were married for almost nine years, you know. There's a lot to remember. But I doubt if he wants to come back to me."

"I want you to see him," said Laurie, her voice breaking. "He needs you. I'm going away some place and I wanted you to know, because I want you to see him. You will, won't you?"

"I may see him," said Ruth, "if he wants to. Brad needs all of his friends just now, and Brad and I are still friends, if that's what you mean."

"No," said Laurie. "No, that's not what I mean. He's needed you since the beginning. He never stopped needing you, and he never started needing me." She took Ruth's still-damp handkerchief from her pocket, ready for use. "I've failed him," she said quietly.

Ruth had an odd, wise, old smile on her face. "Does he know you're pregnant?" she asked.

Laurie started from her seat, then relaxed back into it, and she used the handkerchief now. "No," she said. "No. I don't want him to know. I don't want that to matter."

"Look," Ruth said. "Brad loves you. He loves you deeply and devotedly. He told me that at first, and told me that again yesterday." Laurie looked up, and Ruth thought, It's so small a lie, a lie for which I will surely be forgiven.

"He loves you," she said again. I've said it now, she thought; neither great nor heroic; I feel only rather glad.

"He did say that?" asked Laurie.

"He did indeed," said Ruth firmly.

"You love him, too, don't you?"

"Yes," said Ruth, "I love him, too."

Laurie rose and started toward the door. "I've got to go," she said. "I've got to be home when he comes."

"Goodbye," said Ruth, also rising, and she added, with difficulty, although her voice did not indicate the difficulty; her voice was as warm as she could make it, "And you'd better tell him you're going to have a baby. Brad would never notice."

"I know," said Laurie, laughing.

"Good luck," said Ruth. "And, if you need me—well, you know."

Laurie hesitated a moment, confused, and then she leaned over (she was an inch taller) and kissed Ruth on the forehead.

"Thank you," she said, "for everything."

◆

The clock on the mantel began striking, and Brad counted the strokes and realized with a shock that it was 10:00, and that he had left the Justice building at 7:30. And he would not be able to account for his time.

"Now where, Mr. Douglas," they would ask, "did you go after you left us?"

"Well," trying hard to remember, "I walked up to the Capitol, and I stood on the steps for a while, and—"

"*Why*, Mr. Douglas," they would say, "did you walk up to the Capitol and stand on the steps?"

"I was thinking. That's all. Just thinking."

And the dictaphone would be ready, and the notebooks would be ready, and the ears. "What were you thinking about?"

And it would do no good, of course, to tell them.

He had been thinking about David, mainly about David. And thinking of Fred Johansen, wondering if Fred had received the money, wondering what would happen, now, to Fred. Having sent Fred $150, he still had $3,100 in the bank, and some cents (with Ruth, he had never kept accounts, had never bothered with his bank balance; Ruth had done that), plus, of course, the two thousand dollars in bonds. Wondering how long two people could live on nearly five thousand dollars in bonds and cash, giving up in disgust, walking down the steps of the Capitol, walking to Hal O'Malley's office.

◆

"I thought maybe I ought to tell you what's happened," said Brad, and he told Hal about the interview with Babcock.

"Well," Hal said, when Brad had finished, and again, "well. That's tough, Brad. I guess it's all over then. I mean, there's not much more to do, is there?"

"I have a right," said Brad, "to a hearing. I want a hearing."

"Why?" asked Hal. "For what purpose? Look, Brad. I saw the Assistant Secretary tonight. I wanted to find out how the Administration felt about all this."

"Did you have any doubt?" asked Brad.

"Frankly, Brad," said Hal, "I did. Anyway, I talked to the Assistant Secretary about you. He's fond of you. Do you know that? He called up Watterson, and Watterson's already written the letter."

"What letter?" asked Brad.

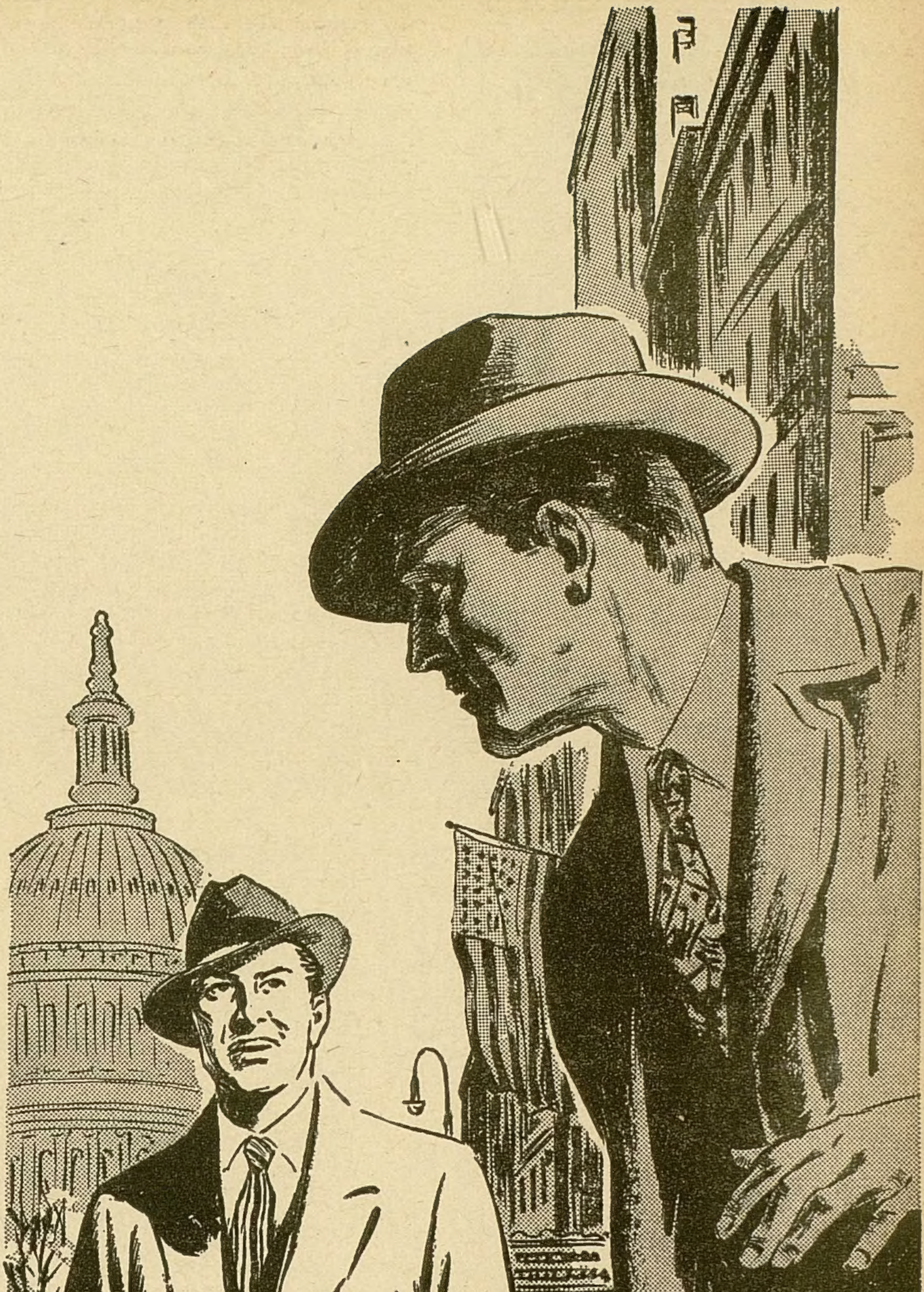
"It shouldn't be any surprise," said Hal. "You're being dismissed. Babcock must have called Watterson the minute you left his office. Anyway, somebody did. That's all they were waiting for, the FBI clearance."

"What are the charges?" asked Brad.

"No charges," said Hal. "You're being dismissed 'in the interest of the United States.' That's all they need to say now. It's a broad, meaningless phrase, and it covers everything. There's nothing you can do about it."

"You said this afternoon," said Brad, "that we'd fight."

Hal waved his hand wearily. "I



"What are your plans?" the man asked. Brad started down the street, almost running.

know," he said, "but after I talked to the Assistant Secretary, I decided it wouldn't do any good. If it weren't for that discrepancy on your record, maybe; but with that, it wouldn't help any. I couldn't get your job back for you. You're paying for the sins of all of us, Brad. There used to be thousands of people working for the government who belonged to this front or other, and some actual Party members. And some people have to pay. You're one of the ones. It's tough, but that's the way it is. You get a good night's sleep, and you'll feel better."

"Why?" asked Brad. "Why will I feel better after a good night's sleep? What do I do after a good night's sleep? How do I support my wife? What do I say when I'm asked what it means to be dismissed 'in the interest of the United States'? I'm no martyr; I don't want to be a martyr. I don't want to be a hero either. I just want to be let alone. I just want to live my life." His voice broke, and he turned away from O'Malley.

"Maybe I'll be able to help you," said Hal. "I know some important businessmen who're looking for bright young men like you, and I could explain."

"Thanks," said Brad. "Thanks, no." He rose.

"What's your hurry?" asked Hal. "Where are you off to? Stick around for a while. We'll have a few drinks and talk. We'll figure out something. I want to help you, Brad."

"Thanks," said Brad. "I'm not thirsty."

"Is it money?" asked Hal, too eagerly. "You need some dough? Let me lend you a few thousand. Pay it back when you want to. I don't even want a note. Let me lend you some money."

"I don't want any money," said Brad. And, before closing the door, "Thanks, for everything," no emotion in his voice.

"I guess you're right," said O'Malley. And, after the door was closed, Brad heard him say it again.

For a moment in the hall Brad stared out the fifth-story window. Except for an occasional taxi, the street was now completely deserted. And it would be so simple, thought Brad, to open the window; it was a straight drop to the sidewalk. It would be so simple.

Then he turned away from the window.

On the way to the office he almost bumped into a man who stared at him, then nodded and smiled triumphantly. His name was Melville Dickinson.

"Well, Mr. Douglas, what are your plans?" he asked. "For the future?" Brad started down the street, almost running.

He rang once for the elevator, then waited. Phil Baxter, the night operator, who studied law at George Washington University during the day, was probably stealing a smoke somewhere. There was the sound of the elevator descending, and when Phil opened the door, he looked startled for a moment, and frightened, and then changed his mind. "Hello, sir," he said (he always called Brad "sir").

"Hi, Phil," said Brad.

On the way up, Phil turned to Brad and smiled. "They're giving you a pretty rough time, aren't they?"

Brad nodded. "Pretty rough."

"I can feel for you, sir," said Phil, "and I know you're not guilty." And thought Brad, He's sure; he's one of the few.

"But why?" asked Phil. "I wonder why. Do you know, sir?"

Brad shrugged. "It's the time, I guess, Phil. Just the time."

Phil opened the door of the elevator, then hesitated. "Brad," he said finally, and this was the first time Phil had used his name, "they told me if you came in, not to bring you up, to tell them and to keep you downstairs."

"Who told you that?" asked Brad.

"Mr. Stevens," said Phil. "He was excited."

"Don't worry, Phil," said Brad. "If they ask me, I'll tell them I walked up."

"Oh, I didn't mean that," said Phil. "If they ask me, I'll tell them I brought you up. The hell with them."

"That's kind of you, Phil," said Brad.

"It's the least," said Phil, "the least I could do." And before he closed the door of the elevator, "You ring when you want to go down," he said. "I'll be waiting."

◆

Brad inserted the key in the lock and twisted the handle of the door, surprised that it opened so easily. It had occurred to him, wildly, that they might try to change the lock. He opened the door, switched on the light, and walked inside, and the office was just as he had left it.

He picked up his battered briefcase from the chair beside his desk and began stuffing his few belongings into it. He snapped the lock on the briefcase and placed it securely under his arm.

He had not heard a step in the outer office, but when he looked up, Delbert Stevens was standing at the door. His eyes were wild and he looked frightened.

"Brad," he said, panting. "I thought it was you." And Brad remembered the year Delbert Stevens had been the fraternity's nominee for president of their class and recalled that after Brad had won, he had seen Delbert on the campus next day and that Delbert had not come up to congratulate him; had pretended that he had not seen Brad.

"Yes," said Brad, "I'm cleaning up the odds and ends."

"You shouldn't he here," said Delbert emphatically. "How did you get up here anyway?"

"I walked," said Brad calmly.

"Then you knew you weren't supposed to be here."

"I suspected it," said Brad.

"I'm afraid," said Delbert, moving closer to Brad, reaching out his right hand, "that I'll have to see that," indicating the briefcase. "I'm ordered to examine it. May I have it, please?"

Brad inched the briefcase closer under his arm and shook his head slowly. "No, Delbert," he said. "You may not."

Delbert's face bleached even whiter. "Either you give it to me, or I'll call a guard."

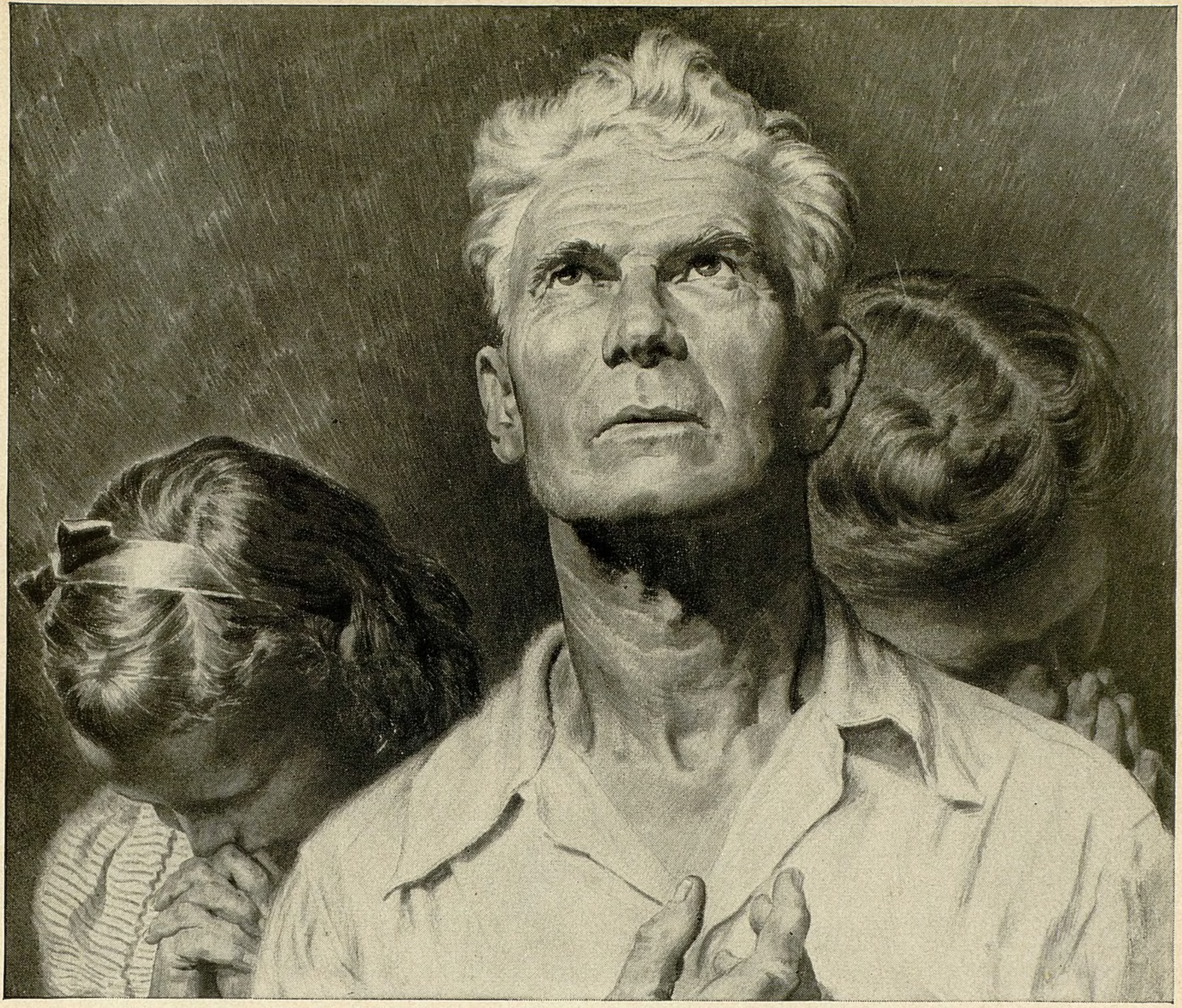
With his free arm Brad reached for the telephone on his desk. "Would you like to use this phone, Delbert?"

"No," Delbert said, smiling wanly. "I guess not," and then he added, "I'm sorry, Brad. I'm sorry this has happened."

But Brad realized that Delbert was not sorry, that what had happened justified everything Delbert had ever been and everything he would become; it gave his life meaning and purpose, and Brad started to say, "No, Delbert, you're not sorry; you're glad," but changed his mind and said only, "So long, Delbert."

Delbert seated himself heavily in the chair beside the desk and mumbled something which might have been "Good luck" and might not have been.

In the hall, Brad lifted his hand to push the button of the elevator, then changed his mind. Phil had probably stepped outside to smoke another cigarette, and, besides, Brad could walk down. He had plenty of time. He had all the time there was or ever would be. ◆ ◆



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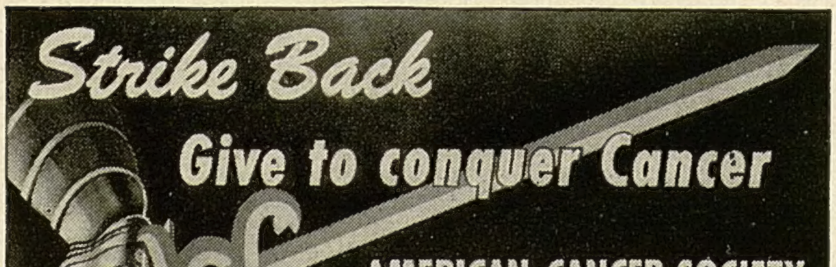

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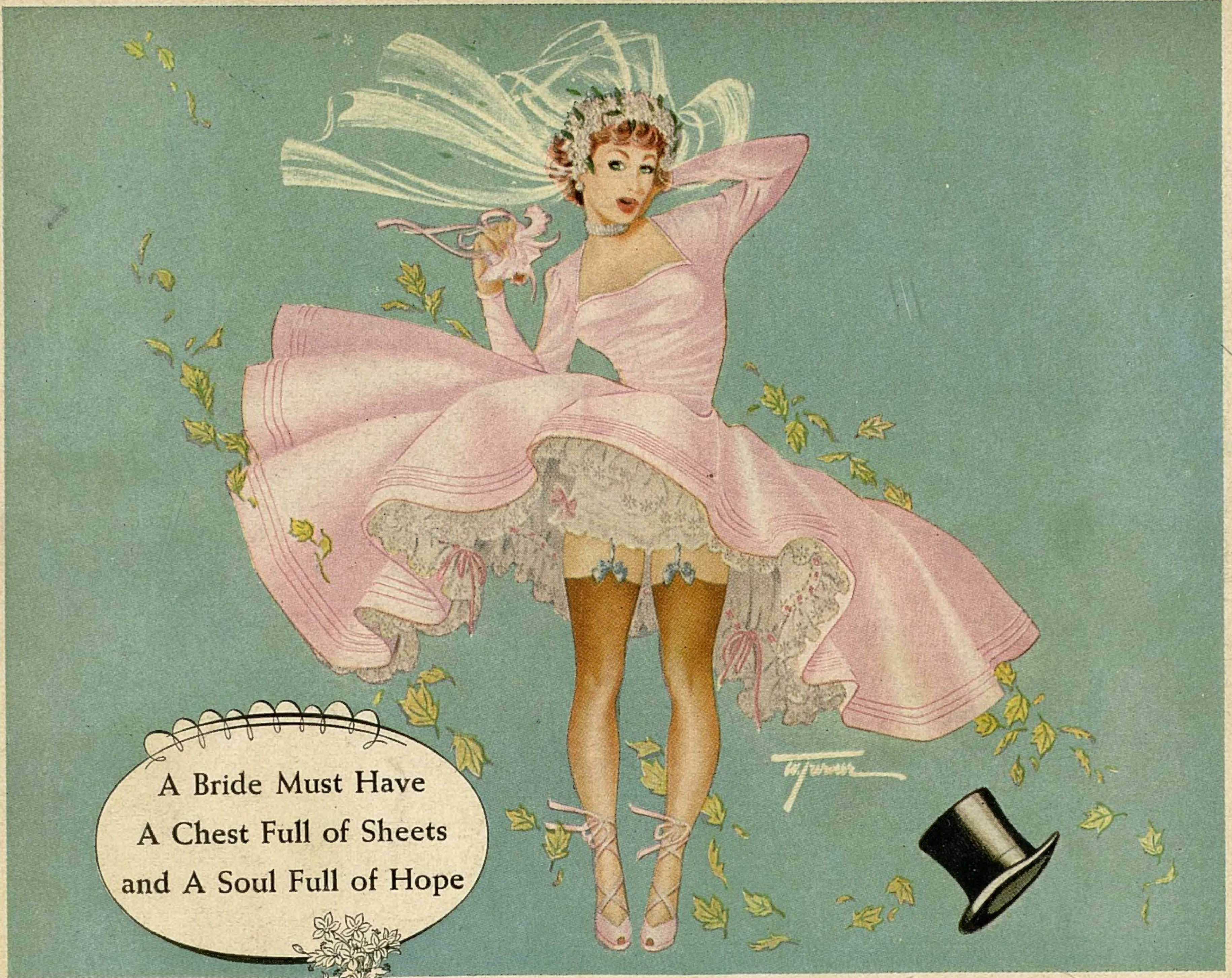

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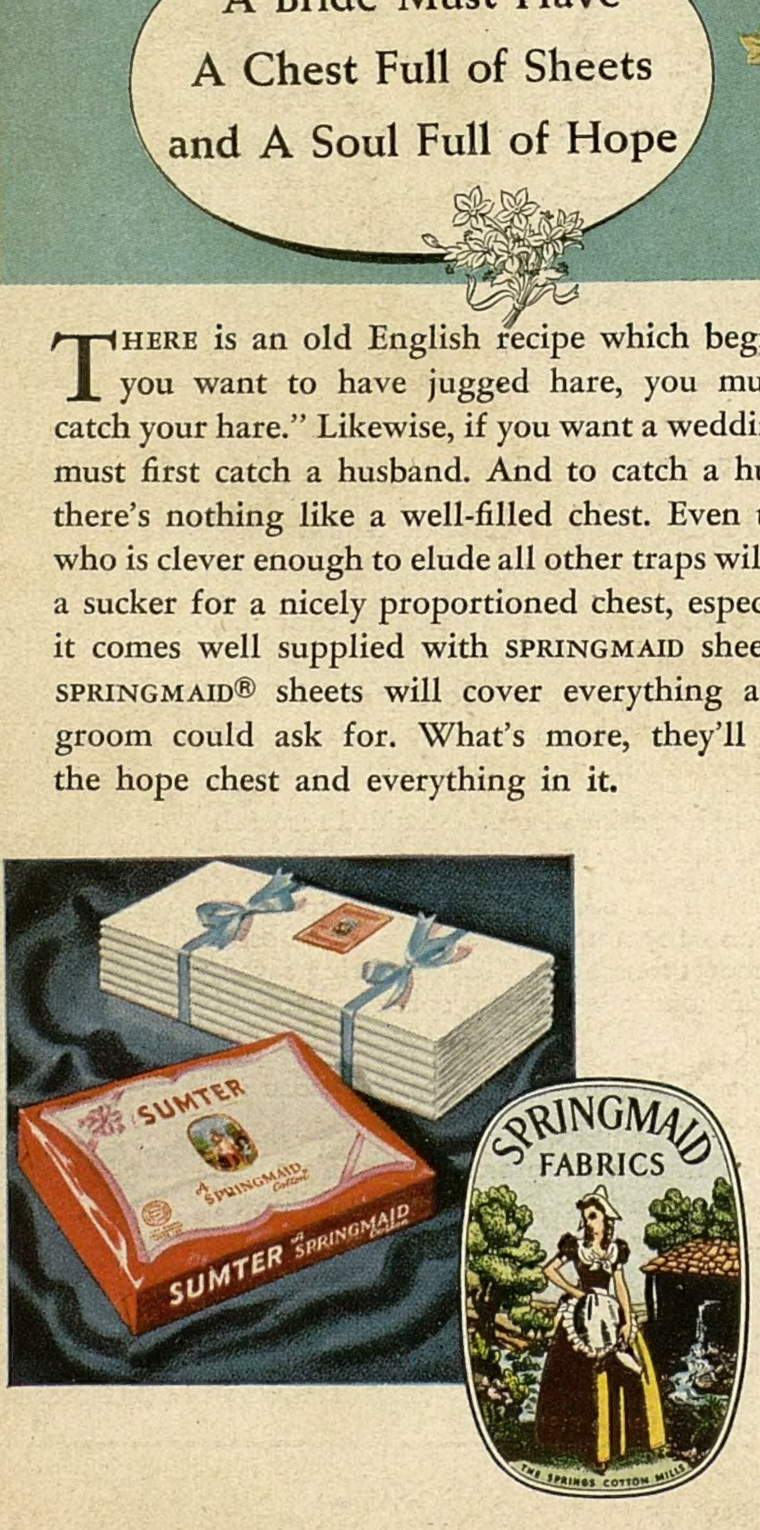

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